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THE LOVER AND READER;

By the AUTHOR of the
TATLER and SPECTATOR.



Phyllida amo ante alias: nam me discedere flevit. Virg.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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TO

Sir Samuel Garth, M. D.

SIR,

AS soon as I thought of making the *Lover* a Present to one of my Friends, I resolved, without farther distracting my Choice, to send it *To the Best-natur'd Man*. You are so universally known for this Character, that an E-

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Dedication.

pistle so directed would find its Way to You without your Name, and I believe no Body but You yourself would deliver such a Superscription to any other Person.

This Propensity is the nearest akin to Love; and Good-nature is the worthiest Affection of the Mind, as Love is the noblest Passion of it: While the latter is wholly employed in endeavoring to make happy one single Object, the other diffuses its Benevolence to all the World.

As

Dedication.

As this is Your natural Bent, I cannot but congratulate to You the singular Felicity that your Profession is so agreeable to your Temper. For what Condition is more desirable than a constant Impulse to relieve the Distressed, and a Capacity to administer that Relief? When the sick Man hangs his Eye on that of his Physician, how pleasing must it be to speak Comfort to his Anguish, to raise in him the first Motions of Hope, to lead him into a Persuasion that

Dedication.

he shall return to the Company of his Friends, the Care of his Family, and all the Blessings of Being?

The Manner in which You practise this heavenly Faculty of aiding human Life, is according to the Liberality of Science, and demonstrates that your Heart is more set upon doing Good than growing Rich.

The pitiful Artifices which Empyricks are guilty of to drain Cash out of Valetudinarians, are the Abhorrence of your generous

Dedication.

rous Mind; and it is as common with *Garth* to supply Indigent Patients with Money for Food, as to receive it from Wealthy ones for Physick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the Generosity which is already applauded by all that know You, appear to those whose Gratitude You every Day refuse, if they knew that You resist their Presents lest You should supply those whose Wants you know, by taking from those with whose Necessities you are unacquainted?

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Dedication.

The Families You frequent receive You as their Friend and Well-wisher, whose Concern, in their behalf, is as great as that of those who are related to them by the Tyes of Blood and the Sanctions of Affinity. This Tenderness interrupts the Satisfactions of Conversation, to which You are so happily turned; but we forgive You that our Mirth is often insipid to You, while You sit absent to what passes amongst us from your Care of such as languish in

Dedication.

in Sickness. We are sensible their Distresses, instead of being removed by Company, return more strongly to your Imagination by Comparison of their Condition to the Jollities of Health.

But I forget I am writing a Dedication; and in an Address of this Kind, it is more usual to celebrate Mens great Talents, than those Virtues to which such Talents ought to be subservient; yet where the Bent of a Man's Spirit is taken up in the Application of his

Dedication.

his whole Force to serve the World in his Profession, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with Thanks for what he is, than Applauses for what he is capable of being. Besides, Sir, there is no Room for saying any thing to You as You are a Man of Wit and a great Poet; all that can be spoken that is worthy an ingenuous Spirit, in the Celebration of such Faculties, has been incomparably said by your self to others, or by others to you: You have never been excelled

Dedication.

celled in this Kind, but by those who have written in Praise of you: I will not pretend to be your Rival even with such an Advantage over you, but, assuring you, in Mr. *Codrington's* * Words, that I do not know whether my Love or Admiration is greater,

I remain,

S I R,

Your most Faithful Friend

and most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* *Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy:
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.*

Codrington to Dr. Garth before the Dispensary.

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THE
LOVER.

N^o 1. *Thursday, February 25. 1714.*

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.

Hor.

HERE have been many and laudable Endeavours of late Years, by sundry Authors, under different Characters, and of different Inclinations, and Capacities, to improve the World by Half-sheet Advertisements, in Learning, Wit, and Politicks; but these Works have not attentively enough regarded the softer Affections of the Mind, which being properly raised and awakened, make way for the Operation of all good Arts.

AFTER mature Deliberation with my self upon this Subject, I have thought, that if

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I could trace the Passion or Affection of Love, through all its Joys and Inquietudes, through all the Stages and Circumstances of Life, in both Sexes, with strict respect to Virtue and Innocence, I should by a just Representation and History of that one Passion, steal into the Bosom of my Reader, and build upon it all the Sentiments and Resolutions which incline and qualifie us for every thing that is truly Excellent, Great and Noble.

ALL You therefore who are in the dawn of Life, as to Conversation with a faithless and artful World, attend to one who has passed through almost all the Mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befall you in the pursuit of Love: If you diligently observe me, I will teach you to avoid the Temptations of lawless Desire, which leads to Shame and Sorrow, and carry you into the Paths of Love, which will conduct you to Honour and Happiness. This Passion is the Source of our Being; and as it is so, it is also the Support of it; for all the Adventures which they meet with who swerve from Love, carry them so far out of the Way of their true Being, which cannot pleasingly pass on when it has deviated from the Rules of honourable Passion.

MY Purpose therefore, under this Title, is to Write of such things only which ought to please all Men, even as Men; and I shall never hope for prevailing under this Character of *Lover* from my Force in the Reason offer'd, but as that Reason makes for the Happiness and Satisfaction of the Person to whom I address. My Reader is to be my Mistress,

Mistress, and I shall always endeavour to turn my Thoughts so as that there shall be nothing in my Writings too severe to be spoken before one unacquainted with Learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the Paths of Virtue, or desirous to walk in them for the future.

MY Assistants, in this Work, are Persons whose Conduct of Life has turned upon the Incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable Passion, as they respectively are apt to call it, from the Impression it has left upon their Imaginations, and which mingles in all their Words and Actions.

IT cannot be supposed the Gentlemen can be called by their real Names, in so publick a manner as this is. But the Hero of my Story, now in the full bloom of Life, and seen every Day in all the Places of Resort, shall bear the Name of one of our *British* Rivers, which washes his Estate. As I design this Paper shall be a Picture of familiar Life, I shall avoid Words derived from learned Languages, or ending in Foreign Terminations: I shall shun also Names significant of the Person's Character of whom I talk; a Trick used by Play-wrights, which I have long thought no better a Device than that of under-writing the Name of an Animal on a Post which the Painter conceived too delicately drawn to be known by common Eyes, or by his Delineation of its Limbs.

Mr. *Severn* is now in the twenty fifth Year of his Age, a Gentleman of great Modesty

and Courage, which are the radical Virtues which lay the solid Foundation for a good Character and Behaviour both in publick and private. I will not, at this time, make the Reader any further acquainted with him than from this Particular, that he extreamly affects the Conversation of People of Merit who are advanced in Years, and treats every Woman of Condition, who is past being entertained on the Foot of Homage to her Beauty, so respectfully, that in his Company she can never give her self the Compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable. This natural Goodness has gained him many Hearts, which have agreeable Persons to give with them: I mean, Mothers have a Fondness for him, and wish that Fondness could be gratified by his Passion to their Daughters. Were you to visit him in a Morning, you would certainly find some awkward thing of Business, some old Steward, or distant Retainer to a Great Family, who has a Proposal to make to him, not (you may be sure) coming from the Person who sent him, but only in general to know whether he is engaged.

Mr. *Severn* has at this time Patterns sent him of all the young Women in Town; and I, who am of his Council in these Matters, have read his Particulars of Women brought him, not from professed Undertakers that way, but from those who are under no Necessity of selling immediately, but such who have Daughters a good Way under Twenty, that can stay for a Market, and send in their Account of the Lady, in general Terms only; As that she is so Old, so Tall, worth so much down,

down, and has two Bachelor Uncles (one a rich Merchant) that will never Marry; her Maiden Aunt loves her mightily, and has very fine Jewels, and the like. I have observed in these Accounts, when the Fortune is not suitable, they subjoin a Postscript, she is very Handsome; if she is Rich, and defective as to Charms, they add, she is very Good.

BUT I was going to say, That Mr. *Severn* having the good Sense to affect the Conversation of those elder than himself, passes some Time at a Club, which (with himself) consists of Five; whom we shall name as follows.

Mr. *Oswald*, a Widower, who has within these few Months buried a most agreeable Woman, who was his beloved Wife, and is indulged by this Company to speak of her in the Terms she deserved of him, with allowance to mingle Family-Tales concerning the Merit of his Children; and the Ways and Methods he designs to take, to Support a painful and lonely Being, after the loss of this Companion, which tempered all his Sorrows, and gave new Sense and Spirit to his Satisfactions.

Mr. *Mullet*, a Gentleman, who in the most plentiful Fortune, seems to taste very little of Life, because he has lost a Lady whom he passionately loved, and by whom he had no Children; he is the last of a great House, and tho' he wants not many Months of Fifty, is much sought by Ladies as bright as any of the Sex; but as he is no Fool, but is sensible they compare his Years with their own, and have a mind to Marry him, because they have

a mind to Bury him, he is as foward, exceptious and humourſome as e'er a Beauty of 'em all: I, who am intimate with *Mullet* as well as *Severn*, know that many of the ſame Women have been offered to him of Fifty, in case of loſing him of Five and Twenty; and ſome perhaps in hopes of ha-ving them both: For they prudently judge, that when *Mullet* is dead, it may then be time enough for *Severn* to Marry; and a Lady's Maid can obſerve that many an unlikerier Thing has come to paſſ, than this view of Marriage between her young Miſtress and both those Gentlemen.

Mr. *Johnson* is a Gentleman happy in the Conversation of an excellent Wife, by whom he has a numerouſ Off-ſpring; and the manner of ſubjeſting his Desires to his Circum-ſtances, which are not too plentiful, may give Occaſion in my future Discourses to draw ma-ny Inci-ents of Domestick Life, which may be as agreeable to the reſt of the young Men of this Nation, as they are to the well diſpoſed Mr. *Severn*.

THE fourth Man of this little Assembly is Mr. *Wildgoofe*, an old Batchelor, who has li-ved to the 53d Year of his Age, after being disappointed in Love at his 23d. That Tor-ment of Mind frets out in little Diſſatiſfa-ſtions and Uneaſi-nesſes againſt every thing else, without admiſſing Remedy to the Ail it ſelf, which ſtill feſters in his Heart, and would be inſupportable, were it not cooled by the Society of the others abovementioned. A poor old Maid is one, who has long been the Object of Ridicule, her Humours and Par-ticulari-ties

cularities afford much Matter to the Facetious; but the old Batchelor has ten times more of the splenatrick and ridiculous, as he is conversant in larger Scenes of Life, and has more Opportunities to diffuse his Folly, and consequently can vex and delight People in more Views, than an ancient Virgin of the other Sex.

THE fifth and last of this Company, is my dear Self, who oblige the World with this Work. But as it has been frequently observed, that the Fine Gentleman of a Play has always something in him which is of near Alliance to the real Character of the Author, I shall not pretend to be wholly above that Pleasure, but shall in the next Paper principally talk of my self, and satisfie my Readers how well I am qualified to be the Secretary of Love. I had ordered my Bookseller to adorn the Head of my Paper with little pretty broken Arrows, Fans thrown away, and other Ensigns Armorial of the Isle of *Paphos*, for the Embellishment of my Work; but as I am a young Author, and pretend to no more but a happy Imitation of one who went before me, he would not be at that Charge; when I failed there, I desired him only to let the Paper be gilded; but he said that was a new Thing, and it would be taken to be written by a *Person of Quality*, which, I know not for what Reason, the *Bibliopoles* are also very averse to, and I was denied my second Request. However, this did not discourage me, and I was resolved to come out, not without some particular Hopes, that if I had not so many Admirers, I might possibly.

sibly have more Customers than my Predecessor, whom I profess to imitate; for there are many more who can feel what will touch the Heart, than receive what would improve the Head.

I therefore design to be the Comfort and Consolation of all Persons in a languishing Condition, and will receive the Complaints of all the faithful Sighers in City, Town, or Country; firmly believing, that as bad as the World is, there are as Constant ones within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, as ever wandered in the Plains of *Arcadia*.

I shall in my next Paper, (as much as I can spare of it, from talking of my self) tell the World how to communicate their Thoughts to me, which will very properly come in with the Description of my Apartment, and the Furniture of it, together with the Account of my Person, which shall make up the second Paper or Chapter, and shall be placed before the *Errata* of this. I have nothing further to say now, but am willing to make an end of this Leaf as quaintly as possible, being the first; and therefore would have it go off like an *Act* in a Play, with a Couplet; but the Spirit of that will be wholly in the Power of the Reader, who must quicken his Voice hereabouts, like an Actor at his *Exit*, helping an empty Verse with lively Hand, Foot, and Voice, at once; and if he is reading to Ladies, say briskly, *That*, with regard to the greatest Part of Mankind,

*Foreign is every Character beside;
But that of Lover every Man has try'd.*

Saturday,



N^o 2. Saturday, February 27.

Mentis gratissimus Error. Hor.

I Cannot tell how many Years, Months, Hours, Day or Minutes have passed away, since I first saw Mrs. *Ann Page*; but certain I am, that they have ran by me, without my being much concerned in what was transacted in the World around me all that while. Mrs. *Page* being a Gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to Distraction, has made me very particular in my Behaviour upon all the Occurrences on this Earth, and negligent of those things in which others terminate all their Care and Study; insomuch, that I am very sensible it is only because I am harmless, that the busie World does not lock me up; for if they will not own themselves mad, they must conclude I am, when they see me cold to the Pursuits of Riches, Wealth and Power; and when People have been speaking of great Persons and Illustrious Actions, I close the whole with something about Mrs. *Page*, they are apt to think my Head turned, as well as I do theirs. However I find Consolation in the Simplicity of my Distress, (which has banish'd all other Cares,) and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the silly Crowds who are toiling for more than they want, I am, without doubt, in my self the

most innocent of all Creatures; and a Squirrel in a Chain, whose Teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing Mischief. Mrs. *Ann Page* had such a Turn with her Neck, when I, thinking no harm, first looked upon her, that I was soon after in a Fever, and had like to have left a World (which I ever since despised) and been at Rest. But as Mrs. *Ann's* Parents comply'd with her own Paffion for a Gentleman of much greater Worth and Fortune than my self, all that was left for me was to lament and get rid of my Passion by all the Diversions and Entertainments I could. But I thank Mrs. *Ann*, (I am still calling her by her Maiden Name) she has always been Civil to me, and permitted me to stand God-father at the Baptism of one of her Sons.

THIS would appear a very humble Favour to a Man of ungovern'd Desire; but as for me, as soon as I found Mrs. *Ann* was engaged, I could not think of her with Hope any longer, any other ways than that I should ever be ready to express the Paffion I had for her, by Civilities to any thing that had the most remote relation to her. But alas! I am going on as if every Body living was acquainted with Mrs. *Ann Page* and my self, when there is indeed no occasion of mentioning either; but to inform the Reader, that it is from the Experience of a Patient, I am become a Physician in Love. I have been in it thirty Years, just as long as the Learned Sydenham had the Gout; and tho' I cannot pretend to make Cures, I can, like him, put you in a good Regimen when you are down in a Fit. As I was saying, this Affection of mine

mine left behind it a Scorn of every thing else; and having an Aversion to Business, I have passed my Time very much in Observation upon the Force and Influence this Passion has had upon other Men, and the different Turns it has given each respective Generation, from the Cultivation or Abuse of it. You'll say I fell into very unhappy Days for a Lover of my Complexion, who can be satisfied with distant Good-will from the Person beloved, and am contented that her Circumstances can allow me only her Esteem, when I acquaint you that my most vigorous Years were passed away in the Reign of the Amorous *Charles the Second*. The Licences of that Court did not only make that Love, which the Vulgar call Romantick, the Object of Jest and Ridicule, but even common Decency and Modesty were almost abandoned as formal and unnatural. The Writers for the Stage fell in with the Court, and the Theatre diffus'd the Malignity into the Minds of the Nobility and Gentry, by which means the Degeneracy spread it self through the whole People, and Shame it self was almost lost: Naked Innocence, that most charming of Beauties, was confronted by that most hideous of Monsters, barefaced Wickedness.

THIS made me place all my Happiness in Hours of Retirement; and as great Distresses often turn to Advantages, I impute it to the Wickedness of the Age, that I am a great Master of the Base-Viol.

WITH this Instrument I have passed many a heavy Hour, and laid up Treasures of Knowledge, drawn from Contemplation, on what

what I had seen every Day in the World, during the Intervals from Musick and Reading, which took up the principal Part of my Time. My Purpose, at present, is to be a Knight-Errant with the Pen, since that Order of Men who were so with their Swords, are quite laughed out of the World. My Business is to kill Monsters, and to relieve Virgins; but as it has been the Custom, time out of Mind, for Knights, who take upon them such laudable and hazardous Labours, to have a Castle, a Mote round it, and all other Conveniences within themselves, it has luckily happened, that the spacious and magnificent Apartment, which the ingenious Mr. Powell lately possessed in *Covent Garden*, has lately been relinquished by him, upon some importunate Words and Menaces given him by a Gentleman who has the Sovereignty of it, by Vertue of some enchanted Rolls of Parchment which convey that Mansion unto the said chief Commander, vulgarly call'd a Landlord. By this Means, you are to understand, that the Apartment, wherein the little Kings and Queens lately diverted so many of our Nobility and Gentry, is now mine. This spacious Gallery, for such I have made it for my musings and wandrings of Thought, I have dignified with the Name of *the Lover's Lodge*, where, under fancied Skies, and painted Clouds left by Mr. Powel, I sit and read the true Histories of famous Knights and beautiful Damsels, which the Ignorant call Romances. To make my Walk more gloomy, and adapted both for Melody and Sadness, there lies before me, at present, a Death's Head, my Base-Viol and the

the History of *Grand Cyrus*. I cannot tell by what Chance, I have also some Ridiculous Writers in my Study, for I have an Aversion for Comicks, and those they call pleasant Fellows, for they are insensible of Love. Those Creatures get into a Familiarity with Ladies, without respect on either side, and consequently can neither see what is amiable, or be the Objects of Love. I wonder how these Buffoons came into my Head. But I was going to intimate, that the Notions of Gallantry are turned topsy turvey, and the Knight Errantry of this profligate Age is destroying as many Women as they can. It is notorious, that a young Man of Condition does no more than is expected from him, if before he thinks of settling himself in the World, he is the Ruin of half a dozen Females, whose Fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious Ancestors, whether successful in Virtue or Iniquity, have left him.

THUS I every Day see Innocents abused, scorned, betrayed and neglected by Brutes, who have no Sense of any thing but what indulges their Appetites; and can no longer suffer the more charming and accomplished Part of the Species to want a Friend and Advocate. I shall enquire, in due time, and make every Anti-Heroe in *Great Britain* give me an Account why one Woman is not as much as ought to fall to his Share; and shall shew every abandoned Wanderer, that with all his blustering, his restless following every Female he sees, is much more ridiculous, than my constant, imaginary Attendance on my Fair One, without ever seeing her at all.

But

BUT the main Purpose of this Chapter I had like to have slipped over, to wit, the more exact Account of my Bower: As it is not natural for a Man in Love to sleep all Night, but to be a great Admirer of Walking, I am at the Charge of four Tapers burning all Night, and take my Itinerations, with much gloomy Satisfaction, from one end to the other of my long Room, my Field-Bed being too small to interrupt my Passage, tho' placed in the middle of my Apartment. No one who has not been polite enough to have visited Mr. Powell's Theatre, can have a Notion how I am accommodated; but if you will suppose a single Man had *Westminster-Hall* for his Bed-Chamber, and lay in a Trunk-Bed in the midst of it, it will give you a pretty good Idea of the Posture in which I dream (but with Honour and Chastity) of the incomparable Mrs. *Page*.

MY Predecessors in Knight-Errantry, who were, as I above observed, Men of the Sword, had their Lodgings adorned with burnished Arms round the Cornishes, Limbs of dried Giants over their Heads and all about the Moat of their Castle, where they walked by Moon light; but as I am a Pen-Champion and live in Town, and have quite another sort of People to deal with, to wit, the Critics, Beaus, and Rakes of *Covent-Garden*, I have nothing but Stand-dishes, Pens and Ink, and Paper, on little Tables at equal Distance, that no Thought may be lost as I am musing. I am forced to comply, more than my Inclinations and high Passions would otherwise permit, and tell the World how to correspond

spond with me, after their own Method, in the common Way: I am to signify, therefore, that I am more accessible than any other Knights ever were before me, and in plain Terms, that there is a Coffee-house under my Apartment; nay further, that a Letter directed, To Mr. Marmaduke Myrtle at the Lover's Lodge, to be left at Sbanley's Coffee-house Covent-Garden, will find the gentlest of Mortals, Your most Enamoured, Humble Servant.



Nº 3. *Tuesday, March 2.*

*Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend:
And all you Vulgar of my School, attend.*

Art of Love, Congreve.

Lovers-Lodge, March 2.

NOW I have told all the World my Name and Place of Abode, it is impossible for me to enjoy the Studious Retirement I promis'd my self in this Place. For most of the People of Wit and Quality who frequented these Lodgings in Mr. Powell's time, have been here, and I having a filly Creature of a Footman who never lived but with private Gentlemen, and cannot stedfastly Lie, they all see by his Countenance he does not speak Truth when he denies me, and will break in upon me. It is an unspeakable Pleasure that so many beauteous Ladies have made me Compliments upon my Design to favour and defend the Sex against all Pretenders without

without Merit, and those who have Merit, and use it only to deceive and betray. The principal Fair ones of the Town, and the most eminent Toasts, have sign'd an Address of Thanks to me, and in the Body of it laid before me some Grievances, among which the greatest are the evil Practices of a Sett of Persons whom they call in their Presentation the *Lovers Vagabond*. There has been indeed, ever since I knew this Town, one Man of Condition or other, who has been at the Head, and giving Example to this sort of Companions, been the Model for the Fashion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to Property in a Country where Thieves were tolerated, and it is as much so to talk of Honour and Decency when the prevailing Humour runs directly against them. The *Lovers Vagabond* are an Order of Modern Adventurers, who seem to be the exact Opposite to that venerable and chaste Fraternity, which were formerly called Knights Errant. As a Knight Errant professed the Practice and Protection of all Virtues, particularly Chastity, a *Lover Vagabond* tramples upon all Rights Domestic, Civil, Human and Divine, to come at his own Gratification in the Corruption of Innocent Women. There are sometimes Persons of good Accomplishments, and Faculties who commence secretly *Lovers Vagabond*; but tho' Amorous Stealths have been imputed by some Historians to the wisest and greatest of Mankind, yet none but superficial Men have ever publickly entered into the List of the Vagabond. A *Lover Vagabond*, considering him in his utmost Perfection and Accom-

complishment, is but a seeming Man. He usually has a Command of insignificant Words accompanied with easie Action, which passes among the sillier part of the Fair for Eloquence and fine Breeding. He has a Mien of Condescension, from the Knowledge that His Carriage is not absurd, which he pursues to the utmost Impudence. He can cover any Behaviour, or cloath any Idea with Words that to an unskilful Ear shall bear nothing of Offence. He has all the Sufficiency which little Learning, and general Notices of things give to giddy Heads, and is wholly exempt from that Diffidence which almost always accompanies great Sense and great Virtue in the Presence of the Admired. But the Lover *Vagabond* loving no Woman so much as to be distressed for the loss of her, his Manner is generally easie and janty, and it must be from very good Sense and Experience in Life, that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, tho' much to the Advantage of those whom I have taken under my Care, that the chief of this Order, at present, among us in *Great Britain*, is but a speculative *Debauchée*. He has the Language, the Air, the tender Glance, he can hang upon a Look, has most exactly the sudden Veneration of Face when he is catched ogling one whose Pardon he would beg for gazing, he has the Exultation at leading of a Lady to her Coach; can let drop an indifferent thing, or call her Servants with a Loudness, and a certain gay Insolence well enough; nay, he will hold her Hand too fast for a Man that leads her, and is indifferent to her, and yet come

come to that Gripe with such slow Degrees, that she cannot say he squeezed her Hand, but for any thing further he has no Inclination. This Chieftain, however, I fear will give me more Plague and Disturbance than any one Man with whom I am to engage, or rather whom I am to circumvent. He is busie in all Places; an ample Fortune and vigour of Life enable him to carry on a shew of great Devastation where-ever he comes. But I give him hereby fair Warning to turn his Thoughts to new Entertainments, upon pain of having it discovered, that she is still a Virgin upon whom he made his last Settlement. The Secret, that he is more innocent than he seems, is preserved by great Charge and Expence on humble Retainers and Servants of his Pleasures. But some of the Women, who are above the Age of Novices, have found him out, and have in a private Gang given him the Nick-name of the *Blite*, for that they find themselves blasted by him, tho' they are not sensible of his Touch. It was the other Day said at a Visit, Mr. such a one, naming the *Blite*, had ruined a certain young Lady; No, said a sensible Female, *If she says so, I am sure she wrongs him.* He may, continued she, with an Air of a disappointed Woman, between Rage and Laughter, hire Ruffians to abuse her, but many a Woman has come out of the *Blite's* Hands even safer than she wished. I know one to whom, at parting with a thousand Poetical Repetitions, and pressing her Hands, he vowed he would tell no Body; but the Flirt, throwing out of his Arms, answered pertly, I don't make you the same Promise.

THO'

THO' I shall from time to time display the *Lovers Vagabond* in their proper Colours, I here publish an A&t of Indemnity to all Females who took them for fine Fellows 'till my Writings appeared, that is to say, (for in a publick A&t we must be very clear) I shall not look back to any thing that happened before *Thursday the 25th of February* last past, that being the first Day of my Appearance in Publick.

I expect, therefore, to find, that on that Day all vagrant Desires took their leave of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

IN order to recover Simplicity of Manners without the Loss of true Gaiety of Life, I shall take upon me the Office of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. I cannot easily put those two *Latin* into two as expressive *English* Words; but my meaning is, to set up for a Judge of elegant Pleasures, and I shall dare to assert, in the first place, (to shew both the discerning and severity of a just Judge) that the greatest Elegance of Delights consists in the Innocence of them; I expect, therefore, a Seat to be kept for me at all Balls, and a Ticket sent, that by my self, or a subordinate Officer of mine, I may know what is done and said at all Assemblies of Diversion; I shall take care to substitute none, where I cannot be my self present, who are not fit for the best bred Society; in the Choice of such Deputies I shall have particular regard to their being accomplished in the little Usages of ordinary and common Life, as well as in noble and liberal Arts.

I have many Youths, who, in the intermediate Seasons between the Terms at the Universities, are under my Discipline, after being perfect Masters of the *Greek* and *Roman* Eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, such as coming in, and going out of a Room. Mr. *Severn* himself, whom I now make the Pattern of Good breeding, and my top fine Gentleman, was with me twice a Day for six Months upon his first coming to Town, before he could leave the Room with any tolerable Grace; when he had a mind to be going he never could move without bringing in the Words, *Well Sir, I find I interrupt you*; or *Well I fear you have other Busness*, or *Well I must be going*; hereupon I made him give me a certain Sum of Mony down in Hand, under the Penalty of forfeiting Twenty Shillings every time upon going away he pronounced the Particle *well*. I will not say how much it cost him before he could get well out of the Room. Some silly Particle or other, as it were to tack the taking leave with the rest of the Discourse, is a common Error of young Men of good Education.

THO' I have already declared I shall not use Words of Foreign Termination, I cannot help it if my Correspondents do it. A Gentleman therefore who subscribes *Aronces*, and writes to me concerning some Regulations to be made among a Sett of Country Dancers, must be more particular in his Account. His general Complaint is, that the Men who are at the Expence of the Ball, bring People of different Characters together, and the *Libertine* and *Innocent* are huddled, to the

the Danger of the latter, and Encouragement of the former. I have frequently observed this Kind of Enormity, and must desire *Aronces* to give me an exact Relation of the Airs and Glances of the whole Company, and particularly how Mrs. *Gatty* sets, when it happens that she is to pass by the *Lover Vagabond*, who, I find, is got into that Company by the Favour of his Cousin *Jenny*. For I design to have a very strict Eye upon these Diversions, and it shall not suffice, that, according to the Author of *The Rape of the Lock*, all Faults are laid upon *Sylphs*; when I make my Enquiry, as the same Author has it,

*What guards the Purity of melting Maids
In courtly Balls and Midnight Masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous Friend and daring Spark,
The Glance by Day and Whisper in the dark?
When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,
When Musick softens, and when Dancing fires?*

Thursday,

N° 4. Thursday, March 4.

*The Dancer joyning with the tuneful Throng,
Adds decent Motion to the sprightly Song.
This Step denotes the careful Lover, This
The hardy Warrior, or the drunken Swiss.
His pliant Limbs in various Figures move,
And different Gestures different Passions prove.
Strange Art! that flows in silent Eloquence,
That to the pleas'd Spectator can dispence
Words without Sound, and, without speak-
ing, Sense.*

Weaver's History of Dancing.

THE great Work which I have begun for the Service of the more polite Part of this Nation, cannot be supposed to be carried on by the Invention and Industry of a single Person only: It is, therefore, necessary that I invite all other ingenious Persons to assist me. Considering my Title is *The Lover*, and that a good Air and Mien is (in one who pretends to please the Fair) as useful as Skill in all or any of the Arts and Sciences, I am mightily pleased to observe that the Art of Dancing is, of late, come to take Rank in the Learned World, by being communicated in Letters and Characters, as all other Parts of Knowledge have for some Ages been. I shall desire all those of the Faculty of Dancing, to write me, from time to time, all the new Steps they take in the Im-
prove-

provement of the Science. I this Morning read, with unspeakable Delight, in *The Evening Post*, the following Advertisement.

On Tuesday last was publish'd,

' *The Bretagne, a French Dance, by Mr. Pecour, and Writ by Mr. Siris; Engraven in Characters and Figures, for the use of Masters, price 2s. 6d. Note, Mr. Siris's Ball Dances are likewise Printed, and his original Art of Dancing by Characters and Figures. All Sold by J. Walsh at the Harp and Hautboy in Catherine-street in the Strand.*

TAKE this Dance in its full Extent and Variety, it is the best I ever read; and tho' Mr. Siris, out of Modesty, may pretend that he has only translated it, I cannot but believe, from the Stile, that he himself writ it; and if I know any thing of Writing, he certainly penned the last *Coupee*. This admirable Piece is full of Instruction, you see it is called the *Bretagne*, that is to say, the *Britain*. It is intended for a Festival Entertainment (like Mr. Bay's Grand Dance,) that, upon Occasion of the Peace with *France* and *Spain*, the whole Nation should learn a new Dance together. Some of the best experienced Persons in *French* Dancing, are to practise it at the great Room in *York-Buildings*, where, it seems, the Master of the Revels lives. He, as it is usual, carries a White Wand in his Hand, and at a Motion made with it to the Musick, the Dance is to begin. I am credibly informed, that out of Respect, and for Distinction-sake,

sake, he has ordered, that the first Person who shall be taken out, is to be the Censor of *Great Britain*. I do not think this at all unlikely, nor below the Gravity of that Sage; for it is well known, the Judges of the Land dance the first Day of every Term, and it is supposed, by some, they are to dance next after the Censor.

Mr. *Siris* has made the beginning of this Movement very difficult for any one who has not, from his natural Parts, a more than ordinary Qualification that way. The Dance is written in the Genius required by Mr. *Weaver* in his *History of Dancing*. *The Ancients* (says that more than Peripatetick Philosopher, Mr. *Weaver*) were so fond of *Dancing*, that *Pliny* has given us *Dancing Islands*, which *Passage* of *Pliny*, *Cælius Rodiginus* quotes. There is also an Account, says he, that in the *Torrhebian Lake* which is also called the *Nymphæan*, there are certain *Islands* of the *Nymphs* which move round in a ring at the sound of the *Flutes*, and are therefore called the *Calamine Islands*, from *Calamus*, a *Pipe* or *Reed*; and also the *Dancing Islands*, because at the sound of the *Symphony* they were moved by the beating of the Feet of the Singers.

I appeal to all the learned Etymologists in *Great Britain*, whether it is possible to assign a Reason for calling this Grand Dance *The Britain*, if the *French* did not think to make this a dancing Island. The Stile of Mr. *Siris* is apparently Political, as any judicious Reader will find, if he peruses his *Siciliana*, which was writ to instruct another Dancing Island, taught by the *French*. Let any Man who

who has read *Machiavil*, and understands dancing Characters, cast an Eye on Mr. *Siris's* second Page: It is Entituled, *The Siciliana*, *Mr. Siris's new Dance for the Year 1714*. Mr. *Siris*, a Native of *France*, you may be sure, sees further into the *French* Motions for the ensuing Year than we heavy *Englishmen* do, or he would never say it was made for that more than any other Year, for all Authors believe their Works will last every Year after they are written to the World's End. I take it for a fly *Satyr* upon the awkward Imitation of all Nations which have not yet learned *French* Dances, that the very next Page to the *Siciliana* is called the *Baboons Minuet*. Then after that again, to intimidate the People who won't learn from the *French*, he calls the next the *Dragoons Minuet*: I wish all good Protestants to be aware of this Movement, for they tell me that when it is teaching, a *Jesuit*, in Disguise, plays on the Kit.

BUT I forget that this is too elaborate for my Character. All that I have to say to the matter of Dancing, is only as it regards Lovers; and as I would advise them to avoid dabbling in Politicks, I have explain'd these Political Dances, that the Motions we learn may never end in Warlike ones, like those which were performed by the Antients with clashing of Swords, describ'd by Mr. *Weaver* (in the above-mentioned History) out of *Claudian*.

Here too, the Warlike Dancers bless our Sight,
Their Artful Wandering, and their Laws of
flight,
An unconfus'd Return, and inoffensive Fight: C Soon

Soon as the Master's Blow proclaims the Prize,
Their moving Breasts in tuneful Changes rise.
The Shields salute their Sides, or strait are shown
In Air with waving, deep the Targets groan,
Struck with alternate Swords, which thence re-
bound,
And end the Consort, and the Sacred Sound.



N° 5. Saturday, March 6.

— My Soul's far better Part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart.
For what thy Father to thy Mother was,
That Faith to thee, that Solemn Vow I pass!

Art of Love, Congreve.

AS I have fixed my Stand in the very Center of Covent-Garden, a Place for this last Century particularly famed for Wit and Love, and am near the Play-house, where one is represented every Night by the other, I think I ought to be particularly careful of what passes in my Neighbourhood; and, as I am a profess'd Knight-Errant, do all that lies in my Power to make the Charming Endowment of Wit, and the prevailing Passion of Love, subservient to the Interests of Honour and Virtue. You are to understand, that having yesterday made an Excursion from my Lodge, there passed by me near St. James's the Charmer of my Heart. I have, ever since her Parents first bestowed her, avoided all Places by her frequented; but

but Accident once or twice in a Year brings the bright Phantom into my sight, upon which there is a flutter in my Bosom for many Days following; when I consider that during this Emotion I am highly exalted in my Being, and my every Sentiment improved by the effects of that Passion; when I reflect that all the Objects which present themselves to me now, are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her Presence; in fine, when I find in my self so strong an Inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with such a readiness to receive kind Impressions of those I converse with, I am more and more convinced, that this Passion is in honest Minds the strongest Incentive that can move the Soul of Man to laudable accomplishments. Is a Man Just? let him fall in Love and grow Generous; is a Man Good-natured? let him Love and grow Publick-spirited. It immediately makes the Good which is in him shine forth in new Excellencies, and the Ill vanish away without the Pain of Contrition, but with a sudden Amendment of Heart. This sort of Passion, to produce such Effects, must necessarily be conceived towards a modest and virtuous Woman; for the Arts to obtain her must be such as are agreeable to her, and the Lover becomes immediately possessed with such Perfections or Vices, as make way to the Object of his Desires. I have plenty of Examples to enforce these Truths, every Night that a Play is acted in my Neighbourhood; the noble Resolutions which Heroes in Tragedy take,

take, in order to recommend themselves to their Mistresses, are no way below the Consideration of the wisest Men, yet, at the same time, Instructions the most probable to take Place in the Minds of the Young and Inconsiderate: But in our degenerate Age the Poet must have more than ordinary Skill to raise the Admiration of the Audience so high, in the more great and publick Parts of his Drama, to make a loose People attend to a Passion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own Bosoms. That perfect Piece, which has done so great Honour to our Nation and Language, called *Cato*, excels as much in the Passion of its Lovers, as in the sublime Sentiments of its Hero; their generous Love, which is more Heroick than any concern in the Chief Characters of most Dramas, makes but subordinate Characters in this.

WHEN *Marcia* reproves *Juba* for entertaining her with Love in such a Conjunction of Affairs, wherein the Common Cause should take Place of all other Thoughts, the Prince answers in this noble Manner:

— *Thy Reproofs are just,*
Thou Virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with Cato's Virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the Field, when all
The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on Thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on Thee!
And in the shock of charging Hosts, remember
What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who
hopes
For Marcia's Love.

IT

IT has been observable, that the Stage in all times has had the utmost Influence on the Manners and Affections of Mankind: and as those Representations of Human Life have tended to promote Virtue or Vice, so has the Age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent Reflections upon Marriage and Innocent Love, with which our Theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of our Corrupt Sentiments in this respect. It is not every Youth that can behold the fine Gentleman of the Comedy represented with a good Grace, leading a loose and profligate Life, and condemning Virtuous Affections as insipid, and not be secretly Emulous of what appears so amiable to a whole Audience. These gay Pictures strike strong and lasting Impressions on the Fancy and Imagination of Youth, and are hardly to be erased in riper Years, unless a Commerce between Virtuous and Innocent Lovers be painted with the same Advantage, and with as lively Colours by the most Masterly Hands on the Theatre. I have said Masterly Hands, because they must be such who can run counter to our natural Propensity to inordinate Pleasure; little Authors are very glad of Applause purchas'd any way; loose Appetites and Desires are easily raised. But there is a wide Difference between that Reputation and Applause which is obtained from our Wantonness, and that which flows from a Capacity of stirring such Affections which upon cool Thoughts contribute to our Happiness.

BUT I was going to give an Account of the Exultation which I am in, upon an accidental View of the Woman whom I had long loved, with a most pure, tho' ardent Passion; but as this is, according to my former Representations of the Matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I must break the Force of it by leading a Life suitable and analagous to it, and making all the Town sensible, how much they owe to her bright Eyes which inspire me in the Performance of my present Office, in which I shall particularly take ~~all~~ the Youth of both Sexes under my Care.

THE two Theatres, and all the Polite Coffee-houses, I shall constantly frequent, but principally the Coffee-house under my Lodge, *Button's*, and the Play-house in *Covent-Garden*: But as I set up for the Judge of Pleasures, I think it necessary to assign particular Places of Resort to my young Gentlemen as they come to Town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. *Button's*, on the first Day of their Arrival in Town. I recommend it, therefore, to young Men to frequent *Shanley's* some Days before they take upon them to appear at *Button's*; I have ordered, that no one look in the Face of any New-Comer, and taken effectual Methods that he may possess himself of any empty Chair in the House without being stared at; but forasmuch as some who may have been in Town for some Months together heretofore, by long Absence have relapsed from the Audacity they had arrived at, into their first Bashfulness and Rusticity, I have given them the same Privilege of Obscure Entry

try for ten Days. I have directed also, that Books be kept of all that passes in Town in all the eminent Coffee-houses, that any Gentleman, tho' just arrived out of Exile from the most distant Counties in *Great Britain*, may as familiarly enter into the Town-Talk, as if he had lodged all that time in *Covent-Garden*; but above all things I have provided, that proper Houses for Bathing and Cupping may be ready for those Country Gentlemen, whose too healthy Visages give them an Air too Robust and importunate for this Polite Region of Lovers, who have so long avoided Wind and Weather, and have every Day been out-stripp'd by them in the Ground they have passed over by several Miles. As to the Orders under which I have put my Female Youth at Assemblies, Opera's and Plays, I shall declare them in a particular Chapter under the Title of, *The Government of the Eye in Publick Places.*

Nº 6. *Tuesday, March 9.*

*On Rows of homely Turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the Wreaths of every common Tree,
There, while they sit in Rustick Majesty,
Each Lover has his Mistress in his Eye.*

Art of Love.

CORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous, and indeed I cannot but be pleased with the Intelligence, which one of them sends me, for the Novelty

of it. The Gentleman is a very great Anti-quary, and tells me he has several Pieces by him, which are Letters from the *Sabine* Virgins to their Parents, Friends and Lovers in their own Country, after the famous Rape which laid the Foundation of the *Roman* People. He thinks these very proper Memorials for one who writes an History under the Title of *Lover*. He has also Answers to those Letters, and pretends *Ovid* took the Design of his Epistles from having had these very Papers in his Hands. This you'll say is a very great Curiosity, and for that reason I have resolved to give the Reader the following Account, which was written by a *Sabine* Lady to her Mother, within ten Days after That memorable mad Wedding, and is as follows.

Dear Mother,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleased with a very good-natured Husband in this little Village here of *Rome*, than ever I was in all the State and Plenty at your House. When he first seized me, I must confess he was very rough and ungentle, but he grows much tamer every Day than other, and I do not question but we shall very soon be as orderly and sober a Couple as you and my Father. My Cousin *Lydia* no body knows of certainly, but the poor Girl had two or three Husbands in the Rout, and as she is very pretty, they say all contend for her still. *Romulus* has appointed a Day to fix the disputed Marriages; but it is very remarkable, that several can

' can neither agree to live together, or to part.
 ' For if one proposes it, that is taken so mor-
 ' tally ill, that the other will insist upon stay-
 ' ing, at least till the other consents to stay,
 ' and then the Party who denied demands a
 ' Divorce, to be revenged of the same Inclinati-
 ' on in the other. Thus, they say, they cannot
 ' consent to cohabit till they are upon an E-
 ' quality in having each refused the other.
 ' This you must believe will make a great
 ' perplexity; but *Romulus*, who expects a
 ' War, will have great regard to let none
 ' who do not like each other stay together,
 ' and makes it a Maxim, that a Robust Race
 ' is not to be expected to descend from
 ' Wranglers. Pray let me know how my
 ' Lover, who proposed himself to you, bears
 ' the loss of me. I must confess I could not
 ' but resent his being indifferent on this Oc-
 ' casion, after all the Vows and Protestati-
 ' ons he made when you left us together. I
 ' don't question but he will make Jests upon
 ' the Poverty of the *Romans*; but they threaten
 ' here, that if you are not very well content-
 ' ed with what has passed, they will make you
 ' a Visit with Swords in their Hands, and
 ' demand Portions with your Daughters.
 ' When I was made Prize by my good Man,
 ' who is remarkably Valiant (for which rea-
 ' son they left me undisputed in his Hands,)
 ' he soon took off my first Terrors from my
 ' Observation of that his Preeminence, and a
 ' certain determinate Behaviour, with a dy-
 ' ing Fondness that glowed in his Eyes. I
 ' told him, from what I saw other People
 ' suffer, I could not but think my Lot very

fortunate, that I had fallen into his Hands, and begged of him he would indulge my Curiosity in going with me to some Emi- nence, and observe what befel the rest of my Friends and Countrywomen. He did so, and from the Place we stood on, I ob- served what passed in all the hurlyburly, he observing to me the Quality and Merit of the Husbands, I giving to him an account of the Wives. How strangely Truth will out! *Hispulla*, as I saw, when they were struggling for her, has crooked Legs; *Chloe* laughed so violently when she was carried off, that I observed her Lover, as pretty as she is, hardly thought it a Purchase; while *Dictynna*, as homely as she is, by muffling her Face and shrieking, was contended for by twenty Rivals; that arch Creature *Flora* has escaped by offering her self; as soon as she perceived what was intended, she got upon a little Hillock and cried out, *Who will have me, who will have me? Here I am; come take me.* This forwardness made every Man think her a Common Woman, and the Flirt is now safe under the Protec- tion of *Romulus*, as a Woman not yet di- sposed of; but when her Character and In- nocence is known, it is thought she will fall to the Lott of *Marcus*, for his generous Behaviour to *Thalestrina*, who you know was betrothed to *Cincinnatus*; *Marcus* and *Cincinnatus* have long been mortal Enemies, and met each other in Skirmishes of our diffe- rent Nations, wherein sometimes one, some- times the other has been successful. This noble Virgin, whose Beauty and Virtue di- stinguished

‘ stinguished her above all the *Sabine* Youth,
 ‘ fell into the hands of *Marcus*. Our A-
 ‘ partments here are not very lofty, and Ar-
 ‘ bors and Grottoes, strewed with Rushes,
 ‘ Herbage and Flowers, make up the best Bri-
 ‘ dal Beds among the *Romans*; to such an
 ‘ Abode as this *Marcus* dragged the lovely
 ‘ *Thalestrina*. This People are not polite e-
 ‘ nough, especially on this Occasion, to ex-
 ‘ press their Paffion by Civility and ceremo-
 ‘ nious Behaviour: when *Thalestrina* was con-
 ‘ vinced of *Martius*’s immediate Purpofe, she
 ‘ fell into a Swoon at his Feet, and with a
 ‘ Sigh in her Fall cry’d, *Ob Cincinnatus!*

‘ *MARCUS*, at the Suddeness of the
 ‘ Accident, and the Name of his Enemy and
 ‘ Rival for Military Glory, was surprised
 ‘ with many different Paffions and Resent-
 ‘ ments, which all ought to have given way
 ‘ to the Care of *Thalestrina*; but in a Nation
 ‘ of Men only, and on the first Day wherein
 ‘ they had a Woman in their Commonwealth,
 ‘ he was much at a loss how to be affistant
 ‘ to her; but as he saw Life revive in her,
 ‘ Nature and good Sense dictated rather to
 ‘ absent himself, than be present at the many
 ‘ Distortions of her Person in coming to her
 ‘ ſelf. He retired, but entered the Place a-
 ‘ gain when he thought ſhe might be enough
 ‘ recovered to be capable of receiving what
 ‘ he had to ſay to her.

‘ HE approached as ſhe leaned againſt a
 ‘ Tree which supported the Bower, and de-
 ‘ livered himſelf in these Terms.

‘ *MADAM*, The Paffion you were
 ‘ lately in, your noble Form, and the Per-
 ‘ ſon

“ son you called upon in your Distress, give
“ me to understand you are *Thalestrina*. I
“ am *Marcus*, and have no Debate with *Cin-
cinnatus*, but on account of Glory; were
“ he a Stranger to me, your Paffion for him
“ should secure you; were he my Friend,
“ you should command all in my Power, in
“ spite of all the Charms I see in you; and
“ as he is my Enemy, I scorn to wound him
“ in a Circumstance wherein he is not capa-
“ ble of making a Defence. You have com-
“ mon Humanity, and the Generosity of an
“ Enemy for your Safeguard; I will return
“ you to *Cincinnatus*; and I see, by the beau-
“ tiful Gratitude which I now read in your
“ Face, you will represent this Conduct to
“ the Advantage of the *Romans*, of whom
“ there is not one who does not sacrifice his
“ private Paffions to the Service of his Coun-
“ try. I assure you, I know not whether it
“ is more beholden to me this Day for the
“ Offering which I make of my Anger, or
“ my Love.

‘ HE did not put her to the Pain of long
‘ Acknowledgments of so great a Bounty as
‘ that of her very self, but conducted her in-
‘ to the Presence of *Romulus*, and told him,
‘ with a very joyous Air, he had resigned a
‘ Fine Woman from his Bed, to purchase a
‘ Brave Man to his Country.

‘ I know *Cincinnatus* so well, that I doubt
‘ not but he will be a Friend to *Rome*, and
‘ interpose his good Offices for a Peace be-
‘ tween us and the *Sabines*: I hope all will
‘ join in the same Mediation, who have
‘ Children here; for I already know not to
‘ which

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— which Party my Heart would wish Success, if a War should ensue; for I find a Wife is no longer a Daughter, or any other Name which comes in Competition with that Relation: But hope things will so end that I may have the Pleasure to be the faithful Consort of an honest Man, without interfering with any other Character, especially that of,

Madam,

Your Dutiful Child,

Miramantis.



N° 7. *Thursday, March 11.*

— *babet & sua castra Cupido.* Ov.

The Battle of EYES.

IT has been always my Opinion, that a Man in Love shou'd address himself to his Mistress with Passion and Sincerity; and that if this Method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourse to Artifice or Dissimulation, in which he will always find himself worsted, unless he be a much better Proficient in the Art than any Man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following Letter is a very natural Exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it *The Battle of Eyes*, as it brought to my Mind several Combats of the same

same Nature, which I have formerly had with
Mrs. *Ann Page*.

Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I Have for some time been sorely smitten
‘ by Mrs. *Lucy*, who is a Maiden Lady
‘ in the Twenty Eighth Year of her Age.
‘ She has so much of the Coquette in her,
‘ that it supplies the place of Youth, and still
‘ keeps up the Girl in her Aspect and Beha-
‘ viour. She has found out the Art of mak-
‘ ing me believe that I have the first place in
‘ her Affection, and yet so puzzles me by a
‘ double Tongue, and an ambiguous Look,
‘ that about once a Fortnight I fancy I have
‘ quite lost her. I was the other Night at the O-
‘ pera, where seeing a Place in the second
‘ Row of the Queen’s Box kept by Mrs.
‘ *Lucy*’s Livery, I placed my self in the Pit
‘ directly over against her Footman, being
‘ determin’d to ogle her most passionately all
‘ that Evening. I had not taken my Stand
‘ there above a Quarter of an Hour when
‘ *Enter Mrs. Lucy*. At her first coming in
‘ I expected she would have cast her Eye up-
‘ on her humble Servant; but, instead of that,
‘ after having droppe’d Curtsie after Curtsie
‘ to her Friends in the Boxes, she began to
‘ deal her Salutes about the Pit in the same
‘ liberal manner. Although I stood in
‘ the full Point of View, and, as I thought,
‘ made a better Figure than any body about
‘ me, she slid her Eye over me, Curtseied to
‘ the Right and to the Left, and would not
‘ see me for the space of three Minutes. I fret-
ted

ted inwardly to find my self thus openly affronted on every side, and was resolved to let her know my Resentments by the first Opportunity. This happened soon after; for Mrs. *Lucy* looking upon me, as tho' she had but just discovered me, she began to sink in the first offer to a Curtfie; upon which, instead of making her any return, I cocked my Nose, and stared at the Upper Gallery; and immediately after raising my self on Tiptoe, stretched out my Neck, and bowed to a Lady who sate just behind her. I found by my Coquette's Behaviour, that she was not a little nettled at this my Civility, which passed over her Head. She looked as pale as Ashes, fell a talking with one that sate next her, and broke out into several forced Smiles, and Fits of Laughter, which I dare say there was no manner of occasion for. Being resolved to push my Success, I cast my Eye through the whole Circle of Beauties, and made my Bow to every one that I knew, and to several whom I never saw before in my Life. Things were thus come to an open Rupture, when the Curtain rising, I was forced to face about. I had not sat down long, but my Heart relented, and gave me several Girds and Twitches for the barbarous Treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. *Lucy*. I longed to see the Act ended, and to make Reparation for what I had done. At the first rising of the Audience, between the Acts, our Eyes met; but as mine began to offer a Parly, the hard hearted Slut conveyed her self behind an old Lady

‘ Lady in such a manner, that she was concealed from me for several Moments. This gave me new matter of Indignation, and begun to fancy I had lost her for ever. While I was in this Perplexity of Thought, Mrs. *Lucy* lifted her self up from behind the Lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me over her Right Shoulder: Nay, Madam, thinks I to my self, if those are your Tricks, I will give you as good as you bring; upon which I withdrew, in a great Passion, behind a tall broad-shouldered Fellow, who was very luckily placed before me. I here lay *Incog.* for at least three Seconds; *Szug* was the word; but being very uneasy in that Situation, I again emerged into open Candle-light, when looking for Mrs. *Lucy*, I could see nothing but the old Woman, who screened her for the remaining Part of the Interlude. I was then forced to sit down to the Second Act, being very much agitated and tormented in Mind. I was terribly afraid that she had discovered my Uneasiness, as well knowing, that if she caught me at such an Advantage, she would use me like a Dog. For this Reason I was resolved to play the Indifferent upon her at my next standing up. The Second Act, therefore, was no sooner finished, but I fastned my Eye upon a young Woman who sat at the further End of the Boxes, whispering at the same time, to one who was near me, with an Air of Pleasure and Admiration. I gazed upon her a long time, when stealing a Glance at Mrs. *Lucy*, with a Design to see how she took it, I found her

her Face was turned another way, and that
she was examining, from Head to Foot, a
young well-dressed Rascal who stood behind
her. This cut me to the Quick, and notwithstanding I tossed back my Wig, rapped
my Snuff-box, displayed my Handkerchief,
and at last cracked a Jest with an Orange
Wench to attract her Eye, she persisted in
her confounded Ogle, till Mrs. *Robinson*
came upon the Stage to my Relief. I now
sat down sufficiently mortified, and determined, at the end of the Opera, to
make my Submission in the most humble
Manner. Accordingly, rising up, I put on
a sneaking penitential Look, but, to my unspeakable Confusion, found her Back turned upon me.

I had now nothing left for it but to make
amends for all by handing her to her Chair.
I hustled through the Croud, and got to her
Box-door as soon as possible, when, to my
utter Confusion, the young Puppy, I have
been telling you of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. *Lucy* in his Hand. I could
not have started back with greater Precipitation if I had met a Ghost. The malicious
Gipsie took no Notice of me, but turning
aside her Head said something to her Dog
of a Gentleman Usher, with a Smile that
went to my Heart. I could not sleep all
Night for it, and the next Morning writ
the following Letter to her.

Madam,

Madam,

“ I Protest I meant nothing by what passed
“ last Night, and beg you will put the
“ most candid Interpretation upon my Looks
“ and Actions; for however my Eyes may
“ wander, there is none but Mrs. Lucy who
“ has the entire Possession of my Heart.

I am, Madam,

*With a Passion that is not to be expressed ei-
ther by Looks, Words or Actions,*

Your most Unalienable,

and most Humble Servant,

Tom. Whiffle.

“ And now, Sir, what do you think was
“ her Answer? Why, to give you a true No-
“ tion of her, and that you may guess at all
“ her cursed Tricks by this one — Here it is.

Mr. Whiffle,

“ I Am very much surprized to hear you
“ talk of any thing that passed between
“ us last Night, when to the best of my Re-
“ membrance I have not seen you these three
“ Days.

Your Servant,

L. T.

Saturday,



Nº 8. Saturday, March 13.

Linquenda Tellus & Domus & Placens Uxor.
Hor.

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der any great Calamity, loses the Sense of it as it touches himself; and his Affliction, which perhaps would have had in it the Terrors of Fear and Shame, is, by the negle&t of his own part in the Affair, turned only into Pity and Compassion for a tender Wife who participates it. This kind of Concern carries an Antidote to its Poison, and the Merit of her regard to him has something in it so pleasing, that the Soul feels a secret Consolation in the Happiness of being possessed of such a Companion, at the same time that he thinks her Participation is the greatest Article of his Distress. In all Ages Men who have differed from the Sentiments of the World, when they have been precipitated by Fury and Party, and been sacrificed to the Rage of their Enemies, have in Tryals of this sort sunk under their Distresses, or behaved themselves decently in them, according to the Support which they have met with from the Domestick Partners of their Affliction. This is an Opportunity to vent the secret Pangs of Heart to one whose Love makes nothing ungrateful, or, to utter the Sense of Injuries, where that appears Conscious Virtue, which to any other Audience would sound like Pride and Arrogance.

THERE are indeed very tender things to be recited from the Writings of Poetical Authors, which express the utmost Tenderness in an amorous Commerce; but indeed I never read any thing which, to me, had so much Nature and Love, as an Expression or two in the following Letter; but the Reader must be let into the Circumstance of the Matter,

to have a right Sense of it. The Epistle was written by a Gentlewoman to her Husband who was condemned to suffer Death. The unfortunate Catastrophe happened at *Exeter* in the time of the late Rebellion. A Gentleman, whose Name was *Penruddock*, to whom the Letter was written, was Barbarously Sentenced to die without the least Appearance of Justice. He asserted the Illegality of his Enemies Proceedings, with a Spirit worthy his Innocence, and the Night before his Death his Lady writ to him the Letter which I so much admire, and is as follows,

Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to her Husband.

My dear Heart,

MY sad Parting was so far from making
me forget you, that I scarce thought
upon my self since, but wholly upon you.
Those dear Embraces which I yet feel, and
shall never lose, being the faithful Testimo-
nies of an indulgent Husband, have charm'd
my Soul to such a Reverence of your Re-
membrance, that were it possible, I would,
with my own Blood, cement your dead
Limbs to Life again; and (with Reverence)
think it no Sin to rob Heaven a little while
longer of a Martyr. Oh my Dear! you must
now pardon my Passion, this being my last
(oh fatal Word) that ever you will receive
from me; and know, that until the last
Minute that I can imagine you shall live, I
will sacrifice the Prayers of a Christian, and
the Groans of an afflicted Wife. And when
you are not (which sure by Sympathy I
shall

‘ shall know) I shall wish my own Dissolu-
‘ tion with you, that so we may go Hand in
‘ Hand to Heaven. ’Tis too late to tell you
‘ what I have, or rather have not done for
‘ you; how turn’d out of Doors because I came
‘ to beg Mercy; the Lord lay not your Blood
‘ to their Charge. I would fain Discourse
‘ longer with you, but dare not; Paffion be-
‘ gins to drown my Reason, and will rob
‘ me of my *devoire*, which is all I have left
‘ to serve you. Adieu therefore ten thousand
‘ times, my dearest Dear; and since I must
‘ never see you more, take this Prayer; May
‘ your Faith be so strengthned, that your Con-
‘ stancy may continue, and then I know Hea-
‘ ven will receive you; whither Grief and
‘ Love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

My Dear,

*Your sad, but constant Wife even so
love your Ashes when dead,*

Arundel Penruddock.

‘ *May the 3d, 1655, 11 a-Clock at Night.*
‘ *Your Children beg your Blessing, and pre-*
‘ *sent their Duties to you.*

I do not know that I have ever read any-
thing so affectionate as that Line, *Those dear
Embraces which yet I feel.*

Mr. Penruddock’s Answer has an equal
Tenderness, which I shall recite also, that
the Town may dispute whether the Man or
the Woman expressed themselves the more
kindly, and strive to imitate them in less Cir-
cumstances

cumstances of Distress; for from all, no Couple upon Earth are exempt.

Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to his Lady.

Dearest best of Creatures,

‘ I Had taken leave of the World when I
‘ receiv’d yours: It did at once recal
‘ my Fondness for Life, and enable me to
‘ resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none
‘ behind me like you, which weakens my
‘ Resolution to part from you, so when I re-
‘ flect I am going to a Place where there are
‘ none but such as you, I recover my Cou-
‘ rage. But Fondness breaks in upon me;
‘ and as I would not have my Tears flow to
‘ morrow, when your Husband, and the Father
‘ of our dear Babes, is a Publick Spectacle;
‘ Do not think meanly of me, that I give
‘ way to Grief now in private, when I see
‘ my Sand run so fast, and I within few Hours
‘ am to leave you Helpless, and exposed to
‘ the Merciless and Insolent, that have wrong-
‘ fully put me to a shameless Death, and will
‘ object that Shame to my poor Children. I
‘ thank you for all your Goodness to me,
‘ and will endeavour so to die, as to do no-
‘ thing unworthy that Virtue in which we
‘ have mutually supported each other, and
‘ for which I desire you not repine that I
‘ am first to be rewarded; since you ever pre-
‘ fered me to your self in all other things,
‘ afford me, with Chearfulness, the Prece-
‘ dence in this.

‘ I desire your Prayers in the Article of
‘ Death, for my own will then be offered for
‘ You and Yours.

J. Penruddock.



Nº 9. Thursday, March 16.

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi! Hor.

UPON my opening the Lover's Box this Morning I found nothing in it but the following Letter made up very nicely, and sealed with a little *Cupid* holding a flaming Heart in each Hand, and circumscribed, *Love unites us*. I find, by the Contents of this Letter, that my Correspondent will soon change his Device, and perhaps make the Figure of *Hymen* perform that part which, at present, he has assigned to *Cupid*.

SIR,

AS you are a Man of Experience in the World, I beg your Advice in a Matter of great Importance to me. I have, for some time, been engaged in close Friendship with a fine Woman: Your Knowledge of Mankind will easily inform you of the Purport of that Phrase. In short, I have lived with her, as with a *She Friend*, in the utmost Propriety of that Term; but, at present, I am under a very great Embarrass; for having run out most of my Fortune, in the Course of my Conversation with her,

I

'I find my self necessitated to go into a new
'way of Life, and by that means to make my
'self whole again. A favourable Opportu-
'nity presents it self: A rich Widow, (the
'common Refuge of us idle Fellows) has
'spoke kindly of me, and I have Reason to
'believe will very shortly put me in Posse-
'sion of her Person and Jointure. Tell me,
'dear Mr. *Myrtle*, how I shall communicate
'this Affair to the poor Creature whom I
'am going to forsake. If I know her Tem-
'per, she loves me so well that she would
'rather see me beggar'd and undone, than in
'a State of Wealth and Ease with another
'Woman. She will call my Endeavours to
'make my self happy, being false to her.
'Nay I don't know but she may be Fool
'enough to make away with her self; for the
'last time I talk'd to her, and mentioned
'this Affair at a Distance, she seemed to show
'a cursed hankering after purling Streams.
'Let me conjure thee, old *Marmaduke*, if
'thou wilt not give me some Advice, to give
'some to this Poor Woman; make her sen-
'sible that a Man does not take a Mistress
'for Better for Worse, and that there is some
'Difference between a Lover and a Hus-
'band: But you know better than I can
'tell you, what to say upon so nice a Sub-
'ect.

I am,

Your most bumble Servant,

W. T.

D

THERE

THERE is nothing which I more abhor, than that kind of Wit which betrays a hardness of Heart. Inhumanity is never so odious, as when it is practised with Mirth and Wantonness. If I may make so free with my Correspondent, he seems to be a Man of this unlucky Turn. I shall not fall into the same Fault which I condemn in him; but, that I may be serious on such an Occasion, will desire my Readers to consider thoroughly the Evils which they are heaping up to themselves, when they engage in a Criminal Amour. If they die in it, they know very well what must be the dreadful Consequence. If either of them break loose from the other, the Melancholy and Vexation that are produced on such Occasions, are too dear a Payment for those Pleasures which preceded, and are past, as though they had never been.

THE Woman is generally the greatest Sufferer in Cases of this nature; for by the long Observations I have made on both Sexes, I have established this as a Maxim, that *Women dissemble their Passions better than Men, but that Men subdue their Passions better than Women.*

I have heard a Story to my present Purpose, which has very much affected me. The Gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an Eye-Witness of several Parts of it.

ABOUT ten Years ago there lived at *Vienna* a *German Count*, who had long entertained a secret Amour with a young Lady of a considerable Family. After a Correspondence of Gallantries, which had lasted two

or

or three Years, the Father of the young Count, whose Family was reduced to a low Condition, found out a very advantageous Match for him, and made his Son sensible that he ought, in common Prudence, to close with it. The Count, upon the first Opportunity, acquainted his Mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole Matter before her, with such Freedom and Openness of Heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one Meeting more before they parted for ever. The Place appointed for this their Meeting was a Grove which stands at a little Distance from the Town. They conversed together in this Place for some time, when on a sudden the Lady pulled out a Pocket Pistol, and shot her Lover into the Heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her Feet. She then returned to her Father's House, telling every one she met what she had done. Her Friends, upon hearing her Story, would have found out Means for her to make her Escape; but she told 'em she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same Reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way Justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her Guilt, rejected all Excuses that were made in her Favour, and only begged that her Execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her Head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the Interest of her Friends should obtain a Pardon for her. When the Confessor approached her, she asked him

where he thought was the Soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his Case was very dangerous, considering the Circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her Frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same Place where the Count was. The Priest was forced to give her better hopes of the Deceased, from Considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so Criminal a Commerce, and leading a new Life, before he could bring her Mind to a Temper fit for one who was so near her End. Upon the Day of her Execution she dressed her self in all her Ornaments, and walked towards the Scaffold more like an expecting Bride than a condemned Criminal. My Friend tells me, that he saw her placed in the Chair, according to the Custom of that Place, where after having stretched out her Neck with an Air of Joy, she called upon the Name of the Count, which was the appointed Signal for the Executioner, who with a single Blow of his Sword severed her Head from her Body.

MY Reader may draw, without my Assistance, a suitable Moral out of so Tragical a Story.



Nº 10. Thursday, March 18.

-----*Magis illa placent que pluris emuntur.*

I HAVE lately been very much teized with the Thought of Mrs. *Ann Page*, and the Memory of those many Cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate Fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* Ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my Aversion. I do not know but this was the first Occasion of her Coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very Sight of a *China* Dish ever since. This is the best Introduction I can make for my present Discourse, which may serve to fill up a Gap till I am more at Leisure to resume the Thread of my Amours.

THERE are no Inclinations in Women which more surprize me than their Passions for Chalk and *China*. The first of these Ma-ladies wears out in a little Time; but when a Woman is visited with the second, it generally takes Possession of her for Life. *China* Vessels are Play-things for Women of all Ages. An old Lady of fourscore shall be as busie in cleaning an *Indian* Mandaring, as her Great Grand Daughter is in dressing her Baby.

THE common way of purchasing such Trifles, if I may believe my Female Infor-

mers, is by exchanging old Suits of Cloaths for this brittle Ware. The Potters of *China* have, it seems, their Factors at this Distance, who retail out their several Manufactures for cast Cloaths and superannuated Garments. I have known an old Petticoat metamorphosed into a Punch-Bowl, and a pair of Breeches into a Tea-Pot. For this Reason my Friend *Tradewell* in the City calls his great Room, that is nobly furnished out with *China*, his Wife's Wardrobe. In yonder Corner, says he, are above twenty Suits of Cloaths, and on that Scrutore above a hundred Yards of furbelow'd Silk. You cannot imagine how many Night-Gowns, Stays and Mantoes, went to the raising of that Pyramid. The worst of it is, says he, a Suit of Cloaths is not suffered to last half its Time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in Reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the Husband's Pocket, who is often purchasing a great Vase of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine Head, or a Silk Gown for his Wife. There is likewise another Inconvenience in this Female Passion for *China*, namely, that it administers to 'em great Matter for Wrath and Sorrow. How much Anger and Affliction are produced daily in the Hearts of my dear Country-Women, by the breach of this frail Furniture. Some of them pay half their Servants Wages in *China* Fragments, which their Carelessness has produced. *If thou hast a Piece of Earthen Ware, consider, says Epictetus, that it is a Piece of Earthen Ware, and by consequence very easie and obnoxious to be broken: Be not therefore so void*

void of Reason as to be Angry or grieved when this comes to pass. In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from such additional and supernumerary Calamities of Life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable Commodities, till such time as they are Philosophers enough to keep their Temper at the fall of a Tea-Pot or a *China* Cup. I shall further recommend to their serious Consideration these three Particulars: First, That all *China* Ware is of a weak and transitory Nature. Secondly, that the Fashion of it is changeable: And Thirdly, that it is of no Use. And first of the First: The Fragility of *China* is such as a reasonable Being ought by no means to set its Heart upon, tho' at the same time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like Occasion, that this very Consideration recommends them to our Choice; our Luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of Treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a Price from its Brittleness. There is a kind of Ostentation in Wealth, which sets the Possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those Things where it is hard for the Poor to follow them. For this Reason I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken Pleasure in Egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest Hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the Brittleness of this Ware were not sufficient to make it Costly, the very Fa-

shion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second Particular.

IT may chance that a Piece of *China* may survive all those Accidents to which it is by Nature liable, and last for some Years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this Inconvenience, it is so ordered that the Shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new Supplies always necessary, and furnishes Employment for Life to Women of great and generous Souls, who cannot live out of the Mode. I my self remember when there were few *China* Vessels to be seen that held more than a Dish of Coffee; but their Size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a Hogshead. The Fashion of the Tea-Cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful Variety of Colour, Shape and Size.

BUT, in the last place, *China* Ware is of no Use. Who would not laugh to see a Smith's Shop furnished with Anvills and Hammers of *China*? The Furniture of a Lady's favourite Room is altogether as absurd: You see Jars of a prodigious Capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen Horses and Herds of Cattle in this fine sort of Porselain, not to mention the several *Chinese* Ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail Materials.

DID our Women take delight in heaping up Piles of Earthen Platters, brown Juggs, and the like useful Products of our *British* Potteries, there would be some Sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine Figures, and disposed

disposed of in as beautiful Pieces of Architecture; but there is an Objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some Use, and might be taken down on all Occasions to be employed in Services of the Family; besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

N^o II. *Saturday, March 20.*

Macenas Atavis edite regibus.

Bentley's Horace.

THE following Epistle is written to me from the Parish of *Gotham* in *Herefordshire*, from one who had Credentials from me to be received as an humble Servant to a young Lady of the Family which he mentions. Because it may be an Instruction to all who court great Alliances, I shall insert it Word for Word, as it came to my Hands.

Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

ACCORDING to your Persuasion I came down here into the Country, with a Design to Ingraft my self into the Family to which you recommended me; but I wish you had thought a little more of it, before you gave me that Advice, for a Man is not always made happy by having settled himself in a powerful House; for Riches and Honour are Ornamental to the Possessors

• fors of 'em, only when those Possessors have
• such Arts or Endowments which would
• render them Conspicuous without them ;
• but these Creatures to whom you advised
• me to be allied are such, whose Interest it
• is to court Privacy, and are made up of so
• many Defects, that they could not better re-
• commend themselves to the World, or con-
• sult their own Interest, than by hiding ; but
• they are so little inclined to such a prudent
• Behaviour, that they seem to think that their
• Appearance upon all Occasions cannot chuse
• but be advantageous to them ; and yet such
• is the Force of Nature in biasing all its In-
• struments to the Uses for which she has
• made them most fit, that they are ever un-
• der-taking what would make the most beau-
• tiful of Human Race appear as ugly as them-
• selves. Thus they take upon them to ma-
• nage all things in this Country ; and if any
• Man is to be Accused, Arrested, or Dis-
• graced, one of these hideous Creatures has
• certainly a Hand in it. By these Methods
• and Arts they govern those who Contemn
• them, and are perpetually follow'd by
• Crowds who hate them : At the same time
• there is I know not what excessively Co-
• mick and Diverting, to behold these very
• odd Fellows in their Magnificencies.

• YOU must know they set up extreamly
• for Genealogies, old Codes, and Mystick
• Writings, and knowing abundance of what
• was never worth knowing in the several
• Ages in which it was acted ; but there is
• constantly, in all they pretend to, some Cir-
• cumstance which secretly tends to raise the
• Honour

‘ Honour and Antiquity of their Family.
‘ Thus they are not contented, as all we the
‘ rest of the World are, to become more An-
‘ tient every Day than other as Time passes
‘ on, but they grow old backwards, and every
‘ now and then they make some new Purchase
‘ of musty Rolls and Papers, which they tell you
‘ acquaints them with some new Matter con-
‘ cerning their further Antiquity. I met here,
‘ to my great surprize, *Abednego the Jew*,
‘ who used to transfer Stock forme at *Change-*
‘ *Alley*. I was going to salute him, but he
‘ tipped me the Wink, and taking me apart
‘ at a proper Opportunity, desired me not to
‘ discover him: For, says he laughing, I am
‘ come down here as a Cheat. He explain’d
‘ himself farther, that his way was to get
‘ some Paper that was Mouldy, Dusty, or
‘ Moth-eaten, and write upon it *Hebrew Cha-*
‘ *racters*, which he sold to Sir *Anthony Crab-*
‘ *tree’s Library*. You must know there is no-
‘ thing so monstrous but they can make pass
‘ upon the People; so terrible are the *Crab-trees*
‘ in this Country. The last Piece of Antiquity
‘ which they produced, was a Letter written
‘ in *Noah’s* own Hand, to their Ancestor, and
‘ found upon a Mountain in *Wales*, (which
‘ by the way, is said by them to be the oldest
‘ and highest Mountain in the World) direct-
‘ ed to their Ancestor Sir *Robert Crab-tree*, an
‘ *Antediluvian Knight*. This, Sir, passes very
‘ currently here, and is well received, because
‘ all allow there have been no Faces like theirs
‘ in any other Family since the Flood.

‘ I T would be endless to give you a di-
‘ sinct Account of these Worthies in one
‘ Letter,

‘ Letter, but I will go as far as I can in it. I
‘ was, when I declared my Love, appointed
‘ an Hour in their great Hall, where were
‘ assembled all their Relations and Tenants;
‘ but instead of receiving me with Civility, as
‘ one who desired to be of their Family, as
‘ they know not how to shew Power and
‘ Greatness, but by doing things terrible and
‘ disagreeable, Mr. Peter Brickdust stands up
‘ before all the Company, and enters into a
‘ downright Invective against me, to shew that
‘ I was not fit to be entertained among them.
‘ They call him here at *Gotham*, and in all
‘ these Parl, the *Accuser*, because it is his
‘ natural Propensity to think the Worst of every
‘ Man. Tho’ the Implement has a very great
‘ Estate, the Poverty of his Soul is such, that
‘ he will do any thing for a further Penny.
‘ He condescends to audit part of the Rents
‘ of Sir *Anthony*’s Estate, and, tho’ born to a
‘ better Fortune than the Knight himself, is
‘ his utter Slave. His Busines about him is
‘ to find out somebody or other for him,
‘ from time to time, on whom to exercise his
‘ great Power and Interest. *Peter* has the
‘ very look of a Wicked one of low Practice.
‘ *Peter* is made for a Lurcher, and as being a
‘ Creature of Prey, he rises to the Object he
‘ aims at, as if he were going to spring at some
‘ Game; but he slinks, as you may have seen
‘ a Cur at once exert and check his little An-
‘ ger when he sees a strange Mastiff. Natu-
‘ ralists say all Men have something in their
‘ Aspect of other Animals, which resemble
‘ them in Constitution. *Peter*’s Countenance
‘ discovers him a Creature of small Prey; it
‘ is

is a mixture of the Face of a Cat, and that of an Owl. He has the spiteful Eagerness of the former, blended with the stupid Gravity of the latter. He stood behind a Post all the while he was talking, and groped it as if he were feeling for Hobnails. All that he said was so extravagant, wild, and groundless, and urged with a Mein so suitable to the Falshood and Folly of it, that I was rather diverted than offended at *Brickdust*. When from another Quarter of the Hall, placed just under a Gallery, there stood up the Knight's Brother. It is impossible to express the Particularity of this Gentleman. His Mein is like that of a broken Tradesman the first Day he wears a Sword; his Aspect was sad, but rather the Face of a Man incapable of Mirth, than under any Sorrow, and yet he does not look dull neither, but attentive to both Worlds at once, and has in his Brow both the Usurer and the Saint. I observed great Respect paid to him; but me thought some Leavings of Conscience made him look somewhat abashed at the great Gravities which were paid him. He roundly asserted I was not worth a Groat, and indeed made it out in a Moment; for by some Trick or other, he had got in his Custody all the Writings which make out the Title to my Estate.

WHAT made this whole Matter the more extravagantly pleasant was, that there is an odd droning Loudness in the Brother's Voice, which made a large *Irish* Greyhound open at every Pause he made. That great surly Creature made so docile and servile, was

was to me matter of much Entertainment and Curiosity. The Knight's Brother, I assure you, spoke with a good steady Impudence, and having been long inur'd to talk what he does not mean, he looks as if he meant what he said.

THE Pleasantry of this excellent Farce is, that all these Fellows were bred Presbyterians, and are now set up for High Churchmen. They carry it admirably well, and the Partizans do not distinguish that there is a Difference between those who are of neither side, from generous Principles, and those who are disinterested only from having no Principles at all. The Knight himself was not in the Country, but is expected every Day; they say he is a precious one. They make me expect he will treat me after another way. His Manner is very drole; he is very affable, and yet keeps you at a Distance; for he talks to every Body, but will let no Body understand him. Here is a Gentleman in the Country, a good intelligent Companion, that gives me a very pleasant Idea of him: He says he has seen him go through his great Hall full of Company, and whisper every Man as he passed along; when they have all had the Whisper, they have held up their Heads in a silly Amazement, like Geese when they are drinking: But perhaps more of this another time; you would marry me into this goodly House,

I thank you for nothing, Dear SIR,

and am your bumble Servant for That.

P. S.

P. S. Here is a Story here that Mr. What-d'ye-call laughs at all they pretend to do against him, and is prepared for the Worst that can happen. To insure himself to be a publick Spectacle, they say, he rid an Hour and a half, at Noon-Day on Wednesday last, behind Charles the First at Charing-Cross.



N^o 12. *Tuesday, March 23.*

*When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to Love ;
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise
Sink in the soft Captivity together.*

Portius in Cato.

THE following Letter, written in the finest *Italian* Female Hand, as beautiful as a Picture or Draught of a Letter, rather than the Work of a Pen, in the finest small gilt Paper, when opened, diffused the most agreeable Odours, which very suddenly seize the Brains of those who have ever been Sick in Love. There is no Necessity on such an occasion as this, that the Epistle should be filled with sprightly Expressions. The Fold of the Letter, the care in Sealing it, and the Device on the Seal, are the great Points in Favours of this kind from the Fair ; for when it is a Condescension to do any thing at all, every thing that is not severe is gracious. As soon as I looked upon the Hand, my poor fond Head would needs persuade it self that it came from *Mrs. Page* ; but I read, and found

it

it was the Acknowledgment of an Obligation,
I have not Merit enough ever to be capable of
laying upon any; the Letter is thus:

Mr. MYRTLE, March 19, 1714.

SINCE you have taken upon your self
the Province of Love, all Transactions
relating to that Passion most properly belong
to your Paper. I beg the Favour of you to
insert this my Epistle in your very next, in
order to give the earliest Notice possible of
my having received very great Favour and
Honour done to me, by some one to whom
I am more obliged, than it can ever be in
my Power to return. I beg therefore that
you will insert the following Advertisement,
and you will oblige (tho' unknown)

Your Servant, and great Admirer,

A. B.

A certain Present, with a Letter from an
unknown Hand, hath been very safely deli-
vered to the Party to whom directed.

IT is the nicest part of Commerce in the
World, that of doing and receiving Benefits.
Benefits are ever to be considered rather by
their Quality than Quantity, and there are so
many thousand Circumstances, with respect
to Time, Person and Place, which heighten
and allay the Value, that even in ordinary Life
it is almost an Impossibility to lay down Rules
on this Subject; because it alters in every in-
dividual Case that can happen, and there is
something arises in it, which is so inexplicable,
that

that none but the Persons concerned can judge of them, and those, as well as all other Persons, are incapable of giving Judgment in their own Case. All these Circumstances are still more intricate in that part of Life which is naturally above the Rules of any Laws, and must flow from the very Soul to be of any Respect at all, and are more exquisitely valuable and considerable, as they proceed more from Affection, without any manner of Respect to the intrinsick Worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of Ribband or a Jewel. The Lover in the Comedy is not methinks absurd, where he prates of his Rules and Qbservations on this Subject.

TO U must entertain *Women* high, and bribe all about them. They talk of Ovid and his *Art of Loving*; be liberal, and you outdo his Precepts — *The Art of Love, Sir, is the Art of Giving* — — Be free to *Women*, they'll be free to you. Not every Open-banded Fellow hits it neither. Some give up *Lap-fulls*, and yet ne'er oblige. The Manner, you know, of doing a Thing, is more than the Thing its self — — Some drop a *Jewel*, which had been refus'd if bluntly offered.

Some lose at Play what they design a Present. The Skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of your self, 'tis done with so much Ease; but a liberal Blockhead presents a Mistress as he'd give an Alms — —

I intend all this upon the Paffion of Love within the strictest Rules; but Benefits and Injuries cannot touch to the Quick, till the Paffion is arrived to fuch a Height, as to be mutual. Before that, all Presents and Services

ces are only the Offerings of a Slave to a Tyrant; it is therefore necessary, to make them worthy to be received, to shew that they proceed from Affection, and that all your Talents are employed in subserviency to that Affection. The Skill and Address which is used on these Occasions in conveying Presents or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reason much more regarded than the Presents or Actions themselves. I knew a Gentleman who affected making good Company cheerful, and diverting himself with a whimsical way he had of laying particular Obligations upon several Ladies by the same Action, and making each believe it was done for her sake. Thus he would make a Ball, and tell one he wished she would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: Another, that he was overjoyed to see her there, for that he was sure had she not, no body else would have been there that Evening. He would whisper a third, who was brought thither by a Relation, and without being named, And did your Cousin believe she introduced you hither; there is a Gentleman yonder said, she came with you, and not you with her. By this wily way he was by all esteemed the most obliging fine Gentleman; that was so genteely said, and t'other Thing so prettily contrived, that who but *Charles Myrtle* with all the fair and delightful, in his Time. About his flourishing Years the Stage had a particular Liveliness owing to this Passion, but too often to this Passion abused and misrepresented. *Otway*, who writ then, exposed in his Play of *Venice preserved*, the Bounty of a
filly

filly disagreeable old Sinner, who at that time was a great Pretender to Politicks, in which he was the most ungainly Creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than *Antonio* (for so he calls him) a Politician, except *Antonio* a Lover. This grim puzzled Leacher is thus treated by his *Aquilina*, whom he keeps and visits: In one of those lovely Moments she says to him, *I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, I am sick of you, ----- crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body; you love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not Money you are good for nothing.* This imperious Wench of this fribling Politician, was in the Interests of those who were then attempting to destroy his Country; she rates him in Behalf of *Pierre*, who is her Favourite, and is then plotting the Destruction of *Venice*. ----- *Where's my Lord, my Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero?* This contemptible Image represents in a very lively manner, how offensive every Endeavour to please is in the Man who is in himself disagreeable; poor *Antonio*, to satisfie an amorous Itch, must not only maintain his Wench, but support every Russian in her favour that is an Enemy to his Country, which will for ever be the Fate of those who attempt to be what Nature never designed them, Wits, Politicians and Lovers.

BUT I will break off this Discourse, to oblige a Neighbour, who writes me the following Letter.

Good

Good Mr. MYRTLE,

AS I am your near Neighbour, within two Doors of the *Lover's Lodge*, and within the Sound of your melodious Base-viol, I cannot better express my Gratitude for that Favour you do my Ears, than by inviting you to divert your Eyes in my large Gallery, which is now garnisht, from top to bottom, with the finest Paintings Italy has ever produced: I dare promise myself you will find such Variety, and such beautiful Objects, of both History and Land-schape, Profane and Sacred, that it will not only be sufficient to please and recreate the Sight, but also to yield Satisfaction and Pleasure to your Mind, and instructive enough to inform and improve every Bodies else. When you have well viewed and considered the whole Collection, then I am to leave it to you, whether you will not think it may be of Use to the Readers of your *Lover*, (which I understand is to come out to Morrow, very luckily for me the Day before my Sale begins) to recommend the viewing of my Collection to them, as a very agreeable and instructive Amusement to all Persons in Love. But this and every thing else, that may concern me or my Collection, I leave to Mr. Myrtle's Judgment, and known Readiness to serve Mankind in their particular Stations of Life.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient,

and Obliged Humble Servant,

James Grame.

Thurs-

Nº 13. Thursday, March 25.

*Multi de Magnis, per Somnum, Rebu' lo-
quuntur.* Lucr.

THE strong Propensity that, from my Youth, I have had to Love, hath betrayed me into innumerable Singularities, which the insensible Part of Mankind are apt to turn into Ridicule. The astonishing Accounts of Sympathy, Fascination, Errantry and Enchantments, are thereby become so familiar to me, that my Conversation, upon those Subjects, hath made several good People believe me to be no better than I should be. My Behaviour hath heretofore been suitable to my Opinions. I have lost great Advantages by waiting for lucky Days, and have been looked upon severely by fair Eyes, while I expected the benign Aspect of my Stars. Many a time have I missed a Ball, for the Pleasure of walking by a purling Stream, and chose to wander in unfrequented Solitudes, when I might have been a King at *Questions and Commands*. It is well known what a Prospect I had of rising by the Law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my Study with Poems and Romances, than with dull Records, and mutable Acts of Parliament. I intend at some convenient Season, to communicate to the Publick a Catalogue of

of my Books; and shall, every now and then, oblige the World with Extracts out of those Manuscripts, which Love and Leisure have drawn from my Pen. I have a Romance, in seven neat Folios, almost finished, besides Novels, Ditties, and Madrigals innumerable. The following Story is collected out of Writers in so learned a Language, that I am almost ashamed to own it. I must say for my Excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth Year, upon my leaving the University, and is adapted to the Taste of those who are far gone in Romance; not to mention the several Morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it,

The Dreams of ENDYMION.

THE Night was far advanced, and Sleep had sealed the Eyes of the most watchful Lovers, when on a sudden a confused Sound of Trumpets, Cymbals and Clarions made all the Inhabitants of *Heraclea* start from their Beds in Terror and Amazement. An Eclipse of the Moon was the Occasion of this Uproar; and a mixt Multitude of all Ages and Conditions ran directly to the Top of Mount *Latmos* with their Instruments of Musick to assist the fair Planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her Sphere by the Power of Magical Incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former Beauty, they returned home with Joy and Triumph, to take that Benefit of Repose, which they thought their Piety deserved. Only *Cleander*, the Amorous *Cleander*, gave himself up to

to his Musings, and wandering through the Trees that cloath Mount *Latmos*, insensibly reached the Summit of the Mountain. He was feeding his Eye with the fine Landskip that was spread before him, when he heard a languishing Voice utter these Words intermixt with Sighs: *Cruel Goddess, why wilt thou make me wretched by the Remembrance of my Happiness! Ye Powers, said Cleander to himself, is not that the Voice of Endymion?* He had no sooner said this, than he crept along whither the Voice directed him, and saw to his inexpressible Astonishment the following Spectacle. This strange Object was a Man stretched at length on a Declivity of the Mountain, with his Arms across his Breast, and his Eyes levelled at the Moon. *Thou fair Regent of the Moon, said he, after the Enjoyment of a Goddess, why wilt thou degrade thy Lover, and throw him back to Mount Latmos and Mortality? Ab inconstant! thou thinkest no more of Endymion.* 'Tis he, 'tis he, cried Cleander, 'tis Endymion, or the Ghost of my Friend. With these Words he ran to him, and caught him in his Arms with the warmest Expressions of Transport. If Cleander was overjoyed, Endymion was no less, and their Endearments had lasted a long time, if Cleander's Curiosity had not spurred him to learn the Cause of Endymion's long Absence from *Heraclea*, his Adventures, and the reason of his odd Complaints. After repeated Intreaties, Endymion delivered himself in the following Manner.

YOU may remember, that my frequent Contemplation of the Heavens had gained me the Reputation of a great Astronomer, amongst

mongst the Sages of *Heraclea*. But had there not been more powerful Motives, I had not, for Thirst of Knowledge, abandoned the good-natured Ladies of our City, with so much Youth and Vigour about me. You must know, that I had so often dreamt that *Diana* looked kindly on me, that I went to her Temple at *Ephesus* to learn the Will of the Goddess. I was surprized to find her famous Statue there entirely to resemble the lovely Image that had a thousand times smiled on me, in my Visions. The succeeding Night I bribed the Priestess with a considerable Sum to let me pass the Time within the Temple. After I had said whatever a violent Passion could inspire, I fell in a Trance before the Shrine that encompassed her Statue, and to my inexpressible Joy saw the Goddess descend, and bid me ask her, with a Smile, whatever I desired. ' Bright Goddess, said I, were I to have my ' Wish, I would beg that the Pleasure, I now ' enjoy, might be eternal. But since that is ' too much, give me, I pray thee, a Seat a- ' mongst the Stars that may place me ever in thy ' View, and nearest to thy Chariot. Or if the ' number of the Stars be compleat, and the ' Destinies deny me this: Grant me at least ' to be wholly thine upon Earth, and disdain ' not the Present that I make thee of my self. ' Whether in Heaven, or in Earth, answered ' the Goddess, I will lose no Opportunity to ' gratifie thee. Scarce had she uttered these Words, but I lost the sight of her, and only heard the Sound of her Quiver, as she turned and glided away.

I related my Vision the next Morning to *Evadne* the Priestess, who expressed great Joy at my Success, and having sprinkled me with Water from the sacred Fountain, and spoken mysterious Words, dismiss'd me with a Viol of powerful Juices, and Instructions how to use it. According to her Commands I repair'd to this Mountain, where having drank off the enchanted Draught, I lay stretched upon the Ground, and fixed my Eyes with Delight on the Moon. Suddenly, methought, the Heavens were cleft, and an Ivory Chariot drawn by Horses or Dragons, took me up, and whirled me over Cit' Rivers, Forests, and Oceans, in a momen of Time. I was, at length, set down in the middle of a Wood, where the Face of Nature was more delicious than the Imagination of Poets or Painters have yet described. I had not walked long before I heard the Voices of Women, and at my drawing near I perceived *Diana* in the midst of her Nymphs. The beautiful Virgins were placed round her, under the Shadow of Trees: Some of them lay stretched on the Grass, others were viewing themselves in the Streams: Here was one sharpening the Point of an Arrow, there another was stroaking a Hound: Their Horns were hung upon the Boughs, and their Bows and Quivers were carelessly scattered upon the Ground. The Queen her self was less distinguished by her Golden Bow and Silver Crescent, than by that Beauty, which had long held me Captive. I rustled a little too eagerly thro' the Boughs where I had concealed my self, when a Nymph that stood near her, casting a Look towards me, cried out,

a Man! a Man! At that Word one of the oldest of the Virgins bent her Bow at me, and had shot me through the Heart, if *Diana* had not seasonably interposed. Hold, cried the Goddess, if he must die, let him die by my Hand. Give me, continued she, the Bundle of Arrows that *Cupid* presented me with the other Day, when we hunted in the *Idalian* Grove. A pretty young Nymph having put them in her Hands, she threw Arrow after Arrow at me, 'till I had received a hundred Wounds, which conveyed such a subtle Poison into my Blood, that I lost my Sight, staggered, and fell down dead. I had not lain long in that Condition, when, to my great Amazement, I found my self in the Arms of *Diana* drest after the manner of her Nymphs; and I saw the Light and her Eyes at the same time. I found, after that, she had used that seeming Cruelty to conceal our Loves; and thenceforward I passed for one of her Sex, and was looked upon as the Favourite Nymph of her Train. My Days were spent in those Sports which she takes Pleasure in: How often have we ranged the Deserts of *Hyrcania*? How agreeably have we wandered on the Banks of *Peneus*, or *Eurotas*! How many Lions have we coursed in *Getulia*! How have we panted after the swiftest Deer in *Creete*, and pursued the Tygers of *Armenia*! But our Nights--- To what a Pitch of Glory and Happiness was I raised! How much happier yet were my Lot, if the Mouth that tasted were allowed to reveal my Joys! But oh *Cleaner*! what shall we think of the other Sex, when I shall have assured thee, that Goddesses them-

themselves are Inconstant? It is in the Nature of Females to be suddenly hurried from one Extream to another. Love or Hate wholly possesses them; they have no third Passion. What they will, they will absolutely, and demand unlimited Obedience. They are ever prepared to show how little they can value their Lovers, and sacrifice what was once held dear, to their Ambition and thirst of Dominion. When they cease to love, they endeavour to persuade us, by Coldness and slighting Usage, that we never were beloved. But not being able to impose so far upon our Understanding, and to give the Lie to our Senses, they endeavour to make us lose the Memory, as they have lost the Desire of Possession. After so long a Course of Sighs, Vows, Fidelity, Submission, and whatever Lovers talk of, I was hurried away from the happy Regions I have described, in the same manner that I went; and not many Hours since, found my Body extended on this Mountain, where the Goddess descended with a Veil over her Face; but upon hearing a Noise of Trumpets and Clarions, left me without speaking, and fled to the Moon in an Instant. The Assurance that I was abandoned, made me vent those Complaints, which were still the more just because after the Favour of a Goddess, I shall loath the faint Beauties of *Heraclea*.

ENDYMION had no sooner spoke these Words, than he and his Friend were surprised with a loud Laugh from behind a Bush that grew near them. Instantly started up three young Women, who had dogged *Cleander* in his solitary Walk, one of which was his Mi-

stress. They ran so fast to *Heraclea*, that he could not overtake them; and before Ten that Morning, all the Women of the Town had had a Fling at *Endymion*. Tho' they secretly believed his Amours to be real, they had the Malice to ridicule them, as the Visions of a distempered Imagination. Nay these giggling Gipsies had Credit enough to get the poor Gentleman jested into a Proverb. Insomuch that if a Lover blabbs out the Secret, the *Hercleans* call him a *Lunatick*; they ask a pretty Fellow that conceals his Intrigues, if he hath a *Mistress in the Clouds*? and to boast of Favours is, with them, to have the *Dreams of Endymion*.

I could dream on much longer with great Delight to my self at least, but that I am awakened by the following Letter from a Gentleman, whom I have great reason to have an high Respect for, having frequently been an Eye-Witness of his Behaviour, both as to Love and Honour. I have seen him as a Lover win by fair Courtship at least fifty Ladies; and as a Soldier in open Field obtain compleat Victories always over superior Numbers, and sometimes observed the whole owing to his single Valour.

S I R,

I Am to have a Benefit Play on *Monday* next, and the stress of the Story depending upon Love, I hope it will find a Room in your Paper.

IT is the *Albion Queens*, with the Death of *Mary Queen of Scotland*. Where that illustrious

‘ illustrious Lover, the Duke of *Norfolk*, rather than he will deny his Flame, gives up his Life. Whenever I see you, I shall do you Honour, and am,

SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

George Powel.



Nº 14. *Saturday, March 27.*

Oderint dum Metuant.

Motto on Sir Anthony Crabtree's Coach.

I Am to-day very busie, having a Wedding Suit for a Gentleman, and the Knots of the Bride, offered to my Consideration, and the Wedding it self to be on *Easter-Tuesday*; therefore the Reader must be contented with this Letter, all which I do not my self understand, for the Entertainment of this Day.

Mr. MYRTLE,

READING the Letter in your *Lover* of the 20th from your Friend concerning the Family of the *Crabtrees*, I was pleased at the Non-reception of your Friend into that ridiculous Generation; in which Family, as I am told, may be found an Anti-

tique Record in *Hebrew*, proving their Original. Sir *Anthony* is cautious of shewing the Manuscript, but his Secretary, with whom I'm well acquainted, and whose Knowledge is great in Crabbed Characters, does assure me it's writ in the Prophane Ignorant Stile used by the Phanaticks before the Restoration, and seems to be formed out of the Phrases of the *Revelations*, with many Periods ending with the Sight of the Beast, and the Image of the Beast, and the like. I think your Friend ought to be thankful for his Deliverance: However I can't say Sir *Anthony* was always for destroying every thing, having once saved (not his Country, but) his House: The Story is thus related by a Servant then living in the Family. It seems, in the Time of Sir *Ralph*, Father to this precious Stick *Anthony*, there was in the Family a Man that had lived long, but wickedly, under the Cloak of Religion; but at length was discovered to have defiled the House with a Maid Servant who proved with Child, which was an Abomination to Sir *Ralph*, who turned both out of Doors without paying them their Wages, being considerable, and ordered the Bed wherein the Crime had been committed, with the Furniture of that Room, to be burnt, which they were accordingly. The Fellow thought by marrying the Woman, he might so far Ingratiate himself into his Master's Favour, as to get their Wages; but Sir *Ralph* was too Religious to allow that any thing could be due to the Wicked. Upon which the

•Fel-

‘ Fellow resolved, since he was to be a Lover, his Master should be no Gainer; therefore sent a Message to Sir *Ralph*, to let him know if he would pay him, he had something of Moment to impart to him, which might be for the good of him and his Family: To this the old Gentleman gave Ear, and being ever apprehensive of some Plot or other against him, (in which Sir *Anthony* takes much after him) resolved to pay the Fellow and have him examined; and when the great Secret came out, it was, that he and the Maid had lain together upon every Bed in the House, and in every Room; upon which the whole House and Furniture was condemned to be burnt on a certain Day; but the Night before the Execution, Sir *Anthony* came down to his Father’s, and with a high Hand saved House and Goods. This is the plain well-known Matter of Fact, and this is the First House that I ever heard of to have been so near burning by the Fire of Love. I can assure you the Family is now grown much more polite, but having been bred in such Strictness and Formality, during the time of good Sir *Ralph*, both *Anthony* and his Brother *Zachariah* come into a Wench’s Chamber with the same Air they used to enter their Congregations of Saints. It is an hard thing to unlearn Gestures of the Body, and tho’ *Anthony* has quite got over all the Prejudices of his Education, not only as to Superstition, but as to Religion also, he makes a very queer Figure, and the persecuted Sneak is still in

his Face, tho' he now sets up for a Perse-
cutor.

IF the lower Behaviour and Hypocrisie,
which the Enemies to Dissenters accuse them
of, was utterly forgotten, and which by their
Freedom and more open Communication
with the rest of the World from the Tolera-
tion, is really at an End, I say, if all this
were wholly out of the Memory of Man,
all their Rancour, Spite, and Obstinacy might
be revived among the *Crabtrees*. This Par-
ticular however is to be more emphatically
enlarged upon by those who shall write their
History, which is, that they are impudent
to a Jest. They having as little Respect for
Mankind, as Mankind has for them, they
do not care how gross the thing is they at-
tempt, so they can carry it. Sir *Anthony*
wanting a Cause, the last Circuit, to keep
up the Face of his Grandeur, and to make
himself popular, spoke to *Brickdust* to ac-
cuse some Body for disrespect to an *Hu-*
strious Family. They could not find such a
one, but *Brickdust* told him of a Hawker
who had Books about him writ in Favour
of that House. Sir *Anthony* said, that would
do as well, provided they could persuade
People to pronounce the Books were against
that Interest. Well, they got the poor Haw-
ker in amongst them, at a Country Court,
and in spite of all that the Gentlemen of
greatest Honour, Quality and Estate could
say, the Cry went against the Pedlar. There
were indeed a great many People of Sense
and Fashion, who are carried away by the
Crab-

‘Crabtrees, solicited to call out, that the Hawker should be turned out of the Plaee, when they saw, from the Appearance for Him, they could carry it no further. But they could procure no Body to do even this, but a natural Fool, who had made Sport at a *Winchester* Wedding, and is every where as much known for an Ideot, as if he had his *Moorish* Dancers Habit and Bells on. Thus between Jest and Earnest they turned out the Pedlar, for the very contrary of what the Fellow had done. Sir *Anthony* says this was right, and still professes he is a Friend to that Family; for, says that merry cunning Fellow, if I can bring it to that pass, that no body shall dare to speak for them, without my leave, I shall easily manage that no body dare to be against them. This is, Mr. *Myrtle*, the Logick of the *Crabtrees*. But I know not how to relate half the fine things I know of them; read *Sancho Pancha’s Government in Barataria*, get *Hudibras* by Heart, cast your Eye upon Books of Dreams, Incantations and Witchcrafts, and it will give you some faint Pictures of the Exotick and Comick Designs of this unaccountable Race, who are (according to their own different Accounts of their Parts and Births) occasionally *Syrians*, *Egyptians*, *Saxons*, *Arabians*, and every thing but *Welsh*, *British*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, or any thing that is for the Interest of these Dominions. As you are the Patron of Love, I desire to know of you, whether, after this faithful Representation of things, you ought

‘ to lament that your Friend has been rejected
‘ by the Crabtrees.

Your most humble Servant,

Ephraim Castlesoap.

N^o 15. Tuesday, March 31.

*Crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famæ,
Hic tibi pallori, Cynthia, versus erit.* Proper.

I Should be but a very ill Guide to others, in the Ways of this Town, if I continually kept in my Lodge; I do sometimes make Excursions and visit my Neighbours, whose Manners and Characters cannot but be of great Use to the Youth of this Kingdom, whom I propose to conduct in Safety, if they will follow my Advice. It is the Business of a Pilot to discover Shoals, Rocks, and Quicksands, in order to land his Passengers in Safety. I shall take Pains to hang out Lights, but if those who sail after me will rather chuse to be stranded, (where I have given them a Signal of Danger,) than follow my Course, their Shipwrack is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

THERE are now in Town, among the Ladies who have given up all other Considerations, to gratify themselves in one sort of Delight, Three Eminent above the rest for their

their Charms and Vices. The first can only please Novices; the second seeks only Men of Business, and such of them as are between Fools and Knaves; the third runs through the whole Race of Men, and has Arts enough about her to ensnare them all, as well as Desire enough to entertain them all. These Ladies are professed Curtezans, and live upon it.

THE first I shall give an Account of is *Jenny Lipsy*. All Creatures of Prey have their particular Game, and never dream of any other. *Jenny* never aims at any but Novices, and she makes her Advances with so much Skill, that she is seldom without two or three in pursuit of her, who are in their first Month of a Town Life. I sat by her a Week or two ago, at a Play; there was seated just before her a pretty snug Academic, who, I observed, was destined for her Entertainment that Evening. There sat by her a coarse Hoyden in a black Scarff, who seemed a Servant Maid stoln out with *Jenny* on this Frolick to a Play. *Jenny* at every thing which passed in the Play that had little Sense in it, was so delighted as not to contain her self from loud Laughs, but particularly checked her self, with a well-acted Romp-like Confusion, when she was observed by the pretty young Gentleman; her Maid professing, in a lower Voice, she would never come abroad with her again. Many kind Looks however passed between my young Gentleman, and one he conceived as unskilled in the Town as himself. She begged his Pardon, two or three times, for pressing upon him negli-

negligently, and hoped there was no Offence in such a Tone and Voice, and such a natural Impertinence, and want of Judgment, as would have deceived any Man in Town but *Roger Veterane*, who suspects every thing. My young Spark offered his Service, at the end of the Play, to see her out; *Jenny* said he was a Stranger to her, tho' he looked like a civil Body; but her Maid interposed and said, If the Gentleman will get us out of the Crowd, there can be no harm, since she would keep with her.

THE second Woman of Consideration is that artful thy Dame Madam *Twilight*. This Lady has got a Step or two in Age, Experience, and Address, beyond Miss *Jenny* above-mentioned. She has been above these ten Years known for what she is, but she has preserved such a Decency in her Manners, and has so little Frolick in her Temper, that every Lover takes it she is as much pleased with him, as he with her. *Twilight* therefore has passed her ten Years Libertinism in short Marriages, rather than different Riots. The many Gallants, whose Relict she is, treat her with Civility and Respect where-ever they meet her, and every Man flatters himself it is the Necessity of her Affairs made her take such a loose, but she certainly loved no body but him. *Twilight*, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a Whisper, and retire very willingly with great Reluctance, seldom discovering Desire enough to overcome the Confusion to which her Compliance obliges her. But I must leave her Character half drawn, and in the Dress she often affects,

affects, a Veil, to hasten to her, who gives me most Disquiet of any of her Sex, when I am endeavouring to save the Free and Innocent from the Slavery to which she affects to reduce all Mortals, especially those of Merit.

THIS Lady, who is the Heroine of to-day's Paper, as well acquainted with this Town as the Plains of *Arcadia*, dignified and distinguished among the loose Wanderers of Love by the Name of *Clidamira Dustgown*, is Mistress of the whole Art of Women; she can do what she pleases, with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that cou'd save himself from her but by flight. She can, as Occasion serves, be termagant and haughty, if the Follower is in his Nature servile; then again so humble and resigning to those who love and admire none but themselves! She can lead the Conversation among raw Youths who are proud of being admitted into her Company, and will Lisp and grow so Girlish, and prevail upon hardened and experienced Rakes of the Town, who are above hurting any thing but Innocence. *Clidamira* is a Female Rake; the Male ones, I just now observed, affect mostly to have to do with the Innocent, and *Clidamira's* Passion is to deceive and bubble the Knowing. To indulge this Humour in her self, she has all the Learning of a Spark of the Town, is deep in Miscellany Poems, Plays, Novels and Romances; has the Copies of Verses, Scandals and Whispers all the Winter which are brought forth in *London* and *Westminster*; all the Summer those produced at *Epsom*,

Epsom, Tunbridge, and the Bath; her Lewdness is as great, and her Understanding greater than that of any of her Admirers: By the force of the latter she is as much courted even by those who have had her (as the Phrase is) as the finest Woman whose Charms are yet untasted; her Skill is such, that her Practice in Wickedness has not at all made her Hypocrisie of Innocence appear awkward or unlovely, but she can be any thing she ever was, to those who like what she was, better than what she is, the most accomlischt Frolick, and dissolute of all Wenchess. What makes me have no Patience with Madam *Dustgown* is, that she is now laying all her Snares, and displaying all her Charms, to withdraw my Heart from Mrs. *Page*. But she shall die; I will sacrifice her, to gain a Smile for that Merit from my own incomparable Fair One.

CLIDAMIRA has at this time three different Keepers; a rich Citizen, whom she has Orders, upon Occasion, to write to in the Stile of a Widow, who wants his Charity; a Married Man of Quality, whom she is to address so, as that his Lady, who is as jealous as a Statesman, and admires her Lord for the finest Gentleman in the World, might read it; her third is a Gentleman learned in the Laws, whom she writes to as his Client, when she has a mind to raise small Sums to support her lavish Gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real Passion, and sharing the Hire of her Prostitution. It was necessary last Week her dear Comrade should have a fine Horse he had seen; she levyed the Price of him upon her Slaves by the following Method. She writes

To

To her City Friend.

SIR,

• DID I not know what Acts of Charity
• your Worship daily does, and that
• your good Lady is as inclined to do good
• as your self, I should not take this Liberty
• to move your Compassion to the Widow
• and Fatherless. If your Worship's Business
• should divert you from taking Notice of this
• according to Direction here under written,
• I shall presume to wait upon your Lady
• my self.

I am, &c.

THE latter Circumstance being a Threat,
immediately produced a Largess above her
ordinary Salary.

THE great Skill is to write Letters that
may fall into any Hands, even a Wife's, and
discover nothing. Her Stile to my Lord
was thus.

My Lord,

• IS it possible you can doat with so much
• Constancy on the Charms of a Wife,
• to be blind to the thousand nameless things
• that I do and say before you, even in her
• Presence, to reveal a Passion too strong to
• be smothered?

MY

MY Lady pouts ten Days after the intercepting such a Billet, misinterprets every Look and Sentence of every Friend she has, and keeps my Lord waking till he has dived into the Matter, and fined for his Quiet to *Clad-mira*.

HER worthy Chamber Council is captivated at the prodigious Wit of the Creature, when she sends a bundle of old Parchments from Widow Lackitt, and has them lodged with his Clerk with a couple of Guineas, and underwrites she will give him his Brief at her own Lodgings. The Busie Creature, who is in Joy when he is not actually taking Pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the Wit, Cunning and Address of deceiving that notable deep Discerner his own Clerk; that, for fear of appearing too dull for an Hint himself, Cash is immediately conveyed to his Client, as left with him from the Person who is to lend the Money upon the Mortgage. Thus the fly Thief shows, though he is a Man of Busines, if he would give his Mind to it, he could be as notable a Gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her Council is cheated in Raptures.



Thurs:

VII

Nº 16. *Thursday, April 1.*

— — — *Some Grains of Sense
Still mixt with Vollies of Impertinence.*
Rochester's Poems.

THE Writer of the following Letter being a Person, if you will believe his own Story, the most impertinently crossed in Love that ever any Mortal was, and allowing his Letter to fit only for one Day in the Year, I have let him have his Will, and made it the Business of this.

Mr. MYRTLE,

SINCE I writ my last to you, wherein I gave you some Account of the confounded Usage which I met with from the mischievous and ridiculous Race of the *Crab-trees*, I have made it my Busines to enquire into, and consider the Arts and Stratagems, by which a People so like in Genius to the *Cercopitbeci*, should so long be suffered to impose upon many wise, brave and learned Gentlemen in this County. After much Deliberation with my self, I am come to this Resolution, That all their Successes are owing to a certain graceless Impudence in themselves, and an unmanly Modesty in others. There is nothing but they will attempt from their want of Deference to the rest of the World;

World; and there is nothing but others seem ready to suffer from a too great Sensibility of what the World will think of them. Among other the extraordinary Circumstances by which this Race is signalized, I am most diverted with their Superstition; they are, you must know, great Observers of lucky and unlucky Days, and Sir *Anthony*, whose great Talent lies in making Fools of Mankind, chuses on the first of *April* to settle his Schemes for the ensuing Year; and yet with all the hurry which he eternally appears in, he is the laziest Thief living. One of his Propositions for Management is to affect Bustle and avoid Business: This, with several other as wise Maxims, is set down by his Secretary to be entered upon the first of *April* next. The next to that, as I could gather it out of Mr. Secretary's *Coptick Characters*, is, Never to look beforehand, but do as well as you can in the present Moment.

' Sir *ANTHONY* has had great Success in following this latter Position; but his Noddle is so full, by being always extricating himself from some present Difficulty, that he has not time to reflect, that tho' Men will bear some Hardships into which they are surprized, they may be rouzed by repeated Injuries.

' THEY tell me most incredible Whimseys of him. Among the rest, that he shall take a Book of Humour and Ridicule, and take upon him to draw out a Scheme of Politicks hid under those seeming Pleasantries. A notable Money Scrivener has informed me,

me, that his Knighthood has conceived a mighty Opinion of *South Sea Stock*, not from the National and solid Security that is given to support the Interest thereof, but from the following memorable Passage in the 94th Page of a Book called *a Tale of a Tub*. Most People agree that Piece was written for the Advancement of Religion only; but Sir *Anthony*, who sees more and less than any other Man living, will have it to be a Collection of Politicks; and the Paragraph upon which he grounds his Conception of the Fund abovementioned, is as follows.

THE first Undertaking of Lord Peter was to Purchase a large Continent lately said to have been discovered in *Terra Australis incognita*. This Tract of Land he bought a very great Pennyworth from the Discoverers themselves (tho' some pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several Cantons to certain Dealers, who carried over Colonies, but were all Shipwreck'd in the Voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said Continent to other Customers again, and again, and again, and again with the same Success.

Mr. *MYRTLE*, if you Publish this Ribaldry I now send you, be sure you chuse the Day auspicious to the *Crabtrees* (to wit) the first of *April*, a Day wherein, Time out of Mind, People have thought fit to divert themselves with passing upon their Neighbours Nonsense and Imposition for Wit and Art. But to go on; in order to amass a vast Sum of Money which he designs to place in the Fund, the Benefits of which are so mysteriously described in the abovementioned

tioned Political Discourse, Sir *Anthony* has resolved to part with the most valuable Manuscripts in his Library, which are actually sent to Town to be sold on the said First Day of *April*, and Catalogues given gratis to all the Fellows of the Royal Society. The things which he expects most for, are as follows, *Fobor Camolanthi's Rudiments of Letters*; being the first Scrawls made by the said *Camolanthi* with his own Hand, before the Invention of Writing, wherein is to be seen the first B that ever was made. The second Curiosity is the very white Wax which *John a Gant* had in his Hand, when he made the famous Conveyance by an Overt Act of biting, and the following Words,

¶ “*In witness that this is Sooth,*
“*I bite the white Wax with my Tooth.*

THE third is an *Egyptian Mummy*, very fresh, and fit to be kept as a Predecessor to any House which is so antient as to have lost the Records of its Ancestry.

THE fourth is the first hallowed Slipper which was kissed in Honour of St. Peter, who is reported by Hereticks to have worn none at all himself, but to have gone a fishing barefoot. It would be endless to tell you all Circumstances of these prodigious Fellows, but *Zachariab* and *Brickdust* are gone Post to *London* to vouch for these Antiquities. *Zachariab*, Sir *Anthony* says, has a very good Countenance to stand by the *Mummy* at the Sale, as well as to vouch for the white Wax in the Conveyance: I don't know what they may do with you *Londoners*, but they

‘ they have quite lost themselves at *Gotham*,
‘ and the twelve wise Men are ashamed of
‘ them; upon which the *Crabtrees* say they
‘ will have twelve others, but this is supposed
‘ to be only a Bounce; for the *Gothamites*
‘ begin to perceive, tho’ too late, that the
‘ *Crabtrees* are not such cunning Curs as they
‘ pretend, but are at the Bottom Fools, tho’
‘ they set up for the other Character. I sup-
‘ pose you must have heard the Story of the
‘ *Book-man*; falling upon that inconsiderable
‘ Fellow has explained them more than any
‘ thing that ever happen’d; and Sir *Anthony*,
‘ by all intelligent People, was reckoned a
‘ *Cudden* for meddling with him; for, say
‘ they, there were a thousand ways of getting
‘ rid of him, and it was not worth doing it,
‘ whatever Chastisement they might put him to,
‘ at the rate of exposing themselves and their
‘ Affairs to the Examination which that impo-
‘ tent Vengeance brought upon them.

‘ **T**HUS the *Crabtrees*, who indeed never
‘ had Sense, have now lost the Appearance of
‘ it; and Sir *Anthony*, for these ten Days last
‘ past, could not get any Body to whisper
‘ him: When he offers it, the Party attempted
‘ stands full before him, and there you see
‘ poor Sir *Anthony*, in a need to whisper, jerk-
‘ ing and writhing his Noddle, and begging
‘ an Audience of a Starer who stands in the
‘ Posture of a Man stiff with Amazement,
‘ that he had not found him out before. If
‘ you’ll turn to the next Page to that I quoted
‘ above, to wit, the next to the 94th, (which
‘ Phrase I own I steal from *Juvenal’s Volve-*
‘ *ris à prima quæ proxima*,) you will find that

‘ Sir

‘ Sir Anthony stole the manner of this Levy
‘ from Lord Peter’s Invention of erecting a
‘ whispering Office, for the publick Good and
‘ Ease—of all—Eves-droppers, Physicians,
‘ Midwives, small Politicians, Friends fallen
‘ out, repeating Poets, Lovers happy or in de-
‘ spair, Bawds, Privy-Counsellors, Pages, Pa-
‘ rasites and Buffoons.—An Ass’s Head was
‘ placed so conveniently, that the Party might
‘ easily with his Mouth accost either of the Ani-
‘ mal’s Ears. The other Parts of that Para-
‘ graph are too course to be repeated. Sir
‘ Anthony is mightily afraid his dear Relations
‘ will hardly get safe back again to him, and
‘ therefore like the Country Fellow who said,
‘ It was Pity there was not an Act of Parlia-
‘ ment against all Foreigners that should pretend
‘ to invade this Land, he has given them a
‘ Pass, which he thinks will be of as much
‘ Force all over England, as it would lately
‘ have been in this County where he is a Ju-
‘ stice. There is one particular pleasant Clause
‘ in it, wherein he requires all People, not-
‘ withstanding their Looks, to let them pass
‘ for honest Men.

‘ *ZACHARIAH* disputed carrying that
‘ Clause, and said he was sure no Body could
‘ take him for any other; but Sir Anthony
‘ over-ruled him, and in his sneering way said
‘ it could do him no harm to have it about
‘ him: Which is all at present,

‘ From the most unfortunate of Lovers,

Ricardetto Languenti.

Satur-



Nº 17. Saturday, April 3.

Who taught the Parrot human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chattering Pie?
'Twas witty Want fierce Hunger to appease:
Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.
Dryden's Persius.

MRS. *Ann Page* was smiling very graciously upon me, in a Dream between seven and eight yesterday Morning, when three thundering Knocks at my Door drove the fair Image from my Fancy, as *Diana* was hurried to the Moon by the Cymbals and Trumpets of *Heraclea*. My Servant came up to me, while I was cursing the rude Hand that had disturbed me; and delivered me a Letter, which was given him, as he said, by a lusty fresh-coloured young Man in an Embroidered Coat, who promised to call upon me, two Days hence, at the same Hour. The dread of such another Noise made me break open the Letter with some Precipitation.

Mr. MYRTLE,

‘**M**Y Story in short is this. My Father kept me under, after I came from School, and snubbed me consumedly, till I was Five and twenty; and then he died, and left me Three thousand *per Annum*. I came to

‘ to *London*, this Winter, where I am to be
‘ married to a fine young *Lady*, when I can
‘ get her in the *Mind*. But, I don’t know
‘ how, there is no pleasing of her. She hath
‘ made my *Heart* ake so often, that I have re-
‘ solved to follow somebody else, but she
‘ hath such a way with her *Eyes*, that I can-
‘ not do without her. When I first came to
‘ Town, I heard she should say, how that I
‘ was so *Rough*! Upon which I shaved every
‘ Day, and washed my *Hands* once in half an
‘ Hour, for a Week together. Being inform-
‘ ed that she hoped I might be *Polished* in
‘ time, I got a broad *French Beaver*, and an
‘ Embroider’d Coat, that cost me Threescore
‘ Pound. I cannot indeed blame her for com-
‘ plaining that I have no *Taste*, for I have lost
‘ my *Stomach*; and I entirely agree with her
‘ that I want *Air*, for I am almost choaked
‘ in this smoaky Town. But this is not all.
‘ She hath given out, that she wishes I would
‘ Travel: And she told me no longer since
‘ than yesterday, that the *Man* she married
‘ should make the *Tour of Italy*. Now, Sir,
‘ I would be at any *Expence*, in *Building*, to
‘ please her; but as for going into *Out-landish*
‘ Countries, I thank her for That. In short,
‘ she would have me out of the way. For
‘ you must know, there is a little *Snipper-*
‘ *Snapper* from *Oxford* that is mightily in her
‘ Books. I don’t know how it comes to
‘ pass; but though he hath but a plain grey
‘ Suit, he hath such a fawning way with him,
‘ that my *Mind* misgives me plaguily. He
‘ hath Words at his *Fingers* ends, and I can
‘ say nothing but he has some Answer or
‘ another

‘ another that puts me out; and yet he talks
‘ so, that one cannot be angry neither. He
‘ always reads your LOVERS to her, and I hear
‘ her say often, that she should like such an
‘ ingenious Man as Mr. MYRTLE. Now,
‘ what I desire is your Advice, for, as I told
‘ you before, I cannot do without her. I am
‘ a hearty Fellow, and believe me, if you do
‘ me any Good, you shall have Gloves, and
‘ dance at my Wedding.

Your humble Servant to command,

Timothy Gubbin.

IT falls out very luckily that I can recommend Mr. Gubbin to a Person for his Purpose, without further risquing my own Repose. The following Letter, which I received a Week ago, shall serve for an Answer to His. And I further declare, that I constitute the Author thereof my Esquire, according to the Prayer of his Petition. I have accordingly assinged him an Apartment in *the Lover's Lodge*; and shall further encourage him, as I find his Merits answerable to his Pretensions.

Launcelot Bays to MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

Courteous Knight,

AS you are a Professor and Patron of Love, I throw my self at your Feet to beg a Boon of you. When I have told you my Story, you will confess that I am the most Amorous and Chaste of Swains.

F

I

• I am, Sir, by Profession, an Author, and
• the Scene of my Labours is a Garret. My
• Genius leads me to Love, and I have a gen-
• tle manner. When I have occasion for Mo-
• ney, I fancy to my self a Lady, and write
• such soft things, as you would bless your
• self to hear. But living at present in the
• City, where such Ware fetches but little, I
• shall, without your Assistance, fall shortly
• into great Poverty of Imagination. Would
• you believe it, Sir? I have lived this Month
• on a Posie for a Ring.

• M Y Request is, that I may be transplant-
• ed from this barren Soil into *Covent-Gar-
• den*. My greatest Ambition is to be received
• in the Quality of an Esquire to so courteous
• a Knight as you are; to carry your Pen in
• this your gentle Warfare, and do the Squire-
• ly Offices established in this Order of Chi-
• valry. You may not perhaps find me un-
• qualified to take some Drudgeries off your
• Hands, which you must otherwise undergo;
• and may possibly appoint me Sub-tutor to
• the *British* Savages, before they approach
• the Fair. It is thought sufficient that the
• Taylor and Dancing-master have managed
• an aukward Body at his first coming to
• Town: Nay, upon the strength of a Box
• of fine *Myrtle* *Barcelona*, a young Fellow,
• now-a-days, sets up for Love and Gallan-
• try. The ill Success of such unformed Ca-
• valiers, makes a Person of my Talents ne-
• cessary in a civilized Country. You know,
• the Ladies will be attacked in form, before
• they listen to Terms; and though they do
• not absolutely insist upon Hanging or
• Drown-

‘ Drowning, they think it but decent, that such Attemp^s be made in Rhyme and Sonnet. I believe you will agree with me, that no Woman of Spirit thinks a Man hath any Respect for her, ’till he hath plaid the Fool in her Service; and the mean Opinion that Sex hath of a Poet, makes any thing in Metre, from a Lover, an agreeable Sacrifice: to their Vanity.

‘ NOW, since there are few Heads turned both for Dress and Politeness, since witty Sayings seldom break out from two Rows of fine Teeth, and true Spelling is not often the Work of a pretty Hand: I propose, for the good of my Country, to set up a Toyshop of written Baubles, and Poetical Trinkets. The Perfumes of Flattery, the Cordials of Vows, the Salts of Wit, and the Washes of Panegyrick are ranged in due order, and placed in proper Receptacles to be retailed out at reasonable Prices. Here the Spark may be furnished with Satirical Lashes, when he has lost his clouded Cane. Here he may purchase Points, Conceits, and Repartees, as useful against an Enemy as the nicest Pushes his Fencing-Master can teach him. The most graceful Bow he can learn, shall be still improved by a Compliment I can put in his Mouth; and to say no more, his Perriwig shall, by my Means, be the least valuable thing upon his Shoulders.

‘ NO generous Lover will repine at my good Fortune, when he hears that I get a warm Coat by that which gains him the Embraces of a Bride. While he feasts all his Senses, I shall content my self with the

‘ Luxury of some Meat, and much Drink.
‘ Thus an equal Distribution will be made
‘ of Worldly Pleasures. As They become
‘ undoubtedly Happy, I shall grow undoubted-
‘ ly Fat; Hearts will beat Rest, and Dunns be
‘ payed.

‘ THE following List of my Wares I de-
‘ sire you to advertise; which will not fail, I
‘ hope, to bring Customers, and may lay a
‘ Foundation for the Commerce of Love in
‘ this Trading Island.

‘ LOVE-LETTERS and Sonnets, by
‘ the Quire, at five Guineas the Prose, and
‘ ten the Verse; with Allowance to those
‘ that buy Quantities.

‘ A Sett of Rhymes ready paired for any or-
‘ dinary Amour; never used but twice.

‘ THE Art of Pleasing; or, Rules for
‘ Defamation; with a compleat Index.

‘ AN Apology for the Colour of a Lady’s
‘ Hair; with a Word or two in defence of
‘ white Eye-lashes.

‘ A Treatise for, and another against grow-
‘ ing Fat. Sharp Sayings against Faults
‘ which People cannot help; with Answers
‘ to each.

‘ A Compliment for a Masque, and a Re-
‘ partee for a Rival. Neither ever spoken
‘ before.

‘ AN Invective against embroidered Coats,
‘ for the Use of younger Brothers; to which
‘ is added an Appendix concerning Fringed
‘ Gloves.

‘ A List of the Heathen Goddesses, with
‘ the Colour of their Hair and Eyes; for the
‘ Assistance

‘ Assistance of young Gentlemen, that were
‘ never at the University.

‘ DOUBLE Entendres, and Feeling Lan-
‘ guage, collected from the Works of the
‘ most celebrated Poetesses of the Age.

‘ VOWS for young Virgins, to be sold by
‘ Number; and Flattery for old Maids by
‘ Weight.

‘ RAPTURES, Transports, and Excla-
‘ mations, at a Crown a Dozen.

‘ TURTLES, Fountains, Grottoes,
‘ Forests, Roses, Tigresses, Rocks and Nigh-
‘ tingales at common Prices.



Nº 18. *Tuesday, April 6.*

Parva leves capiunt animos.

Ovid.

I Was the other Night in the Box of the Gallery at Sir *Courtly Nice*, a Comedy I never miss for the Sake of the Knight himself, *Hothead* and *Testimony*, all Parts in themselves very diverting and excellently performed by the Actors. Sir *Courtly*'s Character exposes to an Extravagance those shallow Creatures, whose Imaginations are wholly taken up with Form and Outside, and labour only at an Excellence in indifferent things. To utter the Words, *Your humble Servant*, and Bow with a different Air each time they are repeated, makes up his whole Part in as pleasant a Scene as any of the Comedy. This puts me a-musing upon the Force of being

able to act fashionably in ordinary occasions, and filling up their part of the Room with a tolerable good Air, while there is nothing passing which engages the Attention of the Assembly or Company to any one other Point. It is monstrous to observe how few amongst us are able to do it, till half their Life is passed away, and then at last they rather get over it as a thing they neglect, than behave themselves in it as a thing they have ever regarded. This matter is no where so conspicuous as in an Assembly of Men of Parts, when they are got together upon any great Point; as at the College of Physicians, the Royal Society, or any other Place where you have had an Opportunity of seeing a good many *English* Gentlemen together. I have been mightily at a Loss whether this proceeds from a too great Respect for themselves, or too great Deference to others; but, it seems to be partly one partly t'other. Whatever the Cause is, I have often seen the Effect to a very great degree of Pleasantry. You shall, in the instant a Man is going to speak, see him stunt himself, and not rise within three Inches of his ~~natural height~~ natural height, but lean on one side, as if taken with a sudden Sciatica; and 'tis ten to one whether he recovers, without danger of falling quite down with shifting Legs; and I have known it, when a very ingenious Gentleman has tried both his Legs, almost to tripping himself up, and then catched at himself with his Arms in the Air, turned pale, and finding by this time all his Speech stared out of his Head by a set of ill-natured Curs that rejoiced in his Confusion, sat down in a Silence not to be broken during his

his Life. There is no Man knows, till he has tried, how prodigious tall he himself is; He cannot be let into this till he has attempted to speak in Publick; when he first does it, in an instant, from sitting to standing up, the Air is as much too fine for him, as if he had been conveyed to the Top of the *Alps*. You see him gasp, heave and struggle like an Animal in an Air Pump, till he falls down into his Seat, but enjoys his Health well enough ever after, provided he can hold his Tongue. If the intended Orator stand upon the Floor, I have seen him miscarry by taking only too large a Step forward, and then in the Air of a Beggar, who is recommending himself with a lame Leg, speak such bold Truths, as have had an Effect just equal to the Assurance with which they were uttered.- A too great regard for doing what you are about with a good Grace, destroys your Capacity of doing it at all; but if Men would place their Ambition first upon the Virtue of the Action, and attempt things only because it is their Duty to attempt them, Grace of Action and becoming Behaviour would naturally attend Truth of Heart and Honesty of Design; but when their Imaginations are bent only upon recommending themselves, or imposing upon others, there is no Wonder, that they are seized with such awkward Derelictions in the midst of their Vanity or Falshood. I remember when I was a young Fellow, there was a young Man of Quality that became an accomplished Orator in one Day. The Circumstance was this: A Gentleman who had chastised a Ruffian for an Insolence towards a Kinswoman of his,

was attacked with outrageous Language in that Assembly ; when his Friend's Name was ill treated from Man to Man, this ingenuous Youth discovered the utmost Pain to those that sat near him, and having more than once said, *I am sure I could fight for him, why can't I speak for him?* at last stood up. The Eyes of the whole Company were upon him, and tho' he appeared to have utterly forgot what he rose up to speak, yet the generous Motive which the whole Company knew he acted upon procured him such an Acclamation of Voices to hear him, that he expressed himself with a Magnanimity and Clearness proceeding from the Integrity of his Heart, that made his very Adversaries receive him as a Man they wished their Friend. I mention this Circumstance to show, that the best way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only because you ought : This thing happened soon after the Restoration, and I remember a set of Fellows they called the new Converts were the chief Speakers. It is true they always spoke against their Conscience : but having been longer used to do so in Publick, (as all are gifted at their Meetings) they excelled all other Prostitutes in firm Countenances and stiff Bodies. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their Points by having their Consciences feared, while that of others lay bleeding ; but I am got into Chat upon Circumstances of a higher Nature than those of ordinary Life, Compliment and Ceremony. I was speaking of Sir Courtly's *Your humble Servant Madam.*

AS for my part, I always approve rather those who make the most of a little Understanding, and carry that as far as they can, than those who will not condescend to be perfect, if I may so speak, in the under Parts of their Character. Mrs. *Page* said very justly of me one Day, (for you must know I am as mute as a Fish in her Presence) if Mr. *Myrtle* can't speak for Love, and his Mistress can't speak out of Decency, their Affair must end as it began, only in dumb Show. I have a Cousin at the University who lately made me a Visit; I know him to want no Learning, Wit or Sense, if he would please to dispence it to us by Retail. He can make an Oration or write a Poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in small Parcels. He is come indeed to bear our railing him upon it without being furly. I asked him, if he should talk with a Man who had a whole Language except the Conjunctions Copulative, how would he be able to understand him? Small Matters it is absolutely necessary to capacitate our selves for: Great Occasions do not occur every Moment. The *Few* said very prettily, in Defence of his frequent superstitious Washings, and the like outward Services; I do these because I have not always Opportunities to manifest my Devotion in Acts of Virtue. I had abundance to do to make my Cousin open his Mouth at all. He and I, one Evening, had sate together three Hours without uttering a Syllable; I was resolved to say nothing till he began the Discourse, but finding the Silence endless, I desired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza; we

took two or three Turns there in the dark in utter Silence; at last said I to him, Cousin *Tom*, this Taciturnity of thine, considering the Sentence I know thou hast in thee, is a Vexation I can no longer endure with Patience; we are now in the Dark, and I can't see how you do it, but here give me your Hand, let me, while I hold you here, entreat you to exercise the Use of your Lips and Tongue, and oblige me so far as to utter, with as much Vehemence as you can, the Word *Coach*. My Youth took my Friendship as I intended it, and, as well as he could in a laughing Voice, he cried C-o-a-c-h: Very well Cousin, says I, try if you can speak it at once; with which he began to cry Coach, Coach, pulling himself out of my Hand: No, says I, Cousin, you shall not go till you are perfect; with that he called loudly and distinctly, insomuch that we had in an instant all the Coaches from *Will's* and *Tom's* about the *Portico* or little Piazza; the Fellows began to call Names, as thinking themselves abused since no one came to take Coach; upon which one cried out, What Rascals are those in the Piazza? You Scoundrels, said I, what are you good for but to keep your Horses and selves in Exercise; would you stare and stand idle at Coffee-house Doors all Night? I went on with great Fluency, in the Language those Charioteers usually meet with, upon which they came down armed with Whips, and my Cousin complaining his Sword was borrowed of another College, and would not draw, wondered I would bring my self and him into such a Scrape: He had not done speaking before a

Whip-

Whip-Lash took him on the Cheek; upon which my young Gentleman snatched my Cane out of my Hand, and found every Limb about him as well as his Tongue. I stood by him with all my Might, and would fain have brought it to that, that my Cousin might be carried before a Justice, by way of Exercise in different Circumstances, rather than go on the insipid, dull, useless Thing which an Unmanly Bashfulness had made him; but he improved daily after this Adventure of the Coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly and with as good an Air as any Gentleman in Town. In a Word, his Actions are Genteel, Manly, and Voluntary, which he owes to the Confidence into which I at first betrayed him, by the silly Adventure I have now related.



Nº 19. *Thursday, April 8.*

— *quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.* Ovid.

I Shall be mightily in Arrear with my Correspondents, if I do not, for some time, appoint one Day in the Week to take into Consideration their Epistles.

THE first that falls into my Hands, out of a Bundle before me, is from an unhappy Man who is fallen in Love, but knows not with whom. Take his Case from his own Epistle.

Mr,

Mr. MYRTLE,

April 3, 1714.

‘ I Am a young Gentleman of a moderate Fortune, have spent the greatest part of my Time for these two or three Years last past in what they call seeing the Town, but am now resolved to marry, and forsake that unsettled kind of Life. My Thoughts are at present divided between two Sisters; and as they are both amiable, I can’t as yet determine which to make my Addresses to, but must beg your Advice in this Critical Posture of Affairs. *Lucinda* has Sense enough, is very handsome, and excellently well shaped, her Eyes command Respect from all who behold them; it is impossible to see and not adore her; she dances to the greatest Perfection imaginable, and is in short every way so well accomplish’d, that her Charms would be irresistible, had she not too great a mixture of Pride, and did not Self-Admiration in some Measure obscure the Lustre of her Beauty. *Celia* is not so handsome as her Sister, yet is very pretty; when she Talks she captivates her Hearers, yet seems wholly ignorant at the same time of her own Charms; and when the Eyes of the whole Company are fixt on her, she, with all the Innocence in the World, seems to wonder at their Attention, and rather apprehends that some Defect in her Person or Conversation, than any Perfection in either, is the Cause of their earnest Observance. When I am with *Celia*, her agreeable easy Conversation and Good-humour ravish my Soul, and ’tis then I resolve with my self to

‘ fix

fix my Thoughts on her alone; but when
Lucinda approaches, all my Resolutions va-
nish, and I'm Celia's no longer. I have en-
deavoured to search into my own Thoughts.
as nicely as possible, and have at last disco-
vered that 'tis Lucinda I admire, but Celia
I love; I would therefore beg your Advice
which I ought to chuse, her, that by the De-
licacy of her Face and Shape, and Stateli-
ness of her Mien and Air, enforces my Ado-
ration; or her that by the Agreeableness of
her Good-humour and Conversation engages
my Love. An Answer to this will be very
acceptable to

Your humble Servant,

Charles Doubt.

THE Circumstance of this Gentleman
puts me in mind of a Paper of Verses in Sir
John Suckling, upon two Sisters, whose Beau-
ties were so equal and so like, that they di-
stracted the Choice and Approbation of their
Beholders. While the Eyes of their Admi-
ters were taken up in comparing the se-
veral Beauties, their Hearts were safe by be-
ing unresolved on whom of the two to fix.
That witty Author on this Occasion con-
cludes,

*He sure is happy'st that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.*

MY Correspondent has not told me, that
he has not easie Access to both his young La-
dies;

dies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propose the Expedient of seeing both together, as an effectual Method towards coming to determination in this Case, tho' it had the contrary Effect in the Case of the Sisters reported by *Suckling*. If my Correspondent has stated the Matter right, *Celia* will gain Ground of *Lucinda*; for Beauty palls by intimate Conversation, but good Humour and Affability gain new Strength the more frequently they discover themselves. I expect this Correspondent, provided he goes into my Method, should give mean Account how he finds himself, that I may note it in my Book of Receipts.

THE next Gentleman, I find is extreamly high in his Fever, for he starts from one thing to another in the present hurry of his Spirits, and makes it impossible for me to give any regular Judgment of his Condition. I find he is but lately fallen into it, and I must observe his future Letters very attentively, before I can be able to prescribe any thing for his Recovery. It is the Nature of his Disease, in the first Place, that the Patients think every Man delighted with their Ravings. The Stile of the Letter seems to me to be that which the Learned in Love distinguish by the Sublime Unintelligible; but take it from himself.

Ob! Mr. MYRTLE,

• HAD you seen her for whom my Breast pants this Moment, your *Anne Page* • had been as utterly no more as *Cleopatra* • who ruined *Anthony*, or *Statira* who capti- • vated,

N° 19. *The Lover.* III

' vated *Alexander!* heedless Man that I was
' — But what could Wisdom have availed
' me after seeing her! As she is fair, she is
' also inexorable. Alas! that what moves
' Passion should also be a check to our De-
' sires; and how miserable is his *Fate*, who
' conceives Despair from the Merit of what
' inspires his *Admiration!* Oh, dear Sir! send
' me your *Advice*, but I am sure I can't fol-
' low it, and I shall not have time to shew
' you how much I am

Your humble Servant,

though I know I shall be yours till Death,

Cinthio *Languissante.*

I shall end to Day's Work with this notable piece of Complaint from poor *Tim Gubbins*, whose Lamentation you must take in his own Words.

Mr. MYRTLE,

SINCE I writ to you last, I visited
' this Gentlewoman that I told you of,
' and whom I cannot be without every Day
' in the Week, except *Sundays*. You cannot
' imagine how very Proud she is, and Scorn-
' ful, tho' at the same time she knows I am
' better born than her self; but she loves none
' but Dissemblers. The young Spark who I
' complained to you was so much in her Fa-
' vor, told her such a parcel of Lies t'other
' Day, that I told him to his Face I wonder'd
' he was not ashame'd of it. You must know
' I

‘ I believe most of what he says is out of a Book. I am loath to be quarrelsome, but if he Talks, and makes a Jest of me any longer, as I find he does, I’ll make him understand that I am as good a Scholar at the Rapiere as himself. I only speak it to you as a Case of Conscience, and ask you the Question, whether if a Man has more Wit than I, and uses it against me, I may not use what I think I have more than he against him? Therefore if I may have your leave, I would try my young Spark about the Business of Courage. I have told my Mistress as much, but I don’t know what she means, but I think she has as mad a way of talking as he, and says the way to win her is to die for her my self; and if I won’t do that, not to interrupt People who are better bred than myself, who are willing to die for her. Pr’y- thee, Mr. MYRTLE, tell me what all this means, for though I have a very good Estate, I am as unhappy as if I were not worth a Groat, and all for this proud Minx.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Timothy Gubbin.

Saturday,

Nº 20. Saturday, April 10.

*She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Maidens Marry: Marry while you may.*

Flatman.

I Am apt to believe the Circumstances of the following Letter are unfeigned, and therefore shall not labour to make them more entertaining by fabulous Ornaments. I shall have, I dare say, enough to do in the Progress of the Matter, to shew my Skill in Love; therefore let the following Letter lye before the Town as a plain Narrative of what, I fear, will have more Incidents in it than it should have, were I my self either the Son or the Father in the Narration. I appeal to the Tea-Tables on the Matter.

Dear Mr. MYRTLE,

I Have long had a secret (and I hope no 'Criminal) Ambition to appear in your Writings, and an equal Desire to be under your Direction. If therefore you have Kindness enough to gratifie the Vanity of an enamoured Female (who has a mind to be admired in Coffee-houses, and is willing to believe, that by a little of your Management she may make a tolerable figure among

‘ among your Lovers; and to convince the
‘ World that you are resolved to be as good
‘ as your Word, by your Readiness to give
‘ your Sage Advice to those who need it
‘ and humbly sue for it; I earnestly entreat
‘ you to Print me off to morrow, and at the
‘ same time to publish your Opinion of the
‘ following Case: For the Gentleman, who
‘ next my self is most concern’d in it, has
‘ perused the Letter I now presume to send
‘ you, and has positively declared he will stand
‘ to your Determination.

‘ Mr. CARELESS is a Gentleman of
‘ the Middle-Temple: He was sent thither
‘ very young to Study the Law. He has a
‘ Vivacity in all his Words and Actions,
‘ which has acquired him the Esteem and
‘ good Graces of a great many of our Sex.
‘ This kind of Happiness made him entirely
‘ neglect the chief Design which brought him
‘ up to London. Cook upon Littleton grew
‘ mouldy and dusty in his Solitary Study,
‘ while he shined among the Ladies in his
‘ Coat turned up with Velvet, and negligent-
‘ ly grac’d with Oil and Powder. He better
‘ knew how to write a *Billet-doux* than to
‘ Engross a Bill, and he was much more ex-
‘ pert in repeating Scraps of Plays, than in
‘ wording a Petition. A certain Art he has
‘ of saying the most common things after an
‘ extraordinary manner, was of very great
‘ use to him in effectually recommending
‘ him to those Ladies, who are fond of that
‘ kind of innocent Mirth which keeps Vir-
‘ tue always in danger, and consequently
‘ alarmed, and not in a stupid Security which
‘ tends

' tends neither to Virtue or Vice. — But
' alas! where am I going? — I ask ten
' thousand Pardons, dear Mr. MYRTLE, for
' this long Preamble. What I am going to
' consult you in is this. I am a young Wo-
' man who have been but Fourteen these three
' Years past (tho' to you I may venture to
' own, that I was Six and twenty the 1st Day
' of May last.) My Father was an Officer in
' the Army, and tho' pretty well stricken in
' Years, yet no Man was a greater Encoura-
' ger of Mirth and Diversion than himself;
' this Turn of Humour in the good old Man,
' made him extreamly pleas'd with Mr. *Care-
less*, and unless the Business of his Family
' required his more serious Attention, he
' thought his Hours past slowiy on, if young
' *Careless* happened to be absent from our
' House. This Gentleman's close Intimacy
' with my Father, gave him frequent Oppor-
' tunities of being in my Company; and he
' has often in gayety of Heart called me his
' *Maria*, his Mistress, his Charmer, and has
' told me — 't thousand times over he was in
' Love with me in a way which goes for no
' more than *Madam*, *I like your Company*.
' However, Mr. MYRTLE, you who seem
' no Stranger to the Weaknesses incident to
' our Sex, can't but imagine that a single Wo-
' man, and no profess'd Enemy to Matrimo-
' ny, was not displeased at such like Decla-
' rations, from a pretty Fellow that was young,
' lively, brisk, and did not want Wit. Tho'
' he was thus agreeable, and I neither insen-
' sible of his Perfections, nor displeased at
' his Addresses to me, yet my Modesty laid
' too

‘ too great a Restriction on me, to permit me
‘ to discover to him at first the secret Satisfa-
‘ ction I took in hearing him praise me, and
‘ how I was delighted when I listened to the
‘ Declaration of his Passion. What he prattled
‘ at last began to dwell upon me; I grew a-
‘ fraid that all his Professions of this nature
‘ were meer Amusements to him, till one E-
‘ vening when we were all very merry in the
‘ Parlour, dancing Country Dances, and
‘ playing Plays, he said somewhat to me in
‘ Secret, which I fear I shall all my Life wish
‘ I had never heard.

‘ I remember we were engaged at a Play
‘ called Servants and Mistresses, when, among
‘ the Variety of Gentlemen which were given
‘ me to chuse out of, I pitched upon Mr. Care-
‘ less as a Gentleman the most agreeable to my
‘ Fancy of any in the Company. Upon which
‘ he rose up, made me a very modest and re-
‘ spectful Bow; and when according to the
‘ Custom of the Play, he had given a very
‘ graceful, and methought somewhat awful
‘ Salute, he whispered me and wished, with
‘ a Sigh, that he might be so happy as to be
‘ my Choice in earnest—I hear the Words
‘ still tingle in my Ear. I stole my Eye to-
‘ wards Mr. Careless the whole Night after;
‘ and if he happened to compliment any of
‘ the Ladies, I took particular Notice of her
‘ Countenance, I could not help thinking her
‘ very ugly, and that she did not at all deserve
‘ to have any thing said in her Praise; If he
‘ smiled at my Cousin who was tolerably
‘ handsome, I was ready to cry; and when,
‘ in a fondling manner, he took my Sister

‘ Sally

‘ Sally on his Knee, methought my poor Heart
‘ grew as heavy as Lead. Well! certainly my
‘ Inquietudes all that Night are not, and to
‘ Mr. *Myrtle* need not, be described — But,
‘ Mr. *Myrtle*, to make short of my Story, by
‘ mutual Endearments and a reciprocal De-
‘ sire to please, Mr. *Careless* and I, from that
‘ time forward, became lovely and agreeable
‘ in each others Eyes. I thought my self hap-
‘ py in his Company, and a Sight of him ne-
‘ ver failed to fill me with the most ravishing
‘ Delight. He would often discourse to me
‘ of Marriage, and long till he was of Age
‘ that he might have me all his own. I con-
‘ vers’d with him as with the Man who was
‘ to have been my Companion for Life. I
‘ seldom dress’d but on the Day I expected a
‘ Visit from him — Thus we lived and loved
‘ for some Months, till the malicious World
‘ talked of our Behaviour, and made Mr.
‘ *Careless*’s Father acquainted with our whole
‘ Proceedings. He sends for his Son. Oh
‘ Mr. *Myrtle*, how shall I describe my Con-
‘ cern for his Departure? I dreaded his Fa-
‘ ther’s Power over him, and trembled when
‘ I considered that his Father, who was able
‘ to leave him a good Fortune, might possibly
‘ awe him into a Neglect of me. Mr. *Careless*
‘ leaves me and *London*, in Obedience to his
‘ Father’s Command. As soon as he got
‘ home he sent me Word his Father severely
‘ menaced him, and swore solemnly he would
‘ not leave him a Groat if he continu’d to love
‘ me, or entertained the least Thought of ma-
‘ king me his Wife.

‘ IN

‘ IN Mr. *Careless*’s Absence my Father and Mother both die, and I survived them an Orphan of a very slender Fortune; Mr. *Careless* writes a second Letter, wherein he lets me know, that his Father persists in his Resolution; however he assures me, that if I pleased he would post to *London* unknown to the old Man, and there marry me. I now had a difficult Card to play. I reasoned thus; that if I took Mr. *Careless* at his Word, I should thereby prove the unhappy Instrument of making him guilty of Disobedience, and, by incurring his Father’s Displeasure, put his Fortune in Danger. I thought it would be no Argument of my Affection, to involve the young Man I pretended to love in these Dangers. After some Struggle my Passion gave way to Prudence, and I resolved to lose my Lover, rather than take him at the Expence of his Fame or Discretion. After I had wept heartily I writ him a Letter in the Stile of one who had never loved; I told him I believed it most adviseable to lay aside the Thoughts of a Match which was attended with many Difficulties, and could not but prove a very disadvantageous one to him, and, if his Father remained irreconcileable, to me too. Mr. *Careless* followed my Advice, he commended my Freedom, ceased to be my Lover, but continued to be my Friend ever since.

‘ Mr. *CARELESS* is now at Age, unmarried, has attained to a plentiful Fortune without the Assistance of his Father; I am still unprovided for, and confess Mr. *Careless* is this Moment as much Master of my Heart

' Heart as ever. Dear Mr. Myrtle, be speedy
' in your Determination, and say what you
' think should be Mr. Careless's Sentiments
' towards me. I wait with Impatience for to-
' morrow's Paper, which is seriously to deter-
' mine the Fate of your constant Reader,

Prudence Lovelick.

IT is a very hazardous Point to determine a Matter attended with such nice Circumstances; but supposing the Facts are honestly stated, if the Father of Careless has any taste of Merit, he ought to give his Consent to a Lady to whom he owes so generous a Refusal of his Son, rather than be his Daughter, when it was incommodious to the Circumstances of his Family; if an Accession of Wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a Portion sent by Providence to take off all prudential Objections that stood between the young Lady and her Happiness, I won't say what the Son should do, but if the Father does his Duty, it will have the same good Effect on the Lovers. Till that is refused, I shall not play the Casuist in a Case wherein no one can err, but with a Guilt which cannot but be obvious to any Man who has the least Sense of Humanity.

Tuesday,

Nº 21. Tuesday, April 13.

Natio Comeda est ——— Juv.

IN hopes that People will trouble me no more with Accounts of the *Crabtrees*, I have admitted the following Letter, tho' I am sick of a People so eminently made the Objects of the contrary Passion to that of Love.

SIR,

‘ **I** Read in your Paper, the other Day, the ‘ Letter of *Richardetto Languenti*, con- ‘ cerning the ridiculous and mischievous Race ‘ of the *Crabtrees*. I must confess I never ‘ thought Words better put together or ap- ‘ plied, than mischievous and ridiculous, for ‘ that unaccountable, lamentable, detestable, ‘ and every other Word ending in able, un- ‘ der tolerable. You may see, Sir, by the ‘ Hand, in which I write, that I am a Wo- ‘ man; and by the Stile and Passion, that I ‘ am an angry Woman; at the same time I ‘ don’t know whether I may write my self ‘ Woman, only because I am of the Age of ‘ twenty nine, since I am still a Maid; but I ‘ am sure I should have been a Woman before ‘ now, if it had not been for this disagreeable, ‘ I would say execrable Race of the *Crabtrees*. ‘ As fast, and as well as my Passion will let ‘ me

' me, I will give you an Account of my Suf-
' fferings.

' I am the Daughter of a Gentleman of
' 400*l.* a Year, who has several other Chil-
' dren. Sir *Anthony* always giving himself
' out for a great Friend to the landed Inter-
' est, as he calls it, has ever been in great
' Credit with my Father. To find Portions,
' Maintenance and Education for a nume-
' rous Family, my Father has practised that
' natural Improvement of a Country Gentle-
' man's Estate, grazing Cattle, and driving
' them to the Market of *London*. He dealt
' for the whole with one eminent Butcher in
' St. *James's* Market, with whom he Ac-
' compts once a Year, and takes the Payments
' which are made to the said Butcher in Bal-
' lance of their Accompts. You must know
' there is a great Lady in that Neighbourhood,
' eminent for her Justice and Charity, who
' uses Sir *Anthony* as her Steward: The Knight
' has got a great Estate by oppressing her Te-
' nants, and terrifying all People in her Ser-
' vice with his great Power in her. The La-
' dy above-mentioned owed my Father's Cor-
' respondent, the Butcher, a Sum of Money
' which was to have been my Fortune in
' Marriage with an agreeable Young Man,
' the Son of a neighbouring Gentleman. My
' Father had so great a Respect for this Lady,
' that he engaged himself to take any De-
' mands upon her in Payment without the least
' Scruple. By Sir *Anthony*'s Management a
' third part of the Lady's Debt to the Butcher
' is paid in a Coin I never heard of before,
' call'd Tin Tallies. My Father has written

‘ to Sir *Anthony*, and offered them to *Zachariah* his Brother, they being out of my Father’s way to know what to do with; but *Zachariah* has told the poor Butcher, who carried my Father’s Letter, and written to my Father, that he can’t meddle with them, but has gravely advised him to stick to the Landed Interest, and not mind Projects, for so the half-witted impudent Wretch calls receiving Money for the Product of his Land. Thus, Sir, I have lost a good Husband by this Trick of Sir *Anthony*, and the whole Race of them wonder why our Family Curses them; but, Sir, it is the Nature of the *Crabtrees* to be blind to the Evils they themselves commit, and don’t think themselves guilty of Mischiefs, wherein they are the Original Causes, except they are the immediate Instruments. These gross Abuses the graceless Crew, by bragging of their Power, have committed against all the World without being found out and thoroughly explained, till the Devil, who owed them a Shame, prompted them to meddle with those that could draw their Pictures. I own’d to you, in the beginning of this Letter, that I was an angry Woman, and I think I have made it out that I have reason for it. I have nothing now left to divert my poor aking Heart from Reflection upon its Disappointment, but gratifying my Resentment against the Infamous Cause of it. When I reflect upon this Race, especially the Knight himself, I confess my Anger is immediately turned into Mirth; for how is it possible that an ungainly Creature, who has what he is writ

in

in his Face, should impose upon any body? He looks so like a Cheat, that he passes upon People who do not know him, from no other Advantage in the World, but that they are ashamed to be governed by so silly an Art as Physiognomy. With this mischievous Aspect there is something so awkward, so little, and briskly Comick in Sir *Anthony's Mein and Air*, that one would think the Contempt of his Figure might save People from the Iniquity of his Designs; but Sir *Anthony* has the Happiness next to a good Reputation, which is to be insensible of Shame, and therefore is as smug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal Reflections, but ugly is a Woman's Word for Knavish. I observe, Sir, you affect putting the Sentence of some Poet, *English* or *Latin*, at the top of your Paper; and as I desire you would let my Letter be as remarkable as possible, I beg you to put these Words out of Sir *John Suckling's* Play of the Sad One, at the Head of this my Writing, except you would put in all my Letter, which I had much rather you would: The place in Sir *John Suckling* will agree well enough with the Knight; for tho' his Name is *Anthony*, and *Suckling* has used the Word *Robin*, every one of this Country will think him meant when you do but say *The Sad One*, for such indeed he is. The Passage is thus. A Poet and an Actor are introduced discoursing about Characters in a Play. The Actor is telling the Author, that he wonders why he will represent what cannot be in Nature, an honest Lawyer: *Why, says Multicarni,*

‘ (that is the Name of the Poet) *Doſt think it*
‘ *impoſſible for a Lawyer to be honest?* The
‘ Actor answers,

‘ *As 'tis for a Lord Treasurer to be poor,*
‘ *Or for a King not to be cozened:*
‘ *There's little Robin, in Debt within these*
‘ *three Years,*
‘ *Grown fat and full—*

‘ As for using the Word Treasurer instead of
‘ Steward, there is nothing in that, for Sir
‘ *Anthony* in a sneering way calls himself so,
‘ and pretends he deserves that Word more
‘ than any one else who ever served her, tho'
‘ it's well known he has disparaged her more
‘ than any one that ever served any Body; and
‘ my Father says, ſince he has got me and the
‘ *Tin Tallies* lying upon his hands, that he
‘ will ſend you an Account wherein he will
‘ prove, that if ſhe had given him a Year's
‘ Income of all ſhe has in the World to have
‘ nothing to ſay to him, ſhe had ſaved above
‘ a Year's Revenue by it. But there is no
‘ dealing with him; he has got all the Coun-
‘ try to call the honest Man, who managed
‘ her Buſineſſ before him, all the Names that
‘ Malice could invent; ſo that whenever he
‘ is diſmissed, he knows he cannot be worse
‘ uſed than the best Men have been before
‘ him. Thus Sir *Anthony* thinks himſelf ſe-
‘ cure againſt Defamation; firſt, because he
‘ deserves all the Ill that can be ſaid of him,
‘ and ſecondly, because the ſame thing has
‘ been ſaid of thoſe who deserve all the Praise
‘ which Lauguage can bestow. I have a
‘ great

great deal more to say of the poor Creature, but I had like to have forgot *Brickdust* and *Zachariah*. You must know they have different Apartments about Sir *Anthony's* House, to examine every one who comes for Money, or admit their Accounts. These Animals, if possible, are more hideous than Sir *Anthony* himself; they are both in Town, and they are as much desired in the Country as their Arrival in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The Presbyterian Ministers, in these Parts, have a very pleasant Tale of *Zachariah*, who it seems, was made a Trustee in a Donation for Ministers dissenting from the Church of *England*; the Description of Ministers dissenting from the Church of *England*, suits as well with Nonjurers as Dissenters, and *Zachariah* being a new Convert, forsooth, to the Church, has a pious Compassion rather for those who were of our Church, and are gone higher, than to those who will not come up to it, and therefore, out of Scruple of Conscience, cheats the Dissenters. I desire you would be sure to print this, because it would be well that the Truth were known; for some do not fail to say, that under the Notion of its being a Gift to pious Uses, *Zachariah* has reserved it for that good Christian himself. When *Zachariah* went through the Town of *Worcester* — but that is a long Story — I had like to have forgot *Brickdust*; but what signifies talking of him — I remember a whimsical Saying of one speaking of a filly Creature with a manly Aspect; he called him a *Cole-black* filly Fellow, so I say *Brickdust* is a soft ugly Cur,

he has a Phiz fit only for Accusation and Abuse ; if he designed to commend, it would have that Effect ; and it is Nonsense for you to set up for a *Lover*, when you let these Creatures go about to frighten Women with Child, and bear false Witness against honest Men. I fear I have said more than will come within your Paper, but pray don't leave any of it out, for my Lover was a very pretty Fellow, and was forced to leave me because of these cursed Tallyes.

I am, dear Mr. MYRTLE,

very much Your Servant,

Susan Matchless.

Mr. MYRTLE,

I Beg the Favour of you to acquaint the Town, that in the most necessary Earthen-Ware, I have, with great Pains and Curiosity, wrought round the exterior Surfaces of them, the true Effigies of Sir Anthony Crabtree, Mr. Zachariah Crabtree, and Mr. Peter Brickdust. They will be sold at all Potter's Shops within London and Westminster on the 19th Instant, and Country Customers may have them at a cheaper rate.

Rubens Claywright.

Thursday,



N^o 22. Thursday, April 15.

Secretum iter—

Hor.

THE Business of Love alters in every Family in *England*, and I must confess I did not sufficiently weigh the great Perplexity that I should fall into, from the vast Variety of Cases, when I undertook my present Province. The Author of the following Letters is in very whimsical Circumstances, which will be best represented by his Epistles.

SIR,

AS I am about Thirty, and of such a round untroubled Countenance as may make me appear not so much, I must complain to you of a general Calamity that obstructs or suspends the Advancement of the younger Men in Pursuit of their Fortune. I now make Love to the Daughter of a Man of Business, who is so fantastical as to threaten to Marry the young Lady to a Contemporary of his own, I mean one of his own Years. He says no young Man can be good for anything but filling an House full of Children, without being Wise enough to know how to provide for them. Now as I am to succeed in Love, as I can argue my Father-in-Law into an Opinion of my Ability for Business, give me leave to think it not Foreign

to your Design, to Print my Thoughts concerning the Prejudices which Men in one Stage of Life have to those in another. The utmost Inconveniences are owing to the Difficulty we meet with in being admitted into the Society of Men in Years, and adding thereby the early Knowledge of Men and Business to that of Books, for the reciprocal Improvement of each other. One of Fifty as naturally imagines the same Insufficiency in one of Thirty, as he of Thirty does in one of Fifteen, and each Age is thus left to instruct it self by the natural Course of its own Reflection and Experience. I am apt to think that before Thirty a Man's natural and acquired Parts are at that Strength, as with a little Experience, to enable him (if ever he can be enabled) to acquit himself well in any Business or Conversation he shall be admitted into. As to the Objection, that those that have not been used to Business are consequently unfit for it, it might have been made one time or other against all Men that ever were born; and is so general a one, that it is none at all. Besides, he that knew Men the best that ever any one did, says that *Wisdom cometh by Opportunity of Leisure, and he that hath little Business shall become Wise;* and my Lord Bacon observes, that those Governments have been always the most happy, which have been administred by such as have spent part of their Life in Books and Leisure, and instances in the Governments of *Pius Quintus and Sixtus Quintus* about his own Time; who tho' they were esteemed but Pedantical Friars, proceeded upon truer Principles

ciples of State, than those who had their Education in Affairs of State, and Courts of Princes. If this Rule holds in the dispatch of the most perplex'd Matters, as of Publick Politicks, it must of necessity in that of the common Divisions of Busines, which every body knows are directed by Form, and require rather Diligence and Honesty, than great Ability in the Execution.

A good Judgment will not only supply, but go beyond Experience; for the latter is only a Knowledge that directs us in the Dispatch of Matters future, from the Consideration of Matters past of the same Nature; but the former is a perpetual and equal Direction in every thing that can happen, and does not follow, but makes the Precedent that guides the other.

THIS Everlasting Prejudice of the Old against the Young, heightens the natural Disposition of Youth to Pleasure, when they find themselves adjudged incapable of Busines. Those among 'em therefore whose Circumstances and way of Thinking will allow 'em such Freedom, plunge themselves in all sensual Gratifications. Others of 'em of a more regulated Turn of Thought, seek the Entertainment of Books and Contemplation, and are buried in these Pleasures. These Pursuits during our middle Age, strengthen the Love of Retirement in the Sober Man, and make it necessary to the Libertine. They gain Philosophy enough by this time to be convinced 'tis their Interest to have as little Ambition as may be, and considering rather how much less they

G 5 ' need

need to live happily, than how much more, can't conceive why they should trouble themselves about the raising a Fortune, which in the Pursuit must lessen their present Enjoyment, and in the Purchase cannot enlarge it.

I confess, the impious and impertinent way of Life and Conversation of Youth in general, exposes them to the just Disesteem of their Elders; but where the contrary is found among any of them, it should be the more particular Recommendation to their Patronage. There are some Observations, I have by Chance met with, so much in Favour of young Men, that I cannot suppress them. As Sincerity is the chief Recommendation both in publick and private Matters, it is observed, that the Young are more sincere in the dispatch of Business, and Professions of Friendship, than those that are more advanc'd in Years: For they either prefer publick Reputation to private Advantage, or believe it the only way to it. They are generally well-natur'd, as having not been acquainted with much Malice, or sower'd with Disappointment. The less disposed to Pride or Avarice, as they have neither wanted or abounded. They are unpractis'd in the ways of Flattery and Disimulation, and think others practise it as little as themselves. This arises from their Boldness, as having not been yet humbled by the Chances of Life, and their Credulity, as having not yet been often deceiv'd.

I shall conclude by saying 'tis very hard upon us young Fellows, that we are not to

be

be trusted in Business and Conversation with those in Years, till due Age, together with its Consequences, ill Health and ill Humour, have mark'd us with a faded Cheek, a hollow Eye, a busie ruminating Forehead, and in short rendered us less capable of serving and pleasing them, than we were when we were thought unable to do either. I beg your Pardon for so many serious Reflections, and your leave to add to them a Love-Letter to the Father, enclosed in one to the Daughter, and addressed to her for his Perusal.

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble Servant.

Madam,

MY Life is wrapped up in you. I disrelish every Conversation, wherein there is not some mention made of you; whenever you are named, I hear you commended, and that gives Ease to the Torment I am in, while I am forced to smother the Warmth of my Affection towards you. You know your Father is not displeased that I love you; but I am, I know not how, to prefer your Interests to your self. But all the Business of the World is Impertinence, and all its Riches Vexation, in comparison of the Joy there is in being understood,

Madam,

Your most Faithful,

Most Devoted Humble Servant

• P. S. When your Father asks whether I
 • have writ, bide this, and show him the en-
 • closed. Look displeased, and he will plead
 • for me.

Madam,

• I Have a great Respect for you, but must
 • beg you would not take it amiss, if I
 • can reckon no Woman a Beauty whose Fa-
 • ther's Favour does not add to her other Qua-
 • lifications. He is, as I am, a Man of Busi-
 • ness, and I doubt not but he will acquaint
 • you, that Business is to be minded; your
 • Declaration, joined with his in my Favour,
 • will make me more frequent at your House,
 • but 'till I know what I have to trust to, I
 • do not think it is proper for me to intrude
 • upon your Time and lose my own.

I am, Madam,

Your most Humble Servant.



N^o 23. Saturday, April 17.

Quod latet Arcanâ non enarrabile fibra. Pers.

Mr. M Y R T L E,

• W HEN you first erected your
 • Lodge, you then took upon
 • you to be a Patron of Lovers,
 and at the same time promised your Assistance
 • 10

‘ to all those who shou’d address themselves
‘ to you for Advice, the better to conduct
‘ them thro’ all those Paths of Love which,
‘ it is to be presumed, you have often trod
‘ before them.

‘ IT is this Consideration which emboldens
‘ me to give you the trouble of this, without
‘ offering at any formal Apology for it. It
‘ is a mighty Pleasure and a solid Satisfaction
‘ to a Man, to reflect that he has it in his
‘ Power to be serviceable to others; and since
‘ I am confident of your Ability, if you deny
‘ me the Benefit of it, I shall grudge you the
‘ Possession of such an Advantage, and value
‘ you no more, tho’ a Master in the Art of
‘ Love, than I would a Miser for his Wealth,
‘ when he poorly reserves it to himself; and
‘ can’t find in his Soul to bestow the least part
‘ of it on the most needy and indigent.

‘ THAT you may be the better able to
‘ prescribe, I shall beg leave to lay my real
‘ Condition before you without Art or Diffi-
‘ culation. I am, in plain Terms, what you
‘ call a Rover, or a general Lover. I am of
‘ the most perverse, untoward, amorous Con-
‘ stitution imaginable; I have scarcely ever
‘ seen that Female who had not some Charm
‘ or other to catch my Heart with; and I dare
‘ say I have been a Slave to more Mistresses
‘ than swell the Account of Cowley’s Ballad
‘ called *The Chronicle*. I have frequently been
‘ lost in Transports at the Sight of a *Chloe* or
‘ a *Sacharissa*, and have admired many an ugly
‘ *Corinna* for Wit or Humour. *Myra* has
‘ charmed me Ten thousand times with her
‘ Singing, and my Heart has leap’d for Joy
‘ when

when Miss *Aiery* has been dancing a Jig, or
Isabella has moved a Minuet. It has burnt
and crackled like Charcoal at the Flirt of a
Fan, and I have sometimes fallen a Sacrifice
to an hoop'd Petticoat. In short, there is
scarce a Woman, I ever laid my Eyes on,
that I have not liked and loved, admired and
wish'd for; the Pretty, the Wife, the Witty,
the Gay, the Proud, and the Coquet, all,
from the fine Lady down to the dextrous
Molly who waits with the Kettle at my Si-
ster's Tea Table, have made Scars or
Wounds in my Heart. And yet after all
this — which is somewhat strange — My
Heart is as whole as ever. — What I mean
is this; that notwithstanding the Multiplici-
ty of Darts which have been shot at me, yet
they never made any lasting Impression on
me, or have been able to throw me into an
Humour serious enough to think of Mar-
riage. Tho' I confess, the Temper I am
now complaining of, has been exceeding
troublesome to me, yet I could not help
thinking Matrimony a Cure worse than the
Disease. Beside, how shall I be certain I
shan't be the same Latitudinarian in Love
after I have swallowed the bitter Dose? It
is for this Reason that I have long used my
Endeavours to find out some other Remedy
for my Distemper; and to that End, I have
had Recourse to all those famous Physicians
who have pretended to write for the Good
of those Persons who have been in my
whimsical Circumstances — But alas! after
a long and tedious Consultation, among these
mighty Professors, I could not perceive my
self

self one Jot the better. I am convinced they are all a Parcel of Pretenders, and that I had no more Reason to expect any Benefit from them, than one afflicted with the Gout has to hope for an infallible Cure from your boasting sham Doctors, who disperse their Bills and Advertisements thro' every Street in London.

THE first I address'd my self to was that *Galen in Love, Ovid.* The Fellow had a smooth Tongue, and really talked very prettily. He shew'd me a great many soft Letters of his own composing, told me some odd surprizing Stories, made me sigh at his mournful Elegies, and promised me, that if I wou'd carefully observe his Rules, and follow those Directions laid down in his *Philo-dispensatory, or Arte Amandi,* I need not doubt but my Business was done. He delivered this with so serious an Air, that filly I began to believe him, and gather hopes of a perfect Recovery; till one Day, when I was giving great Attention to him, I heard him break off in the midst of his Harangue, and immediately cry out in the Exclamatory Stile,

Hei mibi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

From that very Moment I thought him an ignorant Coxcomb, and never meddled with him since.

THE next I ventur'd upon was good *Abraham Cowley;* he was looked upon as a Proficient in his way, and was very much in Vogue among the Ladies, for gently handling their Hearts, and easily getting at their

their Passions. His greatest Busines lay among such as had but newly received their Wounds, and some expected great Refreshment from his balmy Compositions; but it has been said by others, that he was the worst in the World at a green Wound, and that whoever took him in hand when they were first hurt, they rather grew worse than better. However, I was resolved to undergo one Course with him; I was introduced into his Company by a young Cousin of mine, who was at that time either in Love, or the Green-Sickness, and in a little time I was intimately acquainted with his Mistress. I was, I remember, mightily pleased to hear him tax the Ladies, and justify his own Fickleness, by asking them, Cou'd they call the Shore Inconstant, which kindly embraced every Wave?— Ah! think I! This is a Doctor after my own Heart— his Case is exactly mine— But alas! I had not kept him Company long, before I discovered, that for all his Skill in Numbers, he was but an ignorant Physician, since he cou'd not cure himself. The third I went to was Mrs Bebn. She indeed, I thought, understood the Praetick Part of Love better than the Speculative; but she was a dangerous Quack, for a Sight of her always made my Distemper return upon me. I liked some parts of her *Lover's Watch*, and wou'd have bought it from her: She told me she would hire the Use out to me for a little time, but that she would not sell it outright.

THE

' THE last I advised with was the most
' renown'd *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq; He was a
' Person of great Note and Fashion; Had
' very good Practice in this City for some
' Years: He had acquired a large Stock of
' Fame and Reputation for his Experience
' in the World, his Acquaintance with all the
' little Weaknesses and Infirmities incident
' to Human kind, and was more particularly
' had in Esteem for his Knowledge and Pro-
' ficiency in the Occult Sciences. From a
' Gentleman thus qualified, what might I not
' have hoped for? But, Sir, I soon under-
' stood that all his Predictions and Prophecies
' were but Dreams and Fables to amuse and
' divert us, and that he understood him-
' self very well, when he called himself
' *Tatler*.

' AND now, Sir, after all these fruitlefs
' and repeated Enquiries, my last and only
' Refuge is in you. You are certainly ac-
' quainted with all the Secret Springs of Love,
' and know the hidden Causes which make
' my Heart rise up to every She I meet.
' You can't be ignorant how it comes to pass
' that my Temper is so various; and my In-
' clinations so floating and changeable, that
' one Object can't confine them, but like a
' wandering Bee they fly at every Flower. I
' assure you, Mr. *Myrtle*, my present Dis-
' position is what gives me great Concern
' and Uneasiness. Tell me how I may re-
' claim this Volatile Heart of mine, this de-
' sultory Imagination, and keep it within
' bounds: Show me the way to fix it to one,
' or not love at all. I am not uneasie for
' your

‘ your Answer, for I must own to you I feel
‘ but very little Pain; but in some Distem-
‘ pers they say that is an ill Sign.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Charles Lasie.

MY Correspondent is come already to the Condition he desires; for what is not confined to one, is not Love at all; and my Friend *Charles* needs not further Information in his Case, but to be told, that he does not labour under the Passion of Love, but the Vice of Wantonness.



N^o 24. *Tuesday, April 20.*

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.
Waller.

TRUE Virtue distinguishes it self by nothing more conspicuously than Charity towards those who are so unhappy as to have, or be thought to have, taken a contrary Course; it is in the very Nature of Virtue to rejoice in all new Converts towards its Interests, and bewail the Loss of the most inconsiderable Votaries. It would perhaps be thought a Severity to make Conclusions of the

the innate Goodness of Ladies at a Visit, by this Rule; Beauty, Wit and Virtue, in those Conversations, generally receive all the Diminution imaginable; and little Faults, Imperfections and Misfortunes, are aggravated not without Bitterness.

DYCTYNNA, tho' she is commended for singular Prudence and Oeconomy, appears in Conversation never to have known what it is to be careful.

DECIA, who has no Virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of Vice, cannot endure the Applause of *Dyctynna*. Ladies who are impatient of what is said to the Advantage of others, do not consider that they lay themselves open to all People of Discernment, who know that it is the want of good Qualities in themselves which makes People impatient of the Acknowledgment of them in others.

AMONG the many Advantages which one Sex has over the other, there is none so conspicuous, as, that the Fame of Men grows rather more just and certain by Examination; that of Women is almost irreparably lost by so much as a disadvantageous Rumour. This Case is so tender, that in order to the redress of it, it is more safe to try to dissuade the Aspersors from their Iniquity, than exhort the Innocent to such a Fortitude as to neglect their Calumny.

IT should, methinks, be a Rule to suspect every one who insinuates any thing against the Reputation of another, of the Vice with which they charge their Neighbour; for it is very unlikely it should flow from the Love of

of Virtue: The Resentment of the Virtuous towards those who are fallen, is that of Pity, and that is best exerted in Silence on the occasion. What then can be said to the numerous Tales that pass to and fro in this Town, to the Disparagement of those who have never offended their Accusers? As for my part, I always wait with Patience, and never doubt of hearing in a little time for a Truth, the same Guilt of any Woman which I find the reports of another. It is, as I said, unnatural it should be otherwise; the Calumny usually flows from an Impatience of living under Severity, and they report the Sallies of others against the time of their own Escape. How many Women would be Speechless, if their Acquaintance were without Faults. There is a great Beauty in Town very far gone in this Vice. I have taken the Liberty to write her the following Epistle by the Penny-Post.

Madam,

I Have frequently had the Honour of being in your Company, and should have had a great deal of delight in it, had you not pleased to imbitter that Happiness by the unmerciful Treatment you give all the rest of your Sex. Several of those I have heard you use unkindly were my particular Friends and Acquaintance. I can assure you all the Advantage you had above those you lessened on these Occasions, was that you were not absent, for the Company longed for the same Opportunity of Speaking as freely of you. Believe me, your own

own Dress sits never the better on you, for tearing other People's Cloaths. While you are rifling every one that falls in your way, you cannot imagine how much that Fury discomposes your own Figure. You believe you carried all before you the last time I had the Happiness to be where you were. As soon as your Cousin (whom you are too inadvertent to observe does not want Sense) had mentioned an agreeable young Lady which she met at a Visit in *Soho Square*, you immediately contradicted her, and told her you had seen the Lady, and were so unhappy that you could not observe those Charms in her. Her Name, says your Cousin, is Mrs. *Dulcett*: The same, said you. Your Cousin replied, She is Tall and Graceful; you again with a scornful Smile, She is Long and Confident: But, says your Kinswoman, I cannot but think her Eye has a fine Languor; I don't know but she might, said you, if one cou'd see her awake, but that Sleepiness and Insensibility in them added to her Un-gainliness, makes me doubt whether I ever saw her, but as walking in her Sleep. Well but her Understanding has something in it very lively and diverting; Ay, says you, they that will Talk all, or have Memories, cannot but utter something now and then that is passable. Your Cousin seem'd at a loss what to say in support of one she had pronounced so agreeable, and therefore she retired to the Lady's Circumstances (since you had disallowed every thing in her Person) and said, her Fortune would make

‘ up

up for all, for she had now ten thousand Pounds, and would, if her Brother died, have almost two thousand a Year. This too you knew the contrary of, and gave us to understand the utmost of her Fortune was four Thousand, and the Brother's Estate had a very heavy Mortgage, and when cleared would not be a neat Thousand a Year. Your Cousin, when you took so much Pains to contradict her Misrepresentations, grew grave with you, and told you, Since you were so Positive, you were the only one in Town who did not think Mrs. Dulcett, besides her being a considerable Fortune, a Woman of Wit, that danced gracefully, sang charmingly, has the best Mein, the prettiest way in every thing she did, that she had the least Affection, the most Merit, was--- Upon which you, with the utmost Impatience, after rustling your Fan, and riggling in your Seat, as if you had heard your Mother abused, rose up, and declaring you did not expect to be allowed one Word more in the Conversation, since your Cousin had once got the Discourse, left the Room. Your Cousin held the Lady of the House from following you out, and instead of the Anger we thought her in when you were in the Room, fell into the most violent Laughter. When she came to her self, she prevented what we were going to say on the Occasion, by telling us, there was no such Creature in nature as Mrs. Dulcett, that she had laid this Plot against you for some Days, and was resolved to expose you for that scandalous Humour

‘ Humour of yours, of allowing no Body to have any tolerable good Qualities but your self: You see, said she, how suddenly she made Objections, from the sort of Character I gave the Woman, assigning the proper Imperfection to the Quality in her according to my Commendation. I think we said all together, What, no such Woman in the World? what, said the Lady of the House, she to be so particular in the Estate mortgaged, and all those Dislikes to one she never saw, to one not in being, to one you had invented! ----- You may easily imagine what Raillery passed on the Occasion, and how you were used after such a Demonstration of your Censoriousness.

‘ I desire whenever hereafter you have the evil Spirit upon you to lessen any Body you hear commended, to think of Mrs. Dulcett: If you do not, you may assure your self, you will be told of her; among your Acquaintance, whenever any one is spoken ill of, Mrs. Dulcett is the word, and no one minds what you say after you have been thus detected. I advise you to go out of Town this Season, go into a Milk Diet, and when you return with Country Innocence in your Blood, I will do Justice to your good Humour, and am,

Madam,

Your most Obedient, Humble Servant,

Marmaduke Myrtle.

THE

THE painful manner Women usually receive favourable Accounts of one another, shows that the Ill-nature in which this young Woman was detected, is not an uncommon Infirmitiy. But let every Woman know, she cannot add to her self what she takes from another; but all that she bestows upon another, will, by the discerning World, be restored ten-fold; and there can be no better Rule or Description of a right Disposition than this,

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.

The Scorn of it, in Virtuous Persons, is in respect to themselves, the Pity in regard to others.



N^o 25. *Thursday, April 22.*

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis* — Virg.

To Mr. MYRTLE.

SIR,

I Suppose that you begin to repent you Published my last Letter to you, since your late Indulgence to me occasions this frequent Trouble; I don't know, Sir, what it may be to you, but I am sure it is real Pleasure to me to embrace all Opportunities of shewing my self your humble Servant; therefore give me leave to talk before so great a Master

Master of Love, and to use the Trite Simile of making a Declaration of War before *Hannibal*.

‘**A**MONG all those Passions, to which ‘the Frailty and Weakness of Man ‘subject him, there is not any that extends ‘such a boundless and despotic Empire over ‘the whole Species, as that of Love. The ‘Meek, the Mild, and the Humble are Strangers to Envy, Anger, and Ambition; but ‘neither the Malicious, the Cholerick or the ‘Proud can say their Hearts have been always free from the Power of Love. This ‘has subdued the exalted Minds of the most ‘aspiring Tyrants, and has melted the most ‘Sanguine Complexion into an effeminate ‘Softness. An undaunted Hero has been ‘known to tremble when he approached the ‘Fair, and the mighty *Hercules* let fall his ‘Club at a Woman’s Feet. The Scholar, the ‘Statesman, and the Soldier have all been ‘Lovers, and the most ignorant Swain has ‘neglected both his Flocks and Pipe to woo ‘*Daphne* or *Sylvia*.

‘**B**UT tho’ Love be a Passion which is ‘thus common to all, yet how widely do its ‘Votaries differ in their manner of Address? ‘The pleasing Enjoyment of the admired Object is what they all pursue, and yet few ‘agree in the same Methods of obtaining their ‘Ends, or accomplishing their Desires. Every Lover has his particular Whim, and each ‘resolves to follow his own way. Some ‘fancy Money has a Sovereign Charm in it, ‘and that no Rhetorick is so irresistably pre-

vailing as a Golden Shower. Others think to take their Mistresses as they do Towns, by Bombarding or Undermining them; if they can't beat them down by force of Arms, they'll try to blow them up with false Music. Some attempt to frighten their Mistresses into a Compliance, and threaten to hang or drown themselves, if they refuse to pity them. Others turn Tragedians, and expect to move Compassion by a falling Tear, or a rising Sigh. Some depend upon Dress, and conclude that if they can catch the Eye, they'll soon seize the Heart. One Man affects Gravity, and another Levity, because some Women prefer the Solemnity of a Spaniard to the Gayety of a Frenchman. An handsome Leg has found the way to a Widow's Bed, and a Coquette has been won by a Song or a Caper. A Prude may be caught by a precise Look and a demure Behaviour, and a Platonick Lady has lain with her humble Servant out of a refin'd Friendship, when she would not listen to a Declaration of Love. Some will be attacked in Mood and Figure; and others will have it, that a great Scholar will never make a kind Husband. The witty *Clara* is delighted with Impertinence, and a celebrated Toast has languished for the beautiful Outside of a painted Butterfly. Some Women are allured by the resemblance of their own Follies; and I have seen a Rake, by the help of a whining Accent, triumph over a sanctified Quaker.

BUT of all the Arts which have been practised by the Men on the other Sex, I have not observed any kind of Address which has

has been so generally successful as Flattery. Whether it be, that by making a Woman in Love with her self, you thereby engage her to love the Person who makes her so; as who would not be apt to be fond of the Cause which produces so agreeable an Effect? Or whether the Partiality and Self-Love, which most Women abound in, does the more readily induce them to believe, that all the Praise which is given them is really due to their Merit, and therefore they admire you for your Justice. Or whatever other Reason may possibly be assigned for this Weakness, I shall not now go about to enquire; but so it is, that the shortest and surest way to a Woman's Heart is thro' the Road of skilful Flattery. This like a subtle Poison insinuates it self almost into every Female, and a Dose of it rightly prepared seldom fails to produce an extraordinary Operation. Like a delicious Cordial it meets with an universal Acceptance and Approbation, while Sincerity and Plain-dealing are looked upon as nauseous and disgusting Physick. In Opposition to what I here advance, it may perhaps be said, we may love the Treason, and yet hate the Traitor. How true this Maxim may be in Politicks (Treachery being a Moral Evil, which, tho' of Use to us for our Safety, is yet sufficient to beget an Aversion in us towards the Wretch who is guilty of it) I shan't dispute; but I am sure in Love Affairs it will scarcely hold. For she must be a Woman of uncommon Virtues and Qualifications, who can so nicely distinguish between the Gift and the Giver,

as to refuse the one, and yet receive the other. They do not think Flattery a Vice, and therefore can't be persuaded to dislike a Lover for being a Courtier; nay, tho' they are conscious of some of their own Imperfections, yet if their Admirers are not quick-sighted enough to discern them, they are willing to impute their Blindness to their Love; nay, tho' some Defects are grossly visible even to the Lover, yet if he will compliment his Mistress with what she really wants, I dare appeal to the whole Sex, whether either such Incense or the Offerer of it be one Jot nearer the losing of their Favour, and whether they are not ever delighted with both the Delusion and the Deceiver. But if they really believe themselves as amiable as the Flatterer tells them they are, then in point of Gratitude, they conclude themselves obliged to think kindly of their Benefactor; that he is one, none can deny, since the greatest Kindness you can confer on a Mistress are Praise and Commendation. These are those melting Sounds, that soft Musick which never sounds harshly in a Woman's Ear. Before I conclude this Paper, I shall relate a Story which I know to be Fact.

MISS *Witwon'd* was a young Gentlewoman of good Extraction and an handsome Fortune. She was exactly shaped and very pretiy: She dress'd and danced genteely, and sung sweetly: But notwithstanding these Advantages, (which one wou'd imagine were sufficient to make any one Woman satisfied) she had an insufferable Itch after the

the Reputation of a Wit. She fancied she had as much Wit as she wanted (tho' indeed she wanted more than ever she'll have) and this Conceit made her fond of scribbling and shewing her Follies that way, as taking great Delight in Applause.

MY Friend *Meanwell* is a Gentleman of good Sense and a sound Judgment, he is a professed Enemy to Flattery, and is of Opinion, that to commend without just Grounds, is to rob the Meritorious of that which only of Right belongs to them. He says a Compliment is a modish Lie, and declares he wou'd not be guilty of so much Baseness as to cry up a beautiful Fool for Wit, not even in her own hearing, tho' he were sure to have his Falshood rewarded by the Enjoyment of his Mistress. Undeserv'd Applause is to him an Argument of either want of Judgment, or of Insincerity; and he resolves he will never go about to establish another's Reputation at the Expence of his own. With these honest useless Qualities he has made long but fruitless Courtship to young Miss *Witwou'd*. *Ned Courtly* is a new but violent Pretender to the same Lady. *Ned* is a shallow well-dress'd Coxcomb: He was bed at Court, and is of a graceful and confident Behaviour, tempered with Civility. The shallow Thing can wait at a Distance, and look at her, and with a Smile approach her, and say, Your Ladiship is divinely pretty. He is wonderful happy also in particular Discoveries, and whenever he renewes a Visit to his Mistress, she is sure of being presented with some additional Charm,

which would have for ever lain conceal'd,
had not *Ned* most luckily found it out. *Ned*
quickly perceiv'd Miss *Witwon'd*'s weak side,
and carefully watch'd all Opportunities of
making his Advantage of it. Miss grows
enamour'd of *Ned*'s Company, and begins
to despise *Meanwell* as an unpolish'd Clown;
she likes *Ned* as she does her Glass, and
for the same Reason, that it always shows
her her Beauties; and she takes as much
Pleasure in hearing him, injudiciously as he
does it, give her also the Beauties of her
Mind, as she does to see the Glass reflect
those of her Body. One Evening, last Week,
Meanwell had the Honour to sup with her;
the Cloth being taken away, she delivered
him a Copy of Verses, which she said had
been the Product of her leisure Hours, and
desired the Opinion of so good a Judge.
My Friend had the Patience to read them
twice over, finds nothing extraordinary in
them, so smilingly returns them with a silent
Bow. He was just going to speak his Mind
impartially, when in came *Ned Courtly*.
He perused and hummed them over in a
seeming Rapture, look'd at the Lady and
then at the Paper for almost half an Hour
in full Admiration --- And then with a bet-
ter Air than ever Critick spoke, he pro-
nounced that the Author of those Verses
had *Congreve*'s Wit, and *Waller*'s Softness,
and that there was nothing so compleatly
perfect in all their Works --- The Conse-
quence of this was — *Meanwell* was dis-
carded, because he would be rigidly Honest
in Trifles; and *Ned* made his Mistress his
Wife,

Wife, because in spite of Nature he allowed her a Poetess, or, perhaps very justly, because he really thinks her so.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Vesuvius.



N^o 26. Saturday, April 24.

*Durum; sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

Hor.

SIR,

I Find you are an Author who are more inclined to give your Advice in Cases which raise Mirth in your Readers, than in those which are of a more serious and melancholy Nature. But you know very well, that in virtuous Love there are many unhappy Accidents which may lay a Claim to your Compassion, and consequently to your Assistance. I my self am one of those distressed Persons, who may come in for my Share of your Concern. About eight Years ago I married a young Woman of great Merit, who was every way qualified for a Bosom Friend, that is, for advancing the innocent Pleasures of Life and alleviating its Misfortunes. She had all the

‘ good Sense I ever met with in any Male
‘ Acquaintance, with all that Sweetness of
‘ Temper which is peculiar to the most en-
‘ gaging of her Sex. Life was too happy with
‘ such a Companion in it; for I must tell
‘ you, with Tears, that she was snatched a-
‘ way from me by a Fever about twelve
‘ Months since. I was the more unable to
‘ bear this unspeakable Loss, as having con-
‘ versed with very few besides her self during
‘ the whole Time of our Marriage. We
‘ were the whole World to one another, and
‘ whilst we lived together, tho’ scarce either
‘ of us were ever in Company, we were ne-
‘ ver alone. Being thus cut off from the So-
‘ ciety of others, and from the Person who
‘ was most dear to me, I naturally betook
‘ my self to the reading of such Books as
‘ might tend to my Relief under this my great
‘ Calamity; after many others which I have
‘ perused upon this Occasion, I lately had the
‘ good Fortune to meet with a little Volume
‘ of Sermons, just Published, entitled, *Of Con-
tentment, Patience, and Resignation to the
Will of God in several Sermons*, by Isaac
‘ Barrow, D. D.

‘ THE Duty of Contentment is so admi-
‘ rably explained, recommended, and enfor-
‘ ced by Arguments drawn from Reason and
‘ Religion, that it is impossible to read what
‘ he has said on this Subject without being
‘ the better for it. I shall beg leave to tran-
‘ scribe two or three Passages which more
‘ immediately affected me, as they came home
‘ to my own Condition.

‘ THE

‘ **THE** Death of Friends doth, it may be, ‘ oppress thee with Sorrow. But canst thou ‘ lose thy best Friend? Canst thou lose the Pre- ‘ sence, the Conversation, the Protection, the ‘ Advice, the Succour of God? Is he not im- ‘ mortal, is he not immutable, is he not insepa- ‘ rable from thee? Canst thou be destitute of ‘ Friends, whilst he stands by thee? Is it not ‘ an Affront, an heinous Indignity to him, to ‘ behave thy self as if thy Happiness, thy Wel- ‘ fare, thy Comfort, had Dependance on any ‘ other but him? Is it not a great Fault to be ‘ unwilling to part with any thing, when he ‘ calleth for it? Neither is it a loss of thy ‘ Friend, but a separation for a small time; he ‘ is only parted from thee, as taking a little ‘ Journey, or going for a small time to Repose; ‘ within a while we shall be sure to meet a- ‘ gain, and joyfully to congratulate, if we are ‘ fit, in a better Place, and more happy State; ‘ *Præmisimus, non amisimus*; we have sent ‘ him thither before, not quite lost him from ‘ us.

‘ **THY** Friend, if he be a good Man (and ‘ in such Friendships only, we can have a true ‘ Satisfaction) is himself in no bad Condition, ‘ and doth not want thee; thou canst not there- ‘ fore reasonably grieve for him; and to grieve ‘ only for thy self, is perverse Selfishness and ‘ Fondness.

‘ **WHAT** follows runs on in the same ‘ Vein of good Sense, tho’ it is a Consola- ‘ tion which I my self cannot make use of.

‘ **BUT** thou hast lost a great Comfort of thy ‘ Life, and Advantage to thy Affairs here? Is ‘ it truly so? Is it indeed an irreparable Loss,

even secluding the Consideration of God, whose Friendship repaireth all possible Loss? What is it, I pray, that was pleasant, convenient, or useful to thee in thy Friend, which may not in good measure be supplied here? Was it a Sense of hearty good Will, was it a sweet freedom of Conversation, was it sound Advice, or kind Assistance in thy Affairs? And mayst thou not find those which are alike able, and willing to minister those Benefits? may not the same means, which knit him to thee, conciliate others also to be thy Friends; he did not alone surely possess all the Good-nature, all the Fidelity, all the Wisdom in the World, nor hath carried them all away with him? Other Friends therefore thou mayest find to supply his room; all good Men will be ready, if thou art good, to be thy Friends: They will heartily love thee, they will be ready to chear thee with their sweet and wholesome Society, to yield thee their best Counsel and Help upon any Occasion. Is it not therefore a fond and unaccountable Affection to a kind of Personality, rather than want of a real Convenience, that disturbeth thee?

IN fine, the same Reasons which in any other Loss may comfort us, should do it also in this; neither a Friend, nor any other good thing we can enjoy under any Security of not soon losing it: Our Welfare is not annexed to one Man, no more than to any other inferior thing; this is the Condition of all good things here, to be transient and separable from us, and accordingly we should be affected towards them.

Fragile

Fragile fractum est, mortale mortuum est.

' GIVE me leave to cite also out of this
' great Author a very agreeable Story which
' is taken from Juhan's Epistles, and which
' perhaps pleases me the more, as it is appli-
' cable to my own case.

' WHEN once a great King did excessively
' and obstinately grieve for the Death of his
' Wife, whom he tenderly loved, a Philosopher
' observing it, told him, that he was ready to
' comfort him, by restoring her to Life, suppos-
' ing only that he would supply what was
' needful towards the performing it; the King
' said he was ready to furnish him with any
' thing; the Philosopher answered, that he was
' provided with all things necessary except one
' thing: What that was the King demanded;
' he replied, That if he would upon his Wife's
' Tomb inscribe the Names of three Persons who
' never mourned, she presently would revive.
' The King, after Enquiry, told the Philoso-
' pher that he could not find one such Man:
' Why then, O absurdest of all Men, (said the
' Philosopher smiling) art thou not ashamed to
' moan as if thou hadst alone fallen into so griev-
' ous a Case; when as thou canst not find one
' Person that ever was free from such Dome-
' stic Affliction. So might the naming one
' Person, exempted from Inconveniences like to
' those we undergo, be safely proposed to us, as
' a certain Cure of ours; but if we find the
' Condition impossible, then is the generality of
' the Case a sufficient ground of Content to
' us; then may we, as the wise Poet advi-
 seth,

seth, Solace our own Evils by the Evils of others.

‘ I have observed, Sir, in your Writings
‘ many Hints and Observations upon the
‘ most common Subjects which appeared new
‘ to me; I should therefore beg of you to
‘ turn your Thoughts upon that melancholy
‘ Accident, which is the Occasion of this Let-
‘ ter. If you can give me any additional
‘ Motives of Comfort, I shall receive them
‘ as a very great Piece of Charity, and I be-
‘ lieve you may oblige many others who are
‘ under the same kind of Affliction, as well
‘ as,

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

R. B

THIS Gentleman has too favourable an Opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent Author whom he has mentioned in his Letter. That learned Man always exhausts his Subjects, and leaves nothing for those wh^o come after him. He was not only a great Divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient Writers of Morality, whose Thoughts he has every where digested into his Writings; and, at the same time, had a most inexhaustible Fund of Observation and good Sense in himself. He has scarce a Sermon that might not be spun out into a hundred modish Discourses from the

the Pulpit: For which Reason I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new Edition of his Works.



Nº 27. *Tuesday, April 27.*

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes
Emollit mores —* Ovid.

AMONG the many Letters of Correspondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with Satyr. I am a little tired with such Ideas as the reading those Performances raise in the Mind; so are those who imagine they are alluded to by what has passed through my Hands, and I doubt not but my Readers in general cease also to be delighted with that kind of Reflections. When therefore it is irksom to us all, it is time to pass to more pleasing Arguments. But as I told the Town at my first setting out, that Mr. *Severn* was my Favourite of all the Characters which I have represented to compose our little Club mentioned in my first Paper, I shall declare my self further on this Subject, by Printing my Letter I have writ to Mr. *Severn*, which he will receive to Morrow Morning.

To

To Mr. SEVERN.

SIR,

THIS comes with a Sett of *Latin Authors* just now published by *Tonson*. You see they are in Twelves, and fit to be carried on Occasion in the Pocket. He sent me two Setts, one for my self, the other for the Gentleman whom I meant by Mr. *Severn*. You will please therefore to accept the Present he makes you. You need not be enjoined to be Partial to them as they are a Gift; for, as you'll observe, Mr. *Maittaire* has had the Care of the Edition; you need not be further encouraged to recommend them to your Friends and Acquaintance. The Learned World is very much obliged to that Gentleman for his useful Labours; and his elegant Addresses (to those to whom he Dedicates the Book) as well as to the Reader in general, show him a perfect Master in what he undertakes, for he introduces his Authors in a Stile as pure as their own. You know he had the good Fortune to live in the Favour, and, as it were, under the Patronage of the famous Dr. *Busby*, to whose great Talents and Knowledge in the Genius of Men we owe very great Ornaments of this Age, and the supply of Men of Letters and Capacity for many Generations, or rather Classes of remarkable Men during his long and eminent Life. I must confess, (and I have often reflected upon it) that I am of Opinion *Busby's Genius* for Education had as great an Effect upon

upon the Age he lived in, as that of any ancient Philosopher, without excepting one, had upon his Contemporaries: Tho' I do not perceive that admirable Man is remembered by them, at least not recorded by them, with half the Veneration he deserves. I have known great Numbers of his Scholars, and am confident, I could discover a Stranger who had been such, with a very little Conversation: Those of great Parts, who have passed thorough his Instruction, have such a peculiar Readiness of Fancy and Delicacy of Taste, as is seldom found in Men educated elsewhere, tho' of equal Talents; and those who were of flower Capacities, have an Arrogance (for Learning without Genius always produces that) that sets them much above greater Merit that grew under any other Gardiner. He had a Power of raising what the Lad had in him to the utmost height in what Nature designed him; and it was not his Fault, but the effect of Nature, that there were no indifferent People came out of his Hands; but his Scholars were the finest Gentlemen, or the greatest Pedants in the Age. The Soil which he manured always grew fertile, but it is not in the Planter to make Flowers of Weeds; but whatever it was under *Busby's* Eye, it was sure to get forward towards the Use for which Nature designed it.

BUT I forgot what I sate down to write upon, which was to hand to you these pretty Volumes of *Terence*, *Salust*, *Phædrus*, *Lucretius*, *Velleius Paterculus* and *Justin*: But it will be said how comes this matter

to

‘ to have at all a place in the *Lover*? Why
‘ very properly; for to you whose chief Art
‘ in recommending your self, is to Act and
‘ Speak like a Man of Virtue and Sense, that
‘ which contributes to make you wiser and
‘ better, is serviceable to you, as you are a
‘ Gentleman and a Lover. Take my Word
‘ for it, the oftner you take these Books in
‘ your Hand, you will find your Mind the
‘ more prepared for doing the most ordinary
‘ things with a good Grace and Spirit; that
‘ is, the agreeable Thoughts of these Writers
‘ frequently employing your Imagination,
‘ will naturally and insensibly affect your
‘ Words and Actions. It will, in a greater
‘ degree, do what good Company does to
‘ all who frequent it, make you in your Air
‘ and Mein like those with whom you Con-
‘ verse.

‘ Mr. *Maittaire* has promised to go thro'
‘ the best remaining Authors with the same
‘ Diligence: The large Indexes which lead
‘ with so much ease to any beautiful Passage
‘ one has a mind for, are of great Use and
‘ Pleasure. They are made with so much
‘ Judgment and Care, that they serve the Pur-
‘ pose of an Abbreviation of the Book, and
‘ carry a secret Instruction, in that they lay
‘ the Sense of the Author still closer in Words
‘ of his own, or as good as his own. I am
‘ mighty well content with the Province of
‘ being esteemed but a Publisher, if I can be
‘ so happy as to quicken the Passage of use-
‘ ful Arts in the World; and I wish this Pa-
‘ per’s coming, where otherwise Works of
‘ this kind would not be spoken of, may be
‘ of

‘ of any Use to a Man who deserves so well
‘ of all Lovers of Learning as Mr. *Maittaire*.
‘ Perhaps a fond Mother may, by my Means,
‘ lighten her Son’s Satchel, and get him these
‘ little Volumes instead of the heavy Load
‘ the Boy was before encumbered with;
‘ and her own Eyes may judge, that this is a
‘ Print which cannot hurt the Child’s.

‘ **BUT** I must leave these Ancients, and
‘ give a cast of my Office to a Living Wri-
‘ ter, a Sister of the Quill.

‘ **THE** Sentiments and Inclinations of my
‘ Mind are so naturally turned to Love, that
‘ it is with a great deal of Pleasure I frequent
‘ the Play-house, where I have often an Op-
‘ portunity of seeing this Passion represented
‘ in all its different Shapes. I have for some
‘ Years been so constant a Customer to the
‘ Theatre, that I have got most of our cele-
‘ brated Plays by Heart; for which reason it
‘ is with more than ordinary Pleasure that I
‘ hear the Actors give out a new one. It is
‘ no small Satisfaction to me, that I know
‘ we are to be entertained to Night with a
‘ Comedy from the same Hand that writ *the*
Gamester, and *the Busie Body*. The deserv-
‘ ed Success these Plays met with, is a cer-
‘ tain Demonstration that Wit alone is more
‘ than sufficient to supply all the Rules of
‘ Art. The Incidents in both those Pieces
‘ are so dexterously managed, and the Plots
‘ so ingeniously perplexed, as shew them at
‘ once to be the Invention of a Wit and a
‘ Woman. The Curious will observe the
‘ same happy Conduct in the Entertainment
‘ of this Night; and as we have but one

‘ *British*

‘ British Lady who employs her Genius for
‘ the Drama, it would be a shameful Reflec-
‘ tion on the Polite of both Sexes, should
‘ she want any Encouragement the Town can
‘ give her. I desire your Interest in her behalf,
‘ and am,

SIR,

Yours most Obedient Servant,

Marmaduke Myrtle.

N^o 28. Thursday, April 29.

— *Nihil invitæ triftis custodia prodest:
Quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tutu sat est.*
Propert.

MY Correspondents shall do my Business
for me to Day.

Mr MYRTLE,

I Throw this Letter from two Pair of
‘ Stairs with half a Crown with it, in
‘ an old Glove, in hopes he that takes it up
‘ (for I am watching till a Porter, or some
‘ such body passes by) will carry it to your
‘ Ledge. I have none to complain to but
‘ your self. I am locked up for fear of ma-
‘ king my Escape to a Gentleman, whose
‘ Addresses I received by my Father’s Appro-
‘ bation,

bation, tho' now his Pretensions are disallowed for the sake of a richer Man; I have no help in this miserable Condition, nor Means to relieve my self, but by desiring you to Print the enclosed in your very next Lover. The Gentleman who is to marry me, has visited me twice or thrice alone, and indeed I see such infallible Marks of the most unfeigned and respectful Passion towards me, that it is with great Anguish I write to him in the Sincerity of my Heart, which I know will be a sincere Affliction to him. It is no matter for a Direction by his Name; he reads your Paper, and will too soon gather that the Circumstances of my Letter can concern only himself.

SIR,

" IT is a very ill Return which I make to
" the Respect you have for me, when I
" acknowledge to you, that, tho' the Day
" for our Marriage is appointed, I am inca-
" pable of loving you: You may have ob-
" served, in the long Conversations we have
" had at those times that we were lately left
" together, that some Secret hung upon my
" Mind: I was obliged to an ambiguous Be-
" haviour, and durst not reveal my self fur-
" ther, because my Mother, from a Closet
" near the Place where we sate, could both
" hear and see our Conversation. I have
" strict Commands from both my Parents to
" receive you, and am undone for ever, ex-
" cept you will be so kind and generous as
" to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery
" of

“ of bestowing your self upon one who can
“ have no Prospect of Happiness but from
“ your Death. This is a Confession made
“ perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but
“ that Conduct is much to be preferred to a
“ covert Dislike, which could not but pall all
“ the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a
“ Companion that doats and languishes for
“ another. I will not go so far as to say, my
“ Passion for the Gentleman whose Wife I
“ am by Promise, would lead me to any thing
“ criminal against your Honour; I know it
“ is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense
“ to expect nothing but forced Civilities in
“ return for tender Endearments, and cold
“ Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will
“ on this occasion let Reason take Place of
“ Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in store
“ for you some worthier Object of your Af-
“ fection, in recompence of your Goodness
“ to the only Woman that could be insensible
“ of your Merit.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

M. H.

Mr. MYRTLE,

“ I Am a young Woman perfectly at my own
“ Liberty, Two and twenty, in the height
“ and affluence of good Health, good Fortune,
“ and good Humour; but I know not how, I
“ must acknowledge there is something Soli-
“ tary and Distrest in the very natural Condi-
“ tion of our Sex, till we have wholly reject-
“ ed

ed all Thoughts of Marriage, or made our
Choice. The Man has not yet appeared to
these Eyes, whom I could like for a Hus-
band. I therefore apply my self to you, to
let the Town know there is, not many Fur-
longs from your *Lodge*, one that lives with
too much Ease, and is undone for want of
that acceptable kind of Uneasiness, the Im-
portunity of Lovers. If you can send me
half a dozen, I promise to take him who
addresses me with most Gallantry and Wit,
and to yield to one of them within six
Months after their first Declaration that
they are my Servants; but at the same time
I expect them to fight one another for me,
and promise to be particularly Civil to him
who first has his Arm in a Scarf for my
Sake. I expect that they turn their Fury and
Skill towards disarming, or slightly wound-
ing, not killing one another; for I shall not
take it for Respect to me to lessen the Num-
ber of my Slaves: At the same time the
Conquered is to beg, and the Victor is to
give Life for my Sake only. You must know,
Sir, I value more being envied by Women,
than loved by Men, and there is nothing
proclaims a Beauty so effectually, as an In-
terview of her Lovers behind *Mountague-
House*. In hopes of a Serenade, soon after
the Publication of this Letter, I rest in dull
Tranquility,

Your most Affectionate
Humble Servant,

Clidamira.

Mr.

Mr. MYRTLE,

YOU must know I am one of thole Cox-
 combs who know my self to be abu-
 sed, but have not Resolution enough to re-
 sent it as I ought; to tell you plainly, I am
 a kind Keeper, and know my self to be the
 most servile of Cuckolds, for I am wronged
 by a Woman whom I may part with when
 I please, but am afraid that when I please
 will never happen. As other People write
 Verses and Sonnets to deplore the Cruelty
 of their Mistress, I could think of nothing
 better this Morning than diverting my self,
 and soothing my Folly by the Example of
 Men of Wit, who have formerly been in
 my Condition. I was glad to meet an Epi-
 gram of a Gentleman I suppose your Wor-
 ship is acquainted with, that hit my Condi-
 tion; and make you a Present of it, as I
 have improved and translated it in the janty
 Stile of a *Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town*. Pray allow me to call her my Dear
 for the Rhyme sake; for I never writ Verses
 'till she vexed me:

De Infamia sue Puella.

Rumor ait crebro nostram peccare puellam;
Nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim.
Crimina non bæc sunt nostro fine facta dolore:
Quid miserum torques, rumor acerbe? tace.

*The Town reports the Falshood of my Dear,
 To which I cry, Oh that I could not bear!
 I love her still, Peace then thou Babler Fame,
 And let me rest contented in my Shame.*

• Pray

' Pray give my humble Service to Mrs. Page:
 ' You honourable Lovers have a good Con-
 ' science to support you in your Vexations,
 ' but we alas——I am

Dear humble Servant,

Giles Limerham.

FOURTEEN

Nº 29. Saturday, May 1.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cibari Capitis?*

Hor.

THE Reader may remember that in my first Paper I described the Circumstances of the Persons, whose Lives and Conversations my future Discourses should principally describe. Mr. Oswald, who is a Widower, and in the first Year of that distressed Condition, having absented himself from our Meetings, I went to visit him this Evening. My Intimacy made the Servant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any Body come at him. I found him leaning at a Table with a Book before him, and saw, methoughts, a Concern in him much deeper than that Seriousness which arises from Reading only, though the Matter upon which a Man has been employed has been never so weighty. He saw in me, I believe, a friendly Curiosity to know what

put

put him into that Temper, and began to tell me that he had been looking over a little Collection of Books of his Wife's, and said it was an inexpressible Pleasure to him, that, though he thought her a most excellent Woman, he found, by perusing little Papers and Minutes among her Books, new Reasons for loving her: This, continued he, now in my Hand, is the *Contemplations Moral and Divine of Sir Matthew Hale*: She has turned down, and written little Remarks on the Margin as she goes on. In order to give you a Notion of her Merit and good Sense, pray give me leave to read three or four Paragraphs which she has marked with this Pencil. He here looked upon the Pencil, till the Memory of some little Incident, of which it reminded him, filled his Eyes with Tears; which, to hide new Reasons for loving her, (but he only discovered his Grief the more) he began in a broken Voice to read Sir Matthew's second Chapter in his Discourse of Religion.

' THE Truth and Spirit of Religion comes in a narrow compass, though the Effect and Operation thereof are large and diffusive. Solomon comprehended it in a few Words, *Fear God, and keep his Commands, for this is the whole Duty of Man*: The Soul and Life of Religion is the Fear of God, which is the Principle of Obedience; but Obedience to his Commands, which is an Act or Exercise of that Life, is various, according to the variety of the Commands of God: If I take a Kernel of an Acorn, the Principle of Life lies in it: The thing it self is but small, but the Vegetable

table

'table Principle that lies in it takes up a less room than the Kernel it self, little more than the Quantity of a small Pin's head, as is easie to be observed by Experiment; but the Exercise of that Spark of Life is large and comprehensive in its Operation; it produceth a great Tree, and in that Tree the Sap, the Body, the Bark, the Limbs, the Leaves, the Fruit; and so it is with the Principles of true Religion, the Principle it self lies in a narrow compass, but the Activity and Energy of it is diffusive and various.

' THIS Principle hath not only Productions that naturally flow from it, but where it is, it ferments and assimilates, and gives a kind of Tincture even to other Actions that do not in their own Nature follow from it, as the Nature and Civil Actions of our Lives; under the former was our Lord's Parable of a Grain of Mustard-seed; under the latter of his Comparison of Leaven, just as we see in other things of Nature: take a little Red Wine, and drop it into a Vessel of Water, it gives a new Tincture to the Water; or take a grain of Salt and put it into fresh Liquor, it doth communicate it self to the next adjacent part of the Liquor, and that again to the next, until the whole be fermented: So that small and little vital Principle of the Fear of God doth gradually, and yet suddenly assimilate the Actions of our Life flowing from another Principle. It rectifies and moderates our Affections, and Passions, and Appetites, it gives Truth to our Speech, Sobriety to

' our Senses, Humility to our Parts, and the like.

' RELIGION is best in its Simplicity and Parity, but difficult to be retained so, without Superstitions and Accessions; and those do commonly in time Stifle and Choke the Simplicity of Religion, unless much Care and Circumspection be used: The Contemperations are so many, and so cumber som, that Religion loseth its Nature, or is strangled by them: Just as a Man that hath some Excellent Simple Cordial Spirit, and puts in Musk in it to make it smell sweet, and Honey to make it taste pleasant, and it may be Cantharides to make it look glorious. Indeed by the Infusions he hath given it a very fine Smell, and Taste, and Colour, but yet he hath so clogg'd it, and sophisticated it with Superadditions, that it may be he hath altered the Nature, and destroyed the Virtue of it.

HERE my Friend could go on no further, but reaching to me the Book it self, he leaned on the Table, covering his Eyes with his Hands, while I read the following Words on the Margin, *Grant that this Superaddition which I make, may be Love and Constancy to Mr. Oswald.* No one could be unaffected with this Incident, nor could I forbear falling into a kind of Consolatory Discourse, drawn from the Satisfaction it must needs be, to find new Proofs of the Virtue of a Person he so tenderly loved; but observing his Concern too quick and lively for Conversation on that Subject, I broke off with repeating only two Distichs

Distichs of Mr. Cowley to my Lady Vandyke,
on the Death of her Husband,

*Your Joys and Griefs were wont the same to be ;
Begin not now, blest Pair, to disagree.*

I cannot but think it was a very right Sentiment in this Lady, to make that Duty of Life in which she took Pleasure, the Super-structure upon the Motive of Religion; for nothing can mend the Heart better than an honourable Love, except Religion. It sweetens Disasters, and moderates good Fortune, from a Benevolent Spirit that is naturally in it, and extends it self to things the most remote. It cannot be conceived by those who are involved in Libertine Pleasures, the sweet Satisfactions that must arise from the Union of two Persons who have left all the World, in order to place their chief Delight in each other; and to promote that Delight by all the methods which Reason, urged by Religion and Duty, forwarded by Passion, can intimate to the Heart. Such a Pair give Charms to Virtue, and make pleasant the ways of Innocence: A Deviation from the Rules of such a Commerce would be courting Pain; for such a Life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal Satisfactions, (to speak of it in the mildest Terms,) as Sobriety and elegant Conversation are to Intemperance and Rioting.



Nº 30. Tuesday, May 4.

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam patenteis querere vita.*

Luc.

IT is a very great Satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonick Foot, to look calmly on, while Carnivorous Lovers run about howling for Hunger, which the Intellectual and more abstracted Admirer is never gnaw'd with. The following Letters give a lively Representation of this matter.

Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ **I**F ever any Man had reason to dispatch himself for Love, I am the Person; I am lost to all Intents and Purposes, though I was the happiest Man in the World, and have no one to accuse but my self of my present Misfortunes, and yet I am not to be accused neither. To open this Riddle, you must know, Mr. Myrtle, that I am not now Twenty Years of Age; I think that Circumstance necessary to tell you, for they say the Misfortune which befel me cannot happen but from the Height of Youth and Blood. I live in the Neighbourhood of

‘ of a young Lady of Wealth, Wit and Beauty. I love her to Death, and she loves me with no less Ardour. We have had frequent Meetings by stealth, which are now interrupted by a very uncommon Accident. I have a Father who can never be enough satisfied that his House is not to be burned before next Morning; and for this reason, as well as, perhaps, other Jealousies, insists upon the Liberty of coming into my Chamber when I am asleep, to see whether my Candle is out. One Night he stole softly in, as indeed he always does, for fear of disturbing me, when I fast asleep was talking of my Mistress. As he has since told me, I named her, and then thought fit to go on as follows.

‘ THE Happiness we now enjoy is doubled by the Secrecy of it. I will come again to Morrow Night, and have ordered the Hackney Coachman to be ready to let me get up to your Window at the Hour appointed. Be ready to throw up the Sash when I tinkle with a Piece of Money at the Glass. Your Letters I keep always in a Box under my Bed, and my Father can never come at them. Pray be sure to write; for the Day-time 'tis mighty sad shou'd be troubled with the Impertinence and Bustle of the World, and we never to meet or hear from each other but at Midnight.

‘ THE old Gentleman took my Key out of my Pocket, and by that means made himself Master of my Papers; and in an high Point of Honour, the next Day told

the Parents of my Mistress the Danger
their Daughter was in of being carried off
by his Son, who had no Pretensions to a
Woman of her Fortune; tho' he can do ve-
ry handsomely for me

THIS matter has been very indiscreetly
managed by both our Parents; the Servants,
and consequently the Neighbourhood, have
the Story amongst them, and the innocent-
est Woman in the World is at the Mercy
of busie Tongues: Now, Sir, I am not to
judge of the Actions of my Father; but as
he has a longer Purse than he will own, I
desire you would lay before him, that he
did not come at my Secret fairly, and that
he ought, since he goes upon Punctilio's, to
have made no Use of what he arrived at by
the Infirmitiy of a troubled Imagination.
He says indeed for himself, that he had this
Thought in his Head, and therefore had I
owned the Thing to him when he taxed
me, without shewing my Mistref's Letters,
he should have been obliged, by the manner
of getting the Secret, to have kept it; but
since I had not owned it, had I not been
confronted by her Letters, which he got
by taking my Key out of my Pocket, I am
under the same Degree of Favour as a Man
who committed any other Crime would
have been who had betrayed himself in the
same manner. Mr. Myrtle, you are a
great Casuist, and you see what a Jumble
of unhappy Circumstances I am involved
in, which I desire you to extricate me from
by your best Advice, which will come very
seasonably to two Familles who are much
your

your Friends, among whom none so much as the Lady concerned in the Story; and where she approves, you have an Admirer in,

SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

Ulysses Transmarinus.

I have Notice given me, that I must cross the Seas for this Business; but I am resolved to stay at least in the same Nation with my Fair One, till I hear further.

Mr. MYRTLE, Friday, April 30. 1714.

YOU'LL oblige extreamly your most humble Servant in inserting this in your next Lover.

Madam,

DEATH would have been welcomer than your Letter in Thursday's Lover; for I must survive the Misery that would have ended. Your Sincerity is so far from being Offensive, that my Passion (were it now lawful to indulge it) is greater for you, and I cannot better prove the Truth of mine than by refusing you, and making you as happy in your Choice, as with you would have been the most unfortunate.—

To Mr. MYRTLE.

SIR,

• THERE is a young Woman in our
• Neighbourhood that makes it her Bu-
• siness to disturb every body that passes by with
• her Beauty. She runs to the Window when
• she has a mind to do Mischief, and then
• when a Body looks up at her, she runs
• back, as though she had not a mind to be
• seen, though she came there on purpose.
• Her Hands and Arms you must know are
• very fine, for that reason she never lets
• them be unemployed, but is feeding a Squir-
• rel, and catching People that pass by all
• Day long. She has a way of heaving out
• of the Window to see something, so that
• one who stands in the Street just over a-
• gainst her, is taken with her side Face; one
• that is coming down fixes his Eyes at the
• Pole of her Neck till he stumbles; and one
• coming up the Street is fixed Stock still by
• her Eyes: She won't let any body go by
• in Peace. I am confident if you went that
• way your self, she would pretend to get
• you from Mrs. Page. As for my own part,
• I fear her not; but there are several of our
• Neighbours whose Sons are taken in her
• Chains, and several good Women's Hus-
• bands are always talking of her, and there
• is no quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to take some
• Course with her, for she takes a delight in
• doing all this Mischief. It would be right
• to lay down some Rules against her; or if
• you please to appoint a time to come and
• speak

' speak to her, it would be a great Charity to
' our Street, especially to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Anthony Eyelid.

SIR,

HERE is a young Gentlewoman in our
' Street, that I do not know at all,
' who looked full in my Face, and then
' looked as if she was mistaken, but looked
' so pretty, that I can't forget her; she does
' something or other to every one that passes
' by. I thought I would tell you of her.

Tours,

Ch. Busie.

SIR,

HERE is a young Woman in our Street,
' that looks often melancholy out of
' the Window, as if she saw no body, and
' no Body saw her, she is so intent. But she
' can give an Account of every thing that pas-
' ses, and does it to Way-lay young Men.
' Pray say something about her.

Tours unknown,

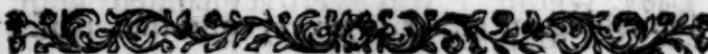
Tall-boy Gapefeed.

SIR,

‘ THERE is a young Woman in our
‘ Neighbourhood, that makes People
‘ with Bundles on their Back stand as if they
‘ had none, and those who have none stand
‘ as if they had too heavy ones. Pray take
‘ her to your End of the Town, for she in-
‘ terrupts Business.

Yours,

Ralph Doodle.



Nº 31. Thursday, May 6.

*Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa; rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.*

Hor.

London, May 4.

Mr. MYRTLE,

‘ I Remember, some time ago, that I heard
‘ a Gentleman, who often talked out
‘ of a Book, speak of a King that
‘ was so fond of his Wife, that his Mind
‘ overflowed with the Happiness he had in
‘ the Possession of her Beauties. I remem-
‘ ber it was just so that talking Fellow ex-
‘ pressed

‘ pressed himself ; but all that I want of his Story is, that he shewed his Queen naked from a Chink in the Bed-Chamber ; and that the Queen finding this out, resented it so highly, that she, after mature Deliberation, thought fit to plot against her Husband, and married the Man to whom he had exposed her Person. I have but a puzzled way of telling a Story ; but this Circumstance among such great People, may give you some Thoughts upon an Accident of the like kind, which happened to me a Man of middle Rank.

‘ THERE is a very gay, pleasant young Lady, whom I was well acquainted with, and had long known, as being an Intimate of my Sister’s : We were the other Day a riding out ; the Women and Men on single Horses ; it happened that this young Lady and I out-rid the Company, and in the Avenue of the Wood between *Hampstead* and *Highgate* her Horse threw her full upon her Head. She is a quick-witted Girl, and finding Chance had discovered more of her Beauty than ever she designed to favour me with, she in an Instant lay on the Turf in a decent manner, as in a Trance, before I could alight and come to her Assistance. I fell in Love with her when she was *Topsy Turvey*, and from that Instant professed myself her Servant. She always laughed, and turned off the Discourse, and said she thought it must be so : The whole Family were mightily amazed how this Declaration came all of a sudden, and why, after two or three Years Intimacy, not a Word, and yet

yet now I so very Eager. Well; the Father had no Exception to me, and the Wedding-day was named, when, all of a sudden, the Father has sent my Mistress to a distant Relation in the Countrey, and I am discarded. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is to insert this, that her Father may understand what she meant, when she said, *I shall be ashamed to be the Wife of any other Man*; and what I meant when I said that, *I know more of her already than any other Husband perhaps ever may*. These Expressions were let drop when the Father shewed some Signs of parting us, and I appeal to you, whether, according to nice Rules, she is not to prefer me to all others. This is a serious matter in its Consequences, and I won't be choused; and therefore pray insert it. The whole is humbly submitted by,

SIR,

Your most Unfortunate,

Humble Servant,

Tim. Pip.

To Mr. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

SIR,

OBSERVING you play the Casuist, the Doctor, nay often descend even to the Letter-Carrier, for the Service of Lovers, I am apt to think my present Condition

tion brings me within your Cognizance, and countenances this Application. Sir, I ever was a great Admirer of a single State, and my chief Study has been to collect Encou- miums in its favour, and Instances of unhappy Marriages to confirm me. I never could think my self the sad half of a Man, or that my Cares wanted doubling. The best Exercise I ever performed at School was, a Translation of *Juvenal's* sixth Satyr. I remember my Master said smiling, Sirrah, you will die a Batchelor. Since I came to Man's Estate I have every Day talked over, with little variation, the common-place Sayings against Matrimony. I believe they've been more constant than my Prayers. I must now, Sir, acquaint you how I became dis- armed of those Principles in an Instant, and how other Thoughts took place, so that I beg leave hereby to Recant, and protest a- gainst those damnable Doctrines. And fur- ther I humbly beseech all Ladies with whom I converse, to bestow on me the Encou- ragement which new and true Converts ge- nerally meet with. I was riding in the Coun- try last Spring; of all Days in the Week it was upon a *Tuesday*, when, on a sudden, I heard a Voice which guided my Sight to two young Women unknown to me: They were negligently, I won't say meanly drest, had large Staffs in their Hands, and were followed by Spaniels and Grey-hounds. One (whom I now see with the Lover's Tele- scope) wore a Bonnet. On her I cast my Eyes till the Brightness of hers made them fail me, that is, I have seen nothing in its true

‘ true sight since. I am a piece of a Scholar,
‘ yet am not able, Mr. *Myrtle*, to affirm what
‘ I saw, and how this Object struck the Or-
‘ gans of my Body, affected my Soul and
‘ Mind, and produced this lasting Idea. The
‘ old Philosophers, you know, attributed a
‘ Soul to the Loadstone, when they cou’d not
‘ find out the Reason of its Union to Iron.
‘ Whence shall I deduce the Cause of my
‘ Condition? Shall I speak of an Impulse,
‘ Pressure of insensible Particles, secret Pow-
‘ er, Destiny, the Stars, Magick; or shall I
‘ say in the Lawyers Term, that every Fea-
‘ ture had its Copies; or must I mention oc-
‘ cult Quality, or as the genteel World tran-
‘ slate it, *Je ne scay quoy?* I should have told
‘ you I was a hunting when I saw this Object,
‘ that when it fled, my good-spirited Gelding
‘ refused the Gate that parted us, and run a-
‘ way with me. This was as good as a se-
‘ cond Game, for I who before was the great-
‘ est Sportsman in the Country, have ever
‘ since haunted the Woods to Sigh, not Hal-
‘ low. In lonely Shades by Day, and Moon-
‘ shine Walks by Night (she ever by my Side)
‘ I have found my only Pleasure. This Con-
‘ dition I have suffered for a long Series of
‘ time; but wandering in the same Wood I
‘ saw a Country Girl in the same Bonnet in
‘ which I formerly beheld my great Calami-
‘ ty. I followed her, and found the Aboard
‘ of her for whom I languish. *Ma Charmante*
‘ is your constant Reader, who hereby will
‘ have some Notion of me and my Name.
‘ I crave, Sir, your Assistance herein, and
‘ (to ease your self of another troublesome
‘ Letter)

‘ Letter) your Advice, in Case of a Denial
 ‘ to wait upon her. I have abundance more
 ‘ to say, but desire you to say it to your self
 ‘ in behalf of,

S I R,

Your Enamoured Humble Servant.



Nº 32. Saturday, May 8.

Ἐπ δικαιοσύνη συλλαίβδην πᾶσ' αἰγεῖν ἐστιν.

Aristot.

THE Task which I have enjoyned my self in these Papers, is to describe Love in all its Shapes: To warn the unwary of those Rocks, upon which so many in all Ages have split formerly, do split still, and will split hereafter, as long as Men and Women shall be what they now are; and to delineate the true and unfeigned Delight, which virtuous Minds feel in the Enjoyment of their lawful and warranted Passions. This Task, the farther I go, I find grows the more upon my Hands. The dreadful Effects which have attended irregular Pursuits in this way, have led some shallow Philosophers to arraign that as simply unlawful, or at least as unbecoming a wise Man, which is certainly one of the first and fundamental Laws of Nature; and they have seemed to look upon that as a Curse

Curse which rightly managed is the greatest Blessing that our Creator has given us here below; and which is in Truth,

*That Cordial Drop Heaven in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.*

Y E T on the other Hand, when (comparatively speaking) so very many miscarry in this Particular, more than in any other single Circumstance belonging to human Life, one is tempted to cry out, with my Lord Brooke in his *Alaham*,

*O wearisome Condition of Mortality
Born to one Law, and to another bound;
Vainly begotten, yet forbidden Vanity;
Created Sick, commanded to be Sound!
If Nature sure did not delight in Blood,
She wou'd have found more easie ways to good.*

B U T since Complaints under most Pressures avail but little; since in every Species of Actions there is a right and a wrong, which Circumstances only can determine; since our Maker (for greater Reasons than those which our Laws ascribe to our Princes) cannot possibly do any wrong, or as the Divines speak, cannot be the Author of Sin; since what was essential to Human Nature before the Fall, is in it self most certainly good, when rightly pursued; and since one may observe that Mistakes and false Steps in this matter meet with harsher Censures, and are often more severely punished in this World, than many other Crimes which seem to be of a higher Nature:

I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to present the Publick with my Thoughts concerning the real Differences between the several sorts of Evil Actions, as I shall find Opportunity, and as my importunate Correspondents, who are often in haste, and who must not be disengaged, will give me leave.

ONE Method, as I take it, to induce Men to avoid any Evil, is to know not only wherein it consists, but how great it is. The *Stoic* of old pretended that all Sins were equal; that it was as great a Crime to steal a Pin, as to rob upon the Road. When their wise Man was once out of his way, he lost his Pretensions to Wisdom; and when those were gone, whatsoever he did or said afterwards in that State of Aberration, it was all one. Sins were Sins, and where the Essence was the same, the Degrees mattered little. This contradicts human Nature, and common Sense; and the Laws of all Nations distinguish in the Punishments which they inflict, between Crimes as they are more or less pernicious to the Society in and against which they are committed. That God does so too, we need not question. The Judge of the whole Earth must certainly do right. When we know wherein the true Greatness of every Sin consists, we shall be able to judge of our own Faults, and sometimes of the Faults of others; we shall see why we ought to avoid them where there is room for Compassion; and where Punishment is necessary, we may be sure then to be severe in the right place; and by knowing how and when to forgive, may some-

sometimes raise those that are sinking, and often save those from utter Destruction, who if abandoned would be irrecoverably lost. This is a large, and I think an useful Theme, and it is what I have not seen sufficiently enlarged upon in those Books of Morality which have come in my way. Now if in my Enquiries I have an Eye all along to the Christian Institution, and take a view of the Sins and Irregularities of Mankind in such a Light as is consistent with the Practice of our Saviour and his Apostles, I hope the softer and politer part of my Readers will not be upon that Account disgusted.

THE Aggravation of all Crimes is to be estimated either from the Persons injured or offended, or from the intrinck Malice from whence those Injuries and Offences proceed. All Offences are against either our Maker, our Neighbour, or our selves. Offences against our Maker have this particular Aggravation, that they are committed against the Person to whom we have the greatest Obligations, and consequently do more immediately contradict the Light of our own Conscience. The Obligations of our original Being, and of our constant Preservation, during the whole Course of our Lives, which takes in all the Blessings that we daily receive from him, are so peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly Being. For tho' we may, and do hourly, receive Advantages from our Fellow-Creatures, yet those Advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whose good Providence those Fellow-Creatures are enabled to do us good. And besides,

sides, the good they do us is as much for their Sakes as for ours, since the Advantages they receive from us, and those we receive from them are reciprocal. But though our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him, and upon that score he has a Title to our Obedience, and that implicit, when once we are satisfied it is he that commands. This makes *Idolatry* to be so crying a Sin, because it is a Communication of that Honour to the Creature, (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no possible Title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this Account also *Irreligion* and *Atheism* are still worse, because they tear up all Religion by the Roots; and all Service and Worship is denied to him to whom the utmost Service and Worship is justly due. This is so plain, that it needs neither Enlargement nor Proof.

THE second degree of Offences is of those which are committed against our Neighbours. They are equally God's Creatures as our selves, and have an equal Title to his Protection, and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences against them may be comprehended under one common Title of *Injustice*. And what Divines usually call *Sins* against the *Second Table*, are, if strictly examined, but so many Sorts of Injuries against our Neighbours. The Pains, the Care, the Trouble, and above all, the Love, of Parents, demand Honour from their Children; and therefore when they do not meet with it, they are injured: This shews the Justice of the fifth

Com-

Commandment. To take away our Neighbour's Life is the greatest Injury which can be done him, because it is absolutely irreparable. Next to that are Injuries done to his Bed, and for the same Reason too. The Goods we enjoy are the Means of our Subsistence here, and he that against our Wills takes them from us, does more or less, according to the greatness of our Loss, deprive us of our Subsistence. This shews the Justice of the sixth, seventh and eighth Commandments. And since none of those things to which by the original Grant from our common Maker we have a just Title, are secure, if Calumny and false Accusations are once allowed; therefore false witnessing is also forbidden in the ninth Commandment. And since a desire of possessing what is not our own, and what we see others enjoy, will, if encouraged, naturally lead Men to as many sorts of Injustice, as there are sorts of Desires; therefore coveting what is not our own is fenced against by the tenth Commandment.

BY this Detail it plainly appears why I set Offences against our Neighbours, in the second Place. When God gave the ten Commandments, he mention'd no Offences but those against himself and our Neighbours, and left the Sins which are immediately against our selves (which are properly Sins of Intemperance) to be forbidden by other Laws.

BUT then, though Sins against our selves ought, with respect to their Guilt, (which is what I here propose to consider) to be reckoned last; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not Sins, and consequently do not

not deserve Punishment. Whatsoever disables us in any Measure from doing our Duty to God or our Neighbour, is so far an *Injustice* towards them, and robs them of their due, and is so far a Crime. I say an *Injustice*, because, as I said before, all Faults in my Opinion are ultimately to be referred to that: Even *Uncharitableness* is *Injustice*, because our common Creator, who has made us all liable to Want, and consequently under a Necessity of desiring Assistance, expects we should be helpful to one another, because he is good to us. And when *Aristotle* says, in those Words that are the *Motto* of this Paper, that *all Virtues* are contained in *Justice*, he states the true Notion of Good and Evil; and it is as applicable to Virtues considered in a Christian Light, as in a natural one. This then is the first Rule by which we are to weigh the different Degrees of Good and Evil.

Nº 33. *Tuesday, May 11.*

— *Animum picturâ pascit* — Virg.

I Went the other Day down the River, and dined with some Virtuosi Friends at *Greenwich*. The purpose of the Gentleman, who invited us, was to entertain us with a sight of that famous Cieling in the great Hall at *Greenwich Hospital*, painted by our ingenious Countryman Mr. *Thornhill*, who has

has executed a great and noble Design with a Masterly Hand, and uncommon Genius. The Regularity, Symmetry, Boldness and Prominence of the Figures are not to be described, nor is it in the Power of Words to raise too great an Idea of the Work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain Account of it.

IN the middle of the Ceiling (which is about 106 Foot long, and 56 Foot wide, and near 50 Foot high) is a very large Oval Frame painted and carved in Imitation of Gold, with a great Thickness rising in the Inside to throw up the Figures to the greater Height; the Oval is fastened to a great Suffeat adorned with Roses in Imitation of Copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantick Figures of Slaves, four on each Side, as though they were carved in Stone; between the Figures, thrown in Heaps into a Covering, are all manner of Maritime Trophies in Metzo-relievo, as Anchors, Cables, Rudders, Masts, Sails, Blocks, Capstals, Sea-guns, Sea-carriages, Boats, Pinnaces, Oars, Stretchers, Colours, Ensigns, Pennants, Drums, Trumpets, Bombs, Mortars, small Arms, Granadoes, Powder-Barrels, Fire Arrows, Grapling-Irons, Cross Staves, Quadrants, Compasses, &c. All in Stone-Colours, to give the greater Beauty to the rest of the Cieling which is more significant.

ABOU T the Oval in the infide are placed the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack; the Six Northern Signs, as *Aries*, *Taurus*, *Gemini*, *Cancer*, *Leo*, *Virgo*, are placed on the North-

side of the Oval ; and the Six Southern Signs, as *Libra*, *Scorpio*, *Sagittarius*, *Capricornus*, *Aquarius*, *Pisces*, are to the South, with three of them in a Groupe which compose one Quarter of the Year : The Signs have their Attitudes, * and their Draperies are varied and adapted to the Seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue, and the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, and the red and flame-Colour to the Dog-Days and Autumnal Season, the white and cold to the Winter ; likewise the Fruits and the Flowers of every Season as they succeed each other.

IN the middle of the Oval are represented King *William* and Queen *Mary*, sitting on a Throne under a great Pavilion or Purple Canopy, attended by the four Cardinal Virtues, as *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude* and *Justice*.

* Aries is of a turbulent Aspect with little Winds and Rains hovering about him, his Drapery of a blueish Green, shadowed with dark Russet, to denote the Changeableness of the Weather. April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June, a calm red; July, more reddish, and as he leans upon his Lyon vails a little from the Sun. Virgo almost naked, and flying from the Heat of the Sun; Libra in deep red; Scorpio vails himself from the Scorching Sun in a flame-colour Mantle; Sagittarius in red, less hot; December, or Capricorn, blueish; Aquarius in a waterish green; Pisces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini presides Flora; over Cancer, Leo, Virgo presides Ceres; over Libra, Scorpio Sagittarius, Bacchus; and over Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems hovering over a brazen Pot of Fire.

OVER

OVER the Queen's Head is *Concord* with the *Fasces*, at her Feet two Doves, denoting mutual Concord and innocent Agreement, with *Cupid* holding the King's Scepter, while he is presenting *Peace* with the Lamb and Olive Branch, and *Liberty* expressed by the *Atbenian Cap*, to *Europe*, who laying her Crowns at his Feet, receives them with an Air of Respect and Gratitude. The King tramples Tyranny under his Feet, which is express by a *French Personage*, with his Leaden Crown falling off, his Chains, Yoke and Iron Sword broken to pieces, Cardinal's Cap, triple crown'd Mitres, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath is *Time* bringing *Truth* to Light, near which is a Figure of Architecture, holding a large Drawing of part of the Hospital with the Cupola, and pointing up to the Royal Founders, attended by the little *Genii* of her Art. Beneath her is *Wisdom* and *Heroick Virtue*, represented by *Pallas* and *Hercules*, destroying *Ambition*, *Envy*, *Covetousness*, *Detraction*, *Calumny*, with other Vices, which seem to fall to the Earth, the Place of their more natural Abode.

OVER the Royal Pavilion is shewn at a great heighth *Apollo* in his Golden Chariot, drawn by four white Horses, attended by the *Horæ*, and Morning Dews falling before him, going his Course through the twelve Signs of the Zodiack; and from him the whole Plafond or Ceiling is enlightned.

EACH End of the Ceiling is raised in Perspective, with a Ballustrade and Eliptick Arches, supported by Groupes of Stone Figures, which form a Gallery of the whole breadth

breadth of the Hall; in the middle of which Gallery, (as tho' on the Stock) going into the upper Hall, is seen in Perspective the Tafferil of the *Blenheim* Man of War, with all her Galleries, Port-holes open, &c. to one side of which is a Figure of *Victory* flying, with Spoils taken from the Enemy, and putting them aboard the *English* Man of War. Before the Ship is a Figure representing the City of *London*, with the Arms, Sword and Cap of Maintenance, supported by *Thame* and *Isis*, with other small Rivers offering up their Treasures to her. The River *Tine* pouring forth Sacks of Coals. In the Gallery on each Side the Ship are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great *Archimedes*, many old Philosophers consulting the Compsals, &c.

AT the other end, as you return out of the Hall, is a Gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is the Stern of a beautiful Gallly filled with *Spanish* Trophies. Under which is the *Humber* with his Pigs of Lead: The *Severn*, with the *Avon* falling into her, with other lesser Rivers. In the North end of the Gallery is the famous *Ticho Brabe*, that noble *Danish* Knight, and great Ornament of his Profession and Human Nature; near him is *Copernicus* with his *Pythagorean* System in his Hand; next to him is an old Mathematician holding a large Table, and on it are described two Principal Figures, of the incomparable Sir *Isaac Newton*, on which many extraordinary things in that Art are built. On the other end of the Gallery, to the South, is our learned Mr. *Flamstead*, Reg. Astron. Profess. with his ingenious Disciple Mr. *Tho. Weston*. In Mr. *Flamstead's* Hand

Hand is a large Scrole of Paper, on which is drawn the great Eclipse of the Sun that will happen on *April 1715*; near him is an old Man with a Pendulum counting the Seconds of Time, as Mr. *Flamstead* makes his Observations with his great Mural Arch and Tube on the Descent of the Moon on the *Severn*, which at certain times form such a Roll of the Tides as the Sailors corruptly call the *Higre*, instead of the *Eager*, and is very dangerous to all Ships in its way. This is also exprest by Rivers tumbling down by the Moon's Influence into the *Severn*. In this Gallery are more Arts and Sciences relating to Navigation.

ALL the great Rivers, at each end of the Hall, have their proper Product of Fish issuing out of their Vases.

IN the four great Angles of the Cieling, which are over the Arches of the Galleries, are the four Elements, as *Fire*, *Air*, *Earth* and *Water*, represented by *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Cybele* and *Neptune*, with their lesser Deities accompanying, as *Vulcan*, *Iris*, the *Fauni*, *Amphitrite*, with all their proper Attitudes, &c.

AT one end of the great Oval is a large Figure of *Fame* descending, riding on the Winds, and sounding forth the Praises of the Royal Pair.

ALL the Sides of the Hall are adorned with fluted Pilasters, Trophies of Shells, Corals, Pearls; the Jambs of the Windows ornamented with Roses empanel'd, or the *Opus reticulatum* heightened with green Gold.

THE whole raises in the Spectator the most lively Images of Glory and Victory, and cannot

cannot be beheld without much Passion and Emotion.

N. B. Sir James Bateman was the first Proposer and the first Benefactor to this Cieling.



N° 34. *Thursday, May 13.*

—*Waking Life appears a Dream.*

Rosamond.

REPROACH is of all things the most painful to Lovers, especially to Us of the Platonick kind, this makes it excessively grievous to me, that a Paper, tho' a very dull one, called the *Monitor*, accuses me of Writing obscenely. He is a stupid Fellow, and does not understand, that the same Object, according to the Artist who represents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked Figures, by a Masterly Hand, are so drawn, sometimes, as to be incapable of exciting immodest Thoughts. I have, in my Paper of *May* the 6th, spoken of an Amour that owes its beginning, and makes it self necessary to be lawfully consummated, from an Accident of a Lady's falling Topsie-turvie: Upon which this heavy Rogue says, *Is this suffer'd in a Christian Country?* Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when such awkward Tools as he pretend to meddle with the same Subject: None but Persons extreamly well-bred ought to touch Ladies Petticoats; but I aver, that I have said

nothing to offend the most Chast and Delicate, and all who read that Passage may be very innocent ; and the Lady of the Story may be a very good Christian, though she did not in her Appearance differ from an Heathen, when she fell upon her Head. We who follow *Plato*, or are engaged in the high Passion, can see a Lady's Ankle with as much Indifference as her Wrist : We are so inwardly taken up, that the same Ideas do not spring in our Imaginations, as do with the common World ; we are made gentle, soft, courteous and harmless, from the Force of the *belle Passion* ; of which Coarse Dunces, with an Appetite for Women, like that they have for Beef, have no Conception.

AS I gave an Account the other Day of my passing a Day at *Greenwich* with much Delight in beholding a Piece of Painting of Mr. *Thornbill's*, which is an Honour to our Nation ; I shall now give an Account of my passing yesterday Morning, an Hour before Dinner, in a Place where People may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good Taste. They will certainly be well pleased, for they will have unavoidable Opportunities of seeing what they most like, in the most various and agreeable Shapes and Positions, I mean their own dear selves. The Place I am going to mention is Mr. *Gumley's* Glass Gallery over the *New Exchange*. I little thought I shou'd ever in the *Lover* have occasion to talk of such a thing as Trade ; but when a Man walks in that illustrious Room, and reflects what incredible Improvement our Artificers of *England* have made in the

Manu-

Manufacture of Glass in thirty Years time, and can suppose such an Alteration of our Affairs in other Parts of Commerce, it is demonstrable that the Nations who are possessed of Mines of Gold, are but Drudges to a People, whose Arts and Industry, with other Advantages natural to us, may make it self the Shop of the World. We are arrived at such Perfection in this Ware, of which I am speaking, that it is not in the Power of any Potentate in *Europe*, to have so beautiful a Mirror as he may purchase here for a Trifle, by all the Cost and Charge that he can lay out in his Dominions. It is a modest Computation, that *England* gains fifty thousand Pounds a Year by exporting this Commodity for the Service of Foreign Nations: The whole owing to the Inquisitive and Mechanick, as well as liberal Genius of the late Duke of *Buckingham*. This prodigious Effect by the Art of Man, from Parts of Nature that are as unlikely to produce it, as one would suppose a Man could burn common Earth to a Tulip, opens a Field of Contemplation which would lead me too far from my Purpose, which is only to celebrate the agreeable Oeconomy of placing the several Wares to Sale, in the Gallery of which I am talking. No Imagination can work up a more pleasing Assemblage of beautiful things, to set off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the midst of the Walk are set in Order a long Row of rich Tables, on many of which lie Cabinets inlaid or wholly made of Corals, Conchs, Ambers, or the like parts of Matter which Nature seems to have formed wholly to shew the Beauty of her

Works, and to have thrown and distinguished from the Mass of Earth, as she does by great Gifts and Endowments those Spirits and Persons of Men and Women whom she designs to make Instruments of great Consideration in the Crowd of her People. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my Companion, that this Method was not taken up when the *Indian Kings* were lately in *England*. The Surprise such Appearances as these would put them into, would have been as great as a new Sense added to one of us. To see the things about us so placed, as that three or four Persons can to the Eye, in an Instant, become a large Assembly! You cannot move or do any the least indifferent Action, in a Limb, or part of your Body, but you vary the Scene around with additional Pleasure: Among other Circumstances, I could not but be pleased to see a Lap-Dog at a Loss, for an Instant, for his Lady, and beginning to run to the Image of her in a Glass, till he was driven back by himself, whom he saw running towards him. The poor Animal corrected his Mistake, by tracing her Footsteps by his Sense less subject to Mistake, and arrived at her Feet, to the no small Diversion of the Company who saw it, and the Envy of several fine Gentlemen, whom the odd Accident diverted from looking at themselves, to behold the beauteous *Bellamira*.

IT would be an Arrogance to pretend to convey distinctly by the Ear, a Pleasure that should come in at the Eye; but my gentle Reader will thank me for many pleasing Thoughts he or she had not ever had before, in

in a Place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a Foreign Nation. About forty Years ago it was the Fashion for all the Gallants of the Town, the Wits and the Braves, to walk in the *New Exchange* below to shew themselves. What an Happiness have those whose Fortunes and Humours are capable of receiving Gratifications in this Place, that such a Scene was displayed in their Lifetime! The Learned have not more Reason to rejoice, that they live in the same Days with *Newton*, than the Gay, the Delicate, and the Curious in Luxury of Dress and Furniture have, that there has appeared in their time my honest Friend and polite Director of Artificers, Mr. *Gumley*.



Nº 35. Saturday, May 15.

— — — — — 'tis confess,
The Men who flatter highest, please us best.
 Helen to Paris, Ovid's *Epistles*.

I Shall make the following Letters the Entertainment of this Day, and recommend the Contents of the first in a more particular manner to the serious Consideration of all my Female Readers.

Dear MARMADUKE,

‘**T**HO’ you have treated the fair Sex with
 ‘ an Air of Distinction suitable to the
 K 4 Cha-

‘ Character you bear, I presume you will make
‘ no Scruple to admonish them of any Faults,
‘ by the Amendment of which they may still
‘ become more amiable. What I complain
‘ to you of, is from my own Experience.
‘ My Case is this.

‘ *MIRANDA* is in the bloom of Six-
‘ teen, and shines in all the Beauties of her Sex.
‘ Her Face, her Shape, her Mein, her Wit,
‘ surprise and engage all who have the Happi-
‘ ness to know her. *Miranda* is the Idol of
‘ my Heart, the Object of all my Hopes and
‘ Fears. None of her Actions are indifferent
‘ to me. Every Look and Motion gives me
‘ either Pleasure or Pain. I have omitted no
‘ reasonable Methods to convince her of the
‘ Greatness of my Passion, yet as she is one
‘ with whom I propose to pass the Remain-
‘ der of my Life, I cannot forbear mixing the
‘ Sincerity of the Friend with the Tenderness
‘ of the Lover. In short, Sir, I am one of
‘ those unfortunate Men, who think young
‘ Women ought to be treated like Rational
‘ Creatures. I forbear therefore to launch out
‘ into all the usual Excesses of Flattery and Ro-
‘ mance; to make her a Goddess, and my self
‘ a Madman; to give up all my Senses and
‘ Reason to be moulded and informed as she
‘ thinks proper.

‘ FROM hence arise all our Differences.
‘ *Miranda* is one of those fashionable Ladies,
‘ who expecting an implicit Faith from their
‘ Admirers, are impatient and affronted at the
‘ least shew of Contradiction.

‘ AS

AS she was lately reading the Works of a celebrated Author, who has thought fit to represent himself in his Writings under the Character of an old Man, she was pleased to observe, that it was very uncommon to see a Person at Fourscore have so lively a Fancy, and so brisk an Imagination. I could not help informing her upon this Occasion that I had frequently had the Honour to Drink a Glass with the Gentleman, and that to my certain Knowledge he was not yet turned of Forty. Instead of thanking me for setting her right in this Particular, she immediately took Fire, and asked me with a Frown, *Whether that was my Breeding to contradict a Lady?* You must know, Sir, this Question usually puts an end to all our Disputes. A little while after she desired my Opinion of her Lap-dog, and I had no sooner unfortunately observed, that his Ears were somewhat of the shortest, than she roundly asked me, *Whether I designed that for a Compliment?* I took the Freedom from hence, in an honest plain way, to expose the Weakness and Folly of being delighted with Flattery, to tell her that Ladies ought not always to be complimented, to enumerate the Inconveniencies it often leads them into, to make her sensible of the ill Designs Men generally aim at by it, and the mean Opinion they must entertain of those who are delighted with it. All this would not do; I could not get one kind Look from her that Night.

I have told you already, that I have used all reasonable Methods to convince her of

' my Passion, and I am sure I have the Preference in her Esteem to all other Pretenders.
 ' She knows I love, and, in spight of all her Arts to hide it, I know I am beloved: Yet, from these little Differences, and a certain Coquet Humour which makes her delight to see her Lover uneasie, tho' at the same time she torments her self, I have often despaired of our ever coming together. I thought however the following Verses, which I presented to her Yesterday, made some Impression on her; and if she sees you think them tolerable enough to allow them a Place in your Paper, I am in hopes they may help to hasten the happy Day.

I.

Tell me, Miranda, why should I
 Lament and languish, pine and die?
 While you, regardless of my Pain,
 Seem pleas'd to bear your Slave complain.

II.

Dame Eve, unskill'd in Female Arts
 And modern Ways of tort'ring Hearts,
 No sooner saw her Spark than lov'd,
 Confess'd her Flame, and his approv'd.

III.

Nature still breaks through all Disguise,
 Glows in your Cheeks, and rules your Eyes.
 Love trembles in your Hands and Heart,
 Your panting Breasts proclaim his Dart.

IV. No

IV.

*No more, Miranda, then be coy,
No longer keep us both from Joy;
No longer study to conceal
What all your Actions thus reveal.*

I am, Dear Marmaduke,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant.

Mr. MYRTLE,

“ I Send you the enclosed Letter, which I
“ have lately received from a young Tem-
“ plar who is my Humble Servant. I desire
“ you would inform me, whether what he
“ asserts be Law or Equity. His Letter runs
“ thus.

Madam,

“ HAPPENING lately to be in Com-
“ pany with a venerable Lady who
“ has a very large Fortune, I was so complai-
“ sant to ask her if she would allow me to do
“ her the Honour to make her a Wife? She
“ was so kind to ask me again, whether I was
“ in Jest or Earnest? upon my repeating the
“ Question, she returned my Civility, and
“ told me, she thought I was mad. But up-
“ on my third Application she consented,
“ that is, she told me positively she would
“ never have me. This I take for an absolute
“ Promise, having been frequently informed,
“ that Womens Answers in such Cases are to
“ be interpreted backwards.

“ I have consulted a Proctor in *Doctors*
“ *Commons*, who seems to be of Opinion
“ that

“ that it has the full Force of a Contract, and
“ that (having Witness of it) I might recover half her Fortune, should she offer to
“ marry any one else.

“ I mention this, Madam, not only to let
“ you see that I can have the same Encouragement elsewhere which you give me, but to
“ admonish you how much Care you ought
“ to take of promising any other Man Marriage, by declaring positively that you will
“ never have him, except

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

Tom. Truelove.



Nº 36. *Tuesday, May 18.*

Concubitu prohibere vago. — Hor.

I Have heard it objected, by several Persons, against my Papers, that they are apt to kindle Love in young Hearts, and inflame the Sexes with a Desire for one another; I am so far from denying this Charge, that I shall make no Scruple to own it is the chief End of my Writing. *Love* is a Passion of the Mind (perhaps the noblest) which was planted in it by the same Hand that created it. We ought to be so far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we should rather make it our Business to keep it up and cherish it. Our

Our chief Care must be to fix this, as well as our other Passions, upon proper Objects, and to direct it to a right End.

FOR this Reason, as I have ever shewn my self a Friend to Honourable Love, I have constantly discountenanced all vicious Passions. Tho' the several Sorts of these are each of them highly Criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another Man's Bed is by far of the blackest Dye.

THE excellent Author of *The whole Duty of Man*, has given us a very lively Picture of this Crime, with all those melancholly Circumstances that must necessarily attend it. One must indeed wonder to see it punished so lightly among civilized Nations, when even the most Barbarous have regarded it with the utmost Horror and Detestation. I was lately entertained with a Story to this Purpose, which was told me by one of my Friends who was himself upon the Place when the thing happened.

IN an Out-Plantation, upon the Borders of *Potuxen* a River in *Maryland*, there lived a Planter, who was Master of a great Number of *Negro* Slaves. The Increase of these poor Creatures is always an Advantage to the Planters, their Children being born Slaves; for which Reason the Owners are very well pleased, when any of them marry. Among these *Negroes* there happened to be two; who had always lived together and contracted an intimate Friendship, which went on for several Years in an uninterrupted Course. Their Joys and their Griefs were mutual; their Confidence in each other was intire; Distrust and Suspicion

Suspicion were Passions they had no Notion of. The one was a Batchelor; the other married to a Slave of his own Complexion, by whom he had several Children. It happened that the Head of this small Family rose early one Morning, on a leisure Day, to go far into the Woods a hunting, in order to entertain his Wife and Children at Night with some Provisions better than ordinary. The Batchelor Slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a Passion for his Friend's Wife; which, from the Sequel of the Story, we may conclude, he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The Impatience of his Desires prompted him to take this Opportunity, of the Husband's Absence, to practise upon the Weakness of the Woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his Attempt. The Hunter, who found his Prey much nearer home than usual, returned some Hours sooner than was expected, loaden with the Spoils of the Day, and full of the pleasing Thoughts of feasting and rejoicing with his Family, over the Fruits of his Labour. Upon his entering his Shed, the first Objects that struck his Eyes were, his Wife and his Friend asleep in the Embraces of each other. A Man acquainted with the Passions of human Nature will easily conceive the Astonishment, the Rage, and the Despair, that overpower'd the poor *Indian* at once; He burst out into Lamentations and Reproaches; and tore his Hair like one distracted. His Cries and broken Accents awakened the guilty Couple; whose Shame and Confusion were equal to the Agonies of the injured. After a considerable Pause of Silence

on

on both Sides, he expostulated with his Friend in Terms like these: My Wrongs are greater than I am able to express; and far too great for me to bear. My Wife — But I blame not her. After a long and lasting Friendship, exercised under all the Hardships and Severities of a most irksome Captivity; after mutual repeated Instances of Affection and Fidelity; could I suspect my Friend, my Bosom-Friend should prove a Traitor? I thought my self happy, even in Bondage, in the Enjoyment of such a Friend and such a Wife; but cannot bear the Thoughts of Life with Liberty, after having been so basely betrayed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at Rest; live and enjoy your Crime. Adieu. Having said this, he turned away and went out, with a Resolution to dye immediately. The guilty *Negro* followed him, touched with the quickest Sense of Remorse for his Treachery. 'Tis I alone (said he) that am guilty; and I alone, who am not fit to live. Let me intreat you to forgive your Wife, who was overcome by my Importunities. I promise never to give either of you the least Disquiet for the future: Live and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this Night; and to Morrow you shall be satisfied. Here they both wept, and parted. When the Husband went out in the Morning to his Work, the first thing he saw was his Friend hanging upon the Bough of a Tree before the Cabbin-Door.

IF the Wretches of this Nation, who set up for Men of Wit and Gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous Remorse of this poor

poor Slave, upon the like Occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of Equipage in Town.

METHINKS there should be a general Confederacy amongst all honest Men to exclude from Society, and to brand with the blackest Note of Infamy, those Miscreants, who make it the Busines of their Lives to get into Families, and to estrange the Affections of the Wife from the Husband. There is something so very base and so Inhuman in this modish Wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest Liberty of the *Ancient Comedy* were restor'd ; and that Offenders in this kind might be exposed by their Names in our publick Theatres. Under such a Discipline, we should see those who now glory in the Ruin of deluded Women, reduced to withdraw themselves from the just Resentments of their Countrymen and Fellow Citizens.



Nº 37. Thursday, May 20.

*What Pains! what racking Thoughts be proves,
Who lives remov'd from her be loves.*

Congreve.

MY own unhappy Passion for Mrs. Page has made me extremely sensible of all the Distresses occasioned by Love. I have often reflected what could be the Cause, that while we see the most worthless

less part of Mankind every Day succeeding in their Attempts, while we see those Wretches whose Hearts are utterly incapable of this noble Passion, appear stupid and senseless amidst the Caresses of the Fair; we cannot but observe, that the noblest and greatest Flames which have been kindled in the Breasts of Men of Sense and Merit, have seldom met with a due Return.

AS the Thoughts of those who have been thoroughly in Love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been sometimes tempted to think, that Providence never designing we should fix our Thoughts of Happiness altogether here, will not allow us to taste so large a Share of it as we must necessarily do in the Enjoyment of an Object on which all the Passions of our Soul have been placed, and to which all the Faculties of our Mind have been long aspiring.

IT is certain, however, that without having Recourse to a superior Power, there are several Accidents which naturally happen on these Occasions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good Account why the greatest Passions are usually unsuccessful. It has been long since observed by a celebrated French Writer, that it is much easier for a Man to succeed who only feigns a Passion, than for one who is truly and desperately in Love. The first is still Master of himself, and can watch all the Turns and Revolutions in the Temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own Passion to attend any thing else; It is with difficulty he can even perswade himself to

to speak, when he finds every thing he can say so short of what he feels, and that his Conceptions are too tender to be expressed by Words. The Fair, generally speaking, are not sufficiently sensible of the Value they ought to put upon such a Passion, nor consider how strong that Love must be which shall throw the most Eloquent into the utmost Confusion before them. *Flavia* is an unhappy Instance of what I am observing; she was courted at once by *Tom Trifle*, and *Octavio*; the first could entertain her with his Love, with the same Indifference he talked on any other Occasion, and with great Serenity of Mind make a Digression from what he was saying, either to play with her Lap dog, or give his Opinion of a Suit of Knots. *Octavio*, when Fortune favoured him with an Opportunity of declaring himself, was often struck Speechless in the midst of a Sentence, and could for some time express himself no other way than by pressing her Hand and dropping a Tear. *Flavia* having duly weighed the Merit of both, married *Trifle*. His Unkindness to her after Marriage, his Inability for any thing of Business, and Carelessness in relation to his Fortune, soon plunged her into so many unhappy Circumstances, that she had long since sunk under the weight of them, had she not been constantly supported by the Interest and Assistance of the generous *Octavio*.

BUT besides the Reasons I have already assigned for the ill Success of the most deserving Passions, there is one which I must not omit. It is the Unhappiness of too many Women

men of Fortune and Merit (from a distrust of their own Judgment) to submit themselves entirely to the Direction of others, and rely too much on those Friendships they have contracted with some of their own Sex. These Female Acquaintance either immediately form some Design of their own upon them, in order to accomplish which every other Proposal is discouraged, or from a Spice of Envy, too incident to the Sex, cannot endure to see them ardently beloved, or think of having them pass their Days in the Arms of a Man who they are sensible would make it the Business of his Life to oblige them.

I have been led more particularly into the Subject of my present Paper, by the unhappy Passion of poor *Philander*. *Philander*, though of an Age which the greatest part of our Youth think fit to waste in all the Excesses of Luxury and Debauchery, has laid it out in furnishing his Mind with the most noble and manly Notions of Wisdom and Virtue. He has not at the same time forgot to make himself Master of all those little Accomplishments which the Polite have agreed to think necessary for a well-bred Man, and is equally qualified for the most important Affairs, or the most gay Conversation. A perfect Knowledge of the World has made him for a long time look with the utmost Contempt on that insipid part of the Female Sex, who are skilled in nothing but Dress and Vanity. His Heart remained untouched amidst a thousand Beauties, till a particular Accident first brought him to the Knowledge of the lovely, the virtuous *Emilia*. *Emilia*, with a Fortune that might

might command the Vanities of Life, has shewn that she has a Mind infinitely above them. Her Beauty serves but as the Varnish to her Virtues, while with a graceful Innocence peculiar to her, she declares, that if ever she becomes a Wife, she has no Ambition to be a Gawdy Slave, but shall prefer substantial Happiness to empty Shew. *Philander* saw, and loved her with a Passion equal to so much Desert: His Birth and Fortune must have entitled him at least to a favourable hearing, had not his Love given the Alarm to the Designs of a She Friend. There is something at all times highly barbarous in aspersing the absent, even where the Cause is doubtful; but the malicious Creature, who takes it upon her to be *Emilia's* Directress, is foolish enough to charge *Philander* with being deficient in those very things for which he is more remarkably conspicuous: As I am a constant Patron to virtuous Love, I am in hopes however, that should this Paper reach *Emilia*, she will be so just to her self, to be her own Judge in a Cause of this Consequence; since, as a celebrated Author observes, it is very certain, that a generous and constant Passion, in an agreeable Lover, is the greatest Blessing that can happen to the most deserving of her Sex; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

Saturday,



Nº 38. Saturday, May 22.

— *Scribere Jussit Amor.*

Ovid.

I Shall make this Paper consist of one or two Letters. The first is from *Philander* to *Emilia*, but was probably intercepted by the Good-natured *Direstress* whom I mentioned in my last. There is so much Love and Sincerity through the whole, as must have affected the most stubborn Temper.

Philander to Emilia.

Madam,

‘ I F you judge of my Passion only by what
‘ I said, when I had last the Honour to
‘ see you, you very much injure a Heart like
‘ mine, that is filled with Sentiments too
‘ lively, too tender to be expressed. I hardly
‘ know indeed what I said. What I very
‘ well remember is, that I was all Love and
‘ all Confusion, that I found it more difficult
‘ to speak before the Woman I was born to
‘ admire, than I have formerly done before the
‘ largest Assemblies.

‘ A T the same time I must confess, I was
‘ not a little amazed at being so often inter-
‘ rupted by a Creature, whom the most com-
‘ mon

‘ mon Rules of Civility ought to have kept
‘ at a much greater Distance. I must own,
‘ Madam, I was perfectly at a Loss how to
‘ behave my self on such an Occasion, and
‘ whether I ought to stifle my Resentments,
‘ or give way to them, while I was so
‘ near a Person whom I had rather die than
‘ offend.

‘ AS to the business of Fortune between
‘ us, I have no other Proposal to make, but
‘ that I may put my whole Estate into the
‘ Hands of your Council, to be settled after
‘ any manner which you think will make you
‘ most easie. I hope I have long since re-
‘ solved that my Carriage shall be such, if ever
‘ I have the Honour to be called your Hus-
‘ band, as shall unite our Interests by the su-
‘ rest Tie, I mean that of *Affection*. Give
‘ me leave to assure you, Madam, with a
‘ Freedom which I think my self obliged to
‘ use on so serious an Occasion, that even as
‘ beautiful as you are, I could never be con-
‘ tented with your Person without your
‘ *Heart*. All I desire is, that I may have
‘ leave to try if my utmost Endeavours to
‘ please and deserve you, can make any Impres-
‘ sion on it. I only beg I may be allowed to
‘ explain my self at large on this Head, tho'
‘ at the same time, to confess the Truth,
‘ Madam, I cannot help entertaining a vain
‘ Hope, that Providence had a much more
‘ than ordinary Influence in my first seeing
‘ you, and that I shall act with so much Truth
‘ and Sincerity in my Pretensions to you, as
‘ may possibly move you to think, that though
‘ I can never fully deserve you, I am much
‘ too

‘ too sincere to be slighted. Vouchsafe, Madam, to hear me, and either root out this foolish Notion by a frank and generous Denial, or bless me with an Opportunity of dedicating my whole Life to your Service, and doing whatever the Heart of Man can be inspired with, when it is filled at once with *Gratitude and Love.* I am,

Madam,

With infinite Passion,

Your most Devoted,

Most Obedient Humble Servant, &c.

THE next Letter was sent me last Week by a Lady whose Case is truly deplorable, if it is really such as she here represents it. I shall insert it, as she desires, for the sake of the Moral at the end of it.

S I R,

‘ I Am perhaps the most unfortunate Woman living. My Story in short is this. ‘ *Cinthio*—Pardon those Tears that will fall upon this Paper at the sight of his Name— I would tell you that I was long and passionately beloved by him— But how can I describe the Greatness, the Sincerity of his Passion! What Pains did he not take, What Method did he omit, to shew how much he valued me? I must have been the worst, the most foolish of my Sex, to have been insensible to so much Truth and Merit.

‘ I

‘ I loved the dear, the unhappy Youth, with
‘ a Passion not inferior to his own; but out
‘ of a foolish Reserve, which our silly Sex
‘ seldom know when they ought to keep up,
‘ and when lay aside, I rather chose to re-
‘ ceive his Messages, and send him his An-
‘ swers, by a Female Confident, than to see
‘ him my self. *Doria* (for so I shall call the
‘ Wretch) had long been a common Friend
‘ to us both; she had a thousand times talked
‘ to me of *Cinthio*, with all those Praises he so
‘ truly deserved; when one Day she came to
‘ me and with a seeming Anguish of Mind
‘ told me, that *Cinthio* was the worst of Men,
‘ and had basely betrayed me. It would be too
‘ tedious to give you an Account of the Fact
‘ she charged him with. I shall only inform
‘ you, that there happened at that time to be
‘ so many unlucky Circumstances, which
‘ made what she had told me look like Truth
‘ that I could not help believing her. She
‘ found the way to work up my Passion to
‘ such a height, that I made a Vow never to
‘ see him or receive a Message from him
‘ more; and within a Fortnight after, by her
‘ Instigation, took a Man for my Husband
‘ whom I could neither Love nor Hate. I
‘ was no sooner Married, than I was fully
‘ convinced my *Cyntbio* had been abused. Af-
‘ ter I had for some Days endured the sharpest
‘ Pangs of Rage, Despair, Jealousie and Love,
‘ I composed my self just enough to send him
‘ word that I was satisfied of his Innocence;
‘ but conjured him, if he had ever loved, to
‘ avoid seeing me. I was this Afternoon ob-
‘ liged to go to a near Relation’s. The first
‘ Person

‘ Person I fix’d my Eyes on when I came in-
‘ to the Room was *Cynthio*, who immediate-
‘ ly burst into a Flood of Tears, made a low
‘ Bow, and retired.

‘ I had much ado to forbear Fainting,
‘ but am got home, and am this Moment en-
‘ during such Torments as no Words can
‘ give a Notion of. I am undone; but be-
‘ fore my Senses are quite lost, I send you
‘ this, that it may for the future be observed
‘ as a constant Rule by my unhappy Sex, *Ne-*
‘ *ver to condemn a Lover, however guilty*
‘ *he may at first appear, 'till they have at least*
‘ *given him an Opportunity of justifying himself.*

I am, SIR,

The most unhappy of Women,

J.C.

P. S. ‘ I had like to have omitted inform-
‘ ing you, that when I sent a Letter, in the
‘ Anguish of my Soul, to the Wretch above
‘ described, to desire I might know why she
‘ had ruined me, I received the following
‘ Answer.

Dear Jenny,

“ **T**HE Fellow you mention talked so
“ perpetually about you, and took so
“ little Notice of any Body else, that I could
“ at last no longer endure him. I plainly
“ foresaw, that if you had ever come toge-
“ ther, you would have been Company for
“ none but your selves; for which Reason I
“ took Care to have you marry a Man with
“ whom, if I am not mistaken, you may

L

“ live

" live as other Women generally do with
" Husbands.

I am yours, &c.



Nº 39. *Tuesday, May 25.*

Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ————— Hor.

SINCE I have given publick Notice of my Abode, I have had many Visits from unfortunate Fellow-Sufferers who have been crossed in Love as well as my self.

WILL. WORMWOOD, who is related to me by my Mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my Advice. *Will.* is a Fellow of good Sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a Man of so refined an Understanding, that he can set a Construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a Civility into an Affront. He groans under imaginary Injuries, finds himself abus'd by his Friends, and fancies the whole World in a kind of Combination against him. In short, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the Spleen: You may be sure a Man of this Humour makes a very whimsical Lover. Be that as it will, he is now over Head and Ears in that Passion, and by a very curious Interpretation of his Mistress's Behaviour, has in less than three Months reduced himself to a perfect Skeleton. As her Fortune is inferior to his,

she

she gives him all the Encouragement another Man could wish, but has the Mortification to find that her Lover still Sowers upon her Hands. *Will.* is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reserved, or too coming. A kind Word, that would make another Lover's Heart dance for Joy, Pangs poor *Will.* and makes him lie awake all Night— As I was going on with *Will. Wormwood's* Amour, I received a Present from my Bookseller, which I found to be *The Characters of Theophrastus*, Translated from the Greek into *English* by Mr. Budgell.

IT was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this Translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, 'till I had gone thro' the whole Book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a Chapter in it, Entituled, *A Discontented Temper*, which gives a livelier Picture of my Cousin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him my self. It is as follows,

C H A P. XVII.

A Discontented Temper.

‘A Discontented Temper, is *A frame of Mind which sets a Man upon Complaining without reason.* When one of his Neighbours who makes an Entertainment, sends a Servant to him with a Plate of any thing that is Nice, *What, says he, your Master did not think me good enough to dine with him?* He complains of his Mistress at the very time she is careressing him; and when

‘ she redoubles her Kisses and Endearments,
‘ *I wish*, says he, *all this came from your Heart.*
‘ In a dry Season he grumbles for want of
‘ Rain, and when a Shower falls, mutters to
‘ himself, *Why could not this have come sooner?*
‘ If he happens to find a Purse of Money,
‘ *Had it it been a Pot of Gold*, says he, *it would*
‘ *have been worth stooping for.* He takes a
‘ great deal of Pains to beat down the Price
‘ of a Slave; and after he has paid his Money
‘ for him, *I am sure*, says he, *Thou art good*
‘ *for nothing, or I should not have had thee so*
‘ *cheap.* When a Messenger comes with
‘ great Joy to acquaint him that his Wife is
‘ brought to bed of a Son, he answers, *That*
‘ *is as much as to say, Friend, I am poorer by*
‘ *half to day than I was yesterday.* Tho’ he
‘ has gain’d a Causē with full Costs and Da-
‘ mages, he complains that his Council did
‘ not insist upon the most material Points. If
‘ after any Misfortune has befallen him, his
‘ Friends raise a voluntary Contribution for
‘ him, and desire him to be Merry, *How is*
‘ *that possible*, says he, *when I am to pay eve-*
‘ *ry one of you his Money again, and be obli-*
‘ *ged to you into the Bargain?*

THE Instances of a discontented Temper
which *Theophrastus* has here made use of, like
those which he singles out to illustrate the rest
of his Characters, are chosen with the greatest
Nicety, and full of Humour. His Strokes
are always fine and exquisite, and tho’ they
are not sometimes violent enough to affect
the Imagination of a course Reader, cannot
but give the highest Pleasure to every Man of

a refined Taste, who has a thorough Insight into Human Nature.

AS for the Translation, I have never seen any of a Prose Author which has pleased me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the Publick with it, has followed the Rule which *Horace* has laid down for Translators, by preserving every where the Life and Spirit of his Author, without servilely copying after him Word for Word. This is what the *French*, who have most distinguished themselves by Performances of this Nature, so often inculcate when they advise a Translator to find out such particular Elegances in his own Tongue as bear some Analogy to those he sees in the Original, and to express himself by such Phrases as his Author would probably have made use of, had he written in the Language into which he is translated. By this Means, as well as by throwing in a lucky Word, or a short Circumstance, the Meaning of *Theophrastus* is all along explained, and the Humour very often carried to a greater height. A Translator, who does not thus consider the different Genius of the two Languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel Turns of Thoughts and Expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a *faithful Interpreter*; but in Works of Wit and Humour will never do Justice to his Author, or Credit to himself.

AS this is every where a judicious and a reasonable Liberty, I see no Chapter in *Theophrastus*, where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the Character of the *Sloven*. I find the

Translator himself, tho' he has taken Pains to qualifie it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the Description. The Reader will see with how much *Delicacy* he has touched upon every Particular, and cast into Shades every thing that was shocking in so Nauseous a Figure.

C H A P. XIX.

A SLOVEN.

‘ SLOVENLINESS is such a Neglect of a Man’s Person, as makes him Offensive to other People. The Sloven comes into Company with a dirty Pair of Hands, and a set of long Nails at the end of them, and tells you for an excuse, that his Father and Grandfather used to do so before him. However, that he may out-go his Fore-Fathers, his Fingers are covered with Warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a Goat, and takes Care to let you see it. His Teeth and Breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at Table after a very extroardinary manner, and takes in a Meal at a Mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the Company. In Drinking he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the Bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his Oyl, and distinguish him when he is dress’d by the spots in his Coat. He does not stand upon Decency in Conversation, but will talk Smut, tho’ a Priest and his Mother be in the Room. He commits a Blunder in the most solemn Offices of

‘ De-

' Devotion, and afterwards fall a laughing
 ' at it. At a Consort of Musick he breaks in
 ' upon the Performance, hums over the Tune
 ' to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the
 ' Musicians *Whether they will never have done?*
 ' He always spits at random, and if he is at
 ' an Entertainment, 'tis ten to one but it is
 ' upon the Servant who stands behind him.

THE foregoing Translation brings to my
 Remembrance that excellent Observation of
 my Lord Roscommon's,

*None yet have been with Admiration read,
 But who (beside their Learning) were Well-bred.*
Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse.

IF after this the Reader can endure the filthi-
 Representation of the same Figure expo-
 sed in its worst Light, he may see how it looks
 in the former *English* Version, which was Pu-
 blished some Years since, and is done from
 the *French* of *Bruyere*.

Nastiness or Slovenliness.

' SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and
 ' beastly Negligence of a Man's own Per-
 ' son, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to
 ' be offensive to those about him. You'll see
 ' him come into Company when he is co-
 ' ver'd all over with a Leprosy and Scurf,
 ' and with very long Nails, and says, those
 ' Distempers were hereditary, that his Father
 ' and Grandfather had them before him. He
 ' has Ulcers in his Thighs, and Boils upon
 ' his Hands, which he takes no care to have

‘ cured, but lets them run on till they are
‘ gone beyond Remedy. His Arm-pits are
‘ all hairy, and most part of his Body like a
‘ Wild Beast. His Teeth are black and rot-
‘ ten, which makes his Breath stink so that
‘ you cannot endure him to come nigh you;
‘ he will also snuff up his Nose and spit it
‘ out as he eats, and uses to speak with his
‘ Mouth cramm’d full, and lets his Victuals
‘ come out at both Corners. He belches in
‘ the Cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stink-
‘ ing Oyl in the Bath. He will intrude in-
‘ to the best Company in sordid ragged Cloaths.
‘ If he goes with his Mother to the South-
‘ fayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked
‘ and prophane Expressions. When he is ma-
‘ king his Oblations at the Temple, he will
‘ let the Dish drop out of his Hand, and fall
‘ a laughing, as if he had done some brave
‘ Exploit. At the finest Consort of Musick
‘ he can’t forbear clapping his Hands, and
‘ making a rude Noise; will pretend to sing
‘ along with them, and fall a Railing at them
‘ to leave off. Sitting at Table, he spits full
‘ upon the Servants who waited there.

I cannot close this Paper without observing, That if Gentlemen of Leisure and Genius would take the same Pains upon some other *Greek* or *Roman* Author, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our Booksellers, who set their Hackney-Writers at Work for so much a Sheet. The World would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an Author into *English*, and *Translating* him.

Thursday,

N^o 40. *Thursday, May 27.*

— *Nec tarda senectus*
Debilitat vires — — — Virg.

THE Bosom into which Love enters, inclines the Person who is inspired with it, with a Goodness towards all with whom he converses, more extensive than even that which is instilled by Charity. I pretend to so much of this noble Paffion, as feldom to overlook the Excellencies of other Men; and I forgive Mrs. *Page* all the Pangs my Paffion has given me, since, tho' I am never to have her, all other Persons are become more agreeable to me, from the large good Will, the beginning of which I owe to the Admiration of her. There are no Excellencies of Mind or Body in any Person that comes before me, which escape my Observation, and I take great Pleasure in divulging my Sense of them.

I must confess, Entertainments of the Neighbouring Theatre frequently engage my Evenings; I do not take it to be a Condescension, that some of my Papers are but Paraphrases upon Play-Bills. I have grown old in the Observation of the Feats of Activity and Genius for intelligent Movements, which I have always loved in my old Acquaintance *Jo. Prince*, who is to entertain us on *Monday* next

next with several new Inventions, wherein he has expressed the Compass and Variety of his excellent Talent. One of those Diversions he calls the *Rattle*, from the *Harlequin*, irregular and comick Movements with which it is performed; another, which he hath termed the *Looby*, is performed by himself, bearing a *Prong*, and Mrs. *Bicknall* managing a *Rake* with as much Beauty (tho' a little higher Dancing) as an *Arcadian Shepherdess*. The next Dance he will give us is very aptly called the *Innocent*, to be performed by Mrs. *Younger*, a genteel Movement, consisting of a *Sarabrand* and *Jigg*, to represent both the Simplicity and Gaiety of that Character.

THE fourth A^tt will be followed by a Motion contrived to represent the Midnight Mirth of Linkboys; the Dance is very Humorous, and well imagined.

HIS Play concludes with what they call a Figure Dance, performed by an Elegant Assembly of Gentlemen and Ladies, and is as much different from any of the preceding Movements, as the Stile of a Poem is above that of a Ballad.

BUT I must turn my Thoughts from this Performer, to a Person who has also diverted many different Generations on the Theatre, but in a much higher Sphere; to wit, in the Character of a Poet. The Person whom I am about to mention is the Celebrated Mr. *d'Urfey*, who has had the Fate of all great Authors, to have met with much Envy and Opposition; but the sagacious part of Mankind ward (as soon as they begin to grow conspicuous) themselves against the Envious,

by

by representing the Nobility of their Birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the Writings of my Friend against the Malice of Criticks, by shewing how Antient a Gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to show those who pretend to cavil at my Friend's Writings, that his Ancestors made a greater Figure in the World, nay in the Learned World, than their own.

Monsieur Perrault, the famous French Academist, in his Memoirs of the Worthies of France, gives this Testimony of the House of d'Urfe.

‘ *HONORIUS d'Urfe*, says he, Cadet of the Illustrious House of *d'Urfe*, ‘ in the Province of *Forrest*, was chosen Knight of *Malta*, and discharged the *Devoirs* of his Profession, with all the Bravery and all the Exactness it could require.

‘ HE had two Brothers, the Eldest of which married the Heiress of *Chatteaumont*; but the Marriage afterwards being declared Null, by Reason of his Insufficiency, he became Religious, and died Prior of *Mountverdon*, and Dean of the Chapter of *St. John de Mountbriffon*.

‘ THE second Brother was Master of the Horse to the Duke of *Savoy*, and liv'd to be above One Hundred Years old.

‘ *HONORIUS* was very much admired for many noble and witty Performances; but what principally obliges us to put him into the Number of our Illustrious Men, ‘ was

‘ was the Beauty and Fertility which appears
‘ with so much Splendor in *Astrea*, the Ro-
‘ mance he has left us, in which are lively
‘ Pictures of all the Conditions of human
‘ Life, in so genuine a manner, that the Idea
‘ he gives of them has not only for above fifty
‘ Years past charmed all *France*, but all *Eu-
‘ rope*.

‘ WHATEVER Veneration we are ob-
‘ liged to have for the admirable Poems of
‘ *Homer*, which have been the delight of all
‘ Ages, yet I believe, it may be said, that to
‘ consider them on the Score of Invention,
‘ Manners, Passion and Character, Monsieur
‘ *d'Urfey's Astrea*, tho' Prose, deserves no
‘ less the Name of a Poem, and not in the
‘ least inferior to *Homer's*: This is the Judg-
‘ ment of very learned Men, viz. Cardinal
‘ *Ricbliu*, Mr. *Waller*, *Cowley*, &c. And
‘ those, who have been very much prepossess'd
‘ for the Ancients against the Moderns.

‘ OF this excellent Romance we mention,
‘ tho' finish'd by another (he dying before the
‘ last *Tome* was written) yet he left enough
‘ from his own Hand to establish his Fame;
‘ nor was it found to be merely Romance,
‘ but an Enigmatical Contexture of his own
‘ principal Adventures, before he set out for
‘ his noble Station at *Malta*, where he remain-
‘ ed several Years.

‘ HE had conceived a Love for Mademoi-
‘ selle de *Chateaumorant*, sole Heiress of her
‘ Family, beautiful, rich and haughty, but of
‘ that noble Haughtiness which is commonly
‘ inspired by great Virtues; in his Absence,
‘ she was married to his eldest Brother, more
‘ upon

upon a political Account than any united Affection, as will thus appear.

THE Houses of *d'Urfe* and *Chatteau-morant*, the two greatest of the whole Province, were always at Enmity with one another, and their Interests had divided all the Nobility of the Country, so that the Parents on both Sides were willing by this Alliance to dry up the Source of the Quarrels and Misfortunes, which usually happened every Moment.

D'URFEY, at his Return from *Malta*, found his Mistress married to his Brother, yet still he could not cease to love her; and in all likelihood was not ignorant of his secret Defect, who after ten Years Marriage, confessing at last his Impotence, was divorc'd; and then the Chevalier (obtaining a Dispensation of his Vow) after he had surmounted several Difficulties, espoused *Mademoiselle Chatteau-morant*.

THESE Adventures gave Occasion to those of *Celadon*, *Silvander*, *Astrea* and *Diana*, who are the mystical Images of them; divers Affairs of Persons of the best Quality at Court in his Time, having also furnish'd Matter for the ingenious Construction of the Work.

So far Perrault.

SEVERINUS *d'Urfe*, his near Kinsman, the before-mentioned Chevalier being his great Uncle, for the Extravagancy of his Youth, or some other Reason which has always been a Secret to those about him, was

‘ was disinherited some time before he came into *England*; where being excellently well gifted in all Gentleman-like Qualities, tho’ undoing all by his immoderate Vice of Gaming, he married a Gentlewoman of *Huntingtonshire*, of the Family of the *Marmions*, from whom descended *Thomas d’Urfey*, the Ornament of this Paper.

THERE seems to be no Blot in this Pedigree, but that of the Insufficiency of the Gentleman who married the Heiress of *Chatteauront*; but as he could by reason of that Defect have no Descendants, the Heralds of *Germany*, *Scotland* and *Wales* all agree, that Insufficiency in a Collateral Line cannot affect the Heirs General; so that thus my Friend and his Writings are safe against the most malicious Criticks in this particular.

MONSIEUR *Menage* reports, that the *d’Urfey’s* descended from the Emperors of *Constantinople* on the Father’s side, and the Viceroy of *Naples* on the Mother’s. I shall put *Menage’s* Words by way of Advertisement at the end of my to-Day’s Work. This long Account I have inserted, that the Ignorant of *Mr. d’Urfey’s* Quality may know how to receive him, when on the seventh of next Month he shall appear (as he designs) in Honour of the Ladies, to speak an Oration by way of Prologue to the *Richmond Heiress*.

THAT Gentleman has so long appeared in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, attended only by one Servant, and him all along under Age, that the Generality have too familiar a Conception of him; but it is to be hoped,

hoped, that the Ladies, for whose Sake only he appears in Publick, will smile upon him, as if he himself were a Knight of *Malta*; and receive him as if they beheld *Honorius* and *Severinus* in their professed Servant *Thomas d'Urfey*. It is recommended to all the fine Spirits, and beautiful Ladies, to possess themselves of Mr. *d'Urfey's* Tickets, least a further Account, which we shall shortly give of his Family and Merit, may make the Generality Purchase them, and exclude those whom he most desires for his Audience.

Extract from *Menage*.

MESSIRE d'Urfey se nomment Lascuris en leur nom de Family, et pretendent etre issus des Anciens Lascuris Empereurs de Constantinople, le dernier Marqui d'Urfey qui avoit epouse une dalegre, disoit a son fils qui éroit exempt des Gardes, Mon fils, vous avez de grands Examples a suivre tant du Cote Paternel que Maternel de mon Cote vos Ancêtres étoient Empereurs d'Orient, et du Cote de votre Mere vous venes de Vicerois de Naples. Le fils repondit, il faut, Monsieur, que ce soient de pauvres gens, de n'avoir pu faire qu'un miserable exempt de Gardes, d'on vient qu'ils ne m'ont laisi ni l'Empire ni leur Viceroyaute.

THE

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THE
READER.



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МОЛНИЯ СЕВИЛЛЫ



THE READER.

Nº 1. *Thursday, April 22. 1714.*

Semper Ego Auditor Tantum? — Juv.

I Am a Man that have read my self almost blind, and find by a modest Calculation of Things, that it is as wonderful how the Scribblers of this Age live, as how the Ale-houses subsist, tho' almost every House is a Victualler's. I take this Circumstance of the Tippling-places to be in some Measure attributed to the Justices of the Peace, who as well to oblige their Clerks, who have so much a License, as to let no one who is a Stranger in Town want Accommodation — But I have ran this Simile too far to be like what I was going to liken it to; and shall therefore proceed, without minding that, to give

give an Account to the Publick, before whom I appear, why I appear at all.

YOU must know I have a long Time frequented Coffee-houses and read Papers, and spent my Money upon Coffee for the Advantage of Reading the Papers; tho' the Coffee and the Papers also are meer Dryers, and do but hinder my natural Capacity by a forced Liveliness as to the Coffee, and a false Gravity as to the Papers; for as to the former I have afterwards found my self dispirited thereby, as to the latter, mis-led rather than enlightened.

I humbly therefore desire all who, like my self, have been patient or gentle Readers, to take in me, who set up in Behalf of all Persons who for some Time last past have been imposed upon, I mean from the Beginning of the World, which is but an Instant in Comparison of the succeeding Time—. I beg Pardon, I am still but a Reader, and so little used to Writing, that I have made two Parenthesis, if not more, together; so that I cannot go on without beginning a new Sentence.

I am then to let you understand, that in Consideration that all Readers have a long time been imposed upon, I step out to do all of those good People Justice, and write Things, which, from the Observations which I have made in the Character of a Reader, have most offended that innocent part of the World. It is certain that many become Authors before they have been Readers, which has led them into much Error, from the Fault of humoursom Parents, who would have

have them learn to Write first. But under the Character of Reader, I claim the Liberty to go out of my way, and lay by what I am about, take a Nap, or suspend my Attention as I please — : But this careless Behaviour to what I met with in Publick, first vanished from two remarkable Circumstances. The *Daily Courant* of April the 15th publishes a Declaration of the French King given at *Ver-sailles*, wherein he renews a Prohibition that had been in force for three Years; I say, he renews an Order which had been so long in force, without such Success as not to need the Repetition of it, that no new Converts to the Roman Catholick Religion should sell their immoveable Estates within the three next succeeding Years; without the King's Leave, or that of those authorized by him. I remember our Papers formerly spoke another Thing I am very sorry for, which this good Prince insists upon, which imply'd that his Majesty would understand all the Children of his Protestant Subjects born within the Dominions of other Provinces, to be under the Penalties of his inland Protestants. This grieved me more than ordinary, because by the Rule of taking from us one Generation, and not letting the Naturalization of the Parents, or Birth of the Children, denominate those born in other Nations Subjects of those Nations, he may take off, for ought I know, the best Men of all other Dominions. I am sure he might by that Rule undo *Great-Britain*, by taking from us his greatest Opponents and our best Patriots; for some Etymologists and Heralds say, the illustrious Names of *Harlay*, *d' Harcourt*,

court, and St. Jean, are originally *French*. But as to the Prohibition I was speaking of, to dispose of their Fortunes, I took great Notice, when I was a private Man (like you common Readers) that a worthy Prelate, Author of *The History of the Reformation*, in his Sermon preached on last *Easter Monday*, *March 29*, has this excellent and reasonable Paragraph on the Subject of the Danger of Popery.

‘ HERE I have given you but a faint Description of what you must all look for, ‘ when that Day comes which our Afflitors ‘ of *Hereditary Right* are pleading for, and ‘ are not afraid to own, (so sure, it seems, ‘ they think their Designs are laid) that even ‘ all Funds must be at the Mercy of the next ‘ Heir, whom they look and wish for; and ‘ if they are at his Mercy, let none deceive ‘ themselves with this vain and impious ‘ Thought, that it will cost them no more ‘ but the changing their Religion to save all. ‘ To those who have none, this will be no ‘ hard Performance to secure every thing to ‘ them; but even in this they may reckon ‘ wrong: In *France* a heavy Jealousie hangs ‘ still over those who fell in the Hour of ‘ Tryal; every Step they make is watched, ‘ their want of Zeal is observed, their Children are taken from them, and every Information against them brings them into great ‘ Trouble: so that their Lives become a Burthen to them, which even their Apostacy ‘ cannot secure them from. They must either ‘ over-do Matters, and run into all the Excesses of supererrogating Superstition, and ‘ even

even of informing against others, or else they will be still under Suspicion. The enriching of Shrines and Relicks, the adorning Churches and Images, and affected Devotion to Saints, with the Pomp of Endowments, will be then the Tests by which Mens Affections will be judged. The bare doing what is commanded will not serve turn: The Wealth with which God blesses any, must be applied to the Endowing of Altars, the Founding of perpetual Masses, and the Redemption of Souls out of Purgatory. A Multitude of Holidays must take Men off from their Labour, but Processions will come in place of that, which though they impoverish the Laiety, yet will be turned to the enriching those who deal in that Traf-fick.

AS to the new Converts mentioned above before the last Quotation, I must remark, that a Fellow in the Coffee-house where I read that the Sale of the Estates of New Converts was forbidden, said, We would not care a Farthing for that, if the new Converts amongst us were forbidden to purchase. I know not what he meant by that, nor am I responsible to find out his Meanings but am at Liberty to fob off my Readers, as I have, when a Reader, been delayed my self, till Time shall discover these Matters; and in the Interim to say, whether I think it or not, that these Matters want Confirmation.

THE Reader may see with what Familiarity of Stile I treat him; but he will, I hope, excuse me, when this is only to recover lost Time, by imposing upon others as I have been my

my self, and desiring of them to bear with me as well as they have done with my Predecessors in Scribbling. This Favour I will deserve, by being an Observer upon all that is written by other Journalists, and being partial to no Author but my self. The *Post-boy* is a considerable Man; the *Courant*, you see, I have quoted already; the *Post-man* is a Neuter, but against his Conscience; the *Examiner* has no Conscience; the *Lover* is a Cheat, for he is a married Man; and the *Flying-Post* has abundance of Mistakes, which he never commits by little and little, but is wrong or right from the Beginning to the End of a Paper.

BESIDES this, there are abundance of Books printed every Day, which I shall take Notice of, and put my self to the Labour of Reading hap-hazard, without staying till I hear them commended. This, let me tell you, is a great help to Men of good Estates, who are not obliged to be so exact in their Reading; and I'll take Care that he who talks after me, shall talk well enough for a Man of Quality. Let me tell you again, this is a great Matter; the Rich by my Means may adorn themselves by the Labours of the Poor, and the Poor feed by the Follies of the Rich; which indeed is as it should be.

I must take Notice that I have read the following Advertisement twice or thrice repeated.

WHEREAS there is a new Altar-Piece or Painting put up in the Chancel of the Church of White Chapel within the Diocese of London, (belonging to the Rector of the said Parish)

wherein the Traytor Judas (contrary to all Figures ancient and modern) is drawn as sitting in an Elbow Chair, in a Priest's Gown and Band, and other Appearances of a dignified Clergy-man of the Church of England: These are to give Notice, that if any Person or Persons will discover who was the Designer and Director of that impious Fancy, they, or either of them, shall have 10 Guineas Reward immediately paid upon Information and Evidence so given, in order to prosecute any profane Fellow concerned in it, by me

Willoughby Willey.

WHAT I have to say to this Point is, That (if the Fact be true) the Minister of the Church (if privy to it) who suffered it to be erected, has done a thing that is in the highest Degree a Scandal to his Character; and has given the Gentleman whom the unchristian Man is said to have caused to be drawn in that Tablette, an Opportunity of imitating the most sacred Character that should be there in his Patience, and turning the *Judas* upon him, who could with that Supper before him project so treacherous and base an Assault upon the Reputation of his Brother, and consequently disappoint the Effect of his Ministry, which in Charity he ought to believe better directed than his own.

M

Saturday,

✓ Burnet



N^o 2. Saturday, April 24.

*Virtus repulsa nescia sordide
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.*

Hor.

THE Title of my Paper may sufficiently explain the Design of it, which is chiefly to disabuse those Readers who are imposed upon by the licentious Writers of this degenerate Age. The greatest Offender in this Kind is the *Examiner*. I know many sober and intelligent Men are of Opinion, that his Assertions are so gross, and his Falshood so visible, that there is no Need of taking any Notice of him: But I am of another Mind; for all such People as have not Temper enough to reflect upon Reasoning against him, are satisfied if more Words are put into their Mouths to vent that Rage, which they have not Patience to root quite out, or perhaps after having gone some Lengths which they are ashamed of, want Candour to retract their Errors. The *Examiner* has a great while had nothing else to utter but meer Words of Passion, and his Paper which came out this 23d of April, is written in this Taste. After putting the following Words in Italick Letters, at such Distances as he thinks are ornamental to his Paper, *Whigs, Government, Fears, Jealousies, Peace at home, Sedition, Suspicions, Censures, Murmurs, Dreams, Prophecies, Rumour,*

mur, Report, Ghosts, Apparitions, honourable Amends, and Scarecrow, he begins to be a little understood, and seems to say that those Whigs, a People not yet described by him, but in general Revilings, so that it is impossible to tell whom he means; but he says of them, That instead of making Atonement for their past Sins, they are still reviving their own Shame and Infamy, and ringing over the same Chime in our Ears without ceasing, Popery! the Pretender! French Tyranny! Dunkirk not demolished! Toby Butler! the Highlands! Swarms of Jacobites! the Catalans! the Peace! Importation of Jesuits! Invasions from Bar-le-duc! All these stale noisy Topicks are still flying about our Ears like Wild-fire wrapp'd up in Paper. Give me Leave to observe, this Author has put the Peace in very bad Company, and no one but he would dare to take the Liberty to put it, in the most oblique Way, on the same Foot of being mentioned with the Case of the Catalans, and the Importation of Jesuits. But after the Climax of Distresses from the Word Popery to the Words Invasions from Bar-le-duc, he has not thought fit to obviate any Arguments heretofore used, that all good Men should be alarmed at the Growth of Power in a superstitious Prince, who has been formerly the Patron of the Pretender: Nay he is so far from doing any thing like this, that he strives to abate the Pleasure Men take in the Hopes of the Arrival of a Prince from Hanover, who is the Third in the Succession to the Crown after Her Majesty without Issue.

HERE are many Circumstances in this Affair which make it improper to mention it at all; but since this Gentleman has, or takes, Leave to say what he pleases, I shall, in Behalf of all who read him, answer what he calls a few seasonable Questions in this Juncture of Affairs.

WOULD the coming of the young Prince demolish Dunkirk more effectually? Would Toby Butler's Recruits immediately desert? Would it raise the Siege of Barcelona? break the Peace? change the Nature of French Tyranny? or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of Lorraine? I believe they will not venture to say, that a Prince, however powerful, yet a Subject still, would, upon his first landing, interpose so vigorously in publick Affairs. And if so, then it is plain from the Conduct of the Whigs themselves, that all these Clamours which they have so long dwelt upon, taking each particular Case as their own Advocates have stated it, are perfectly groundless, and the Protestant Religion is in no Danger from any of these Incidents; unless they would loyally and modestly insinuate, that the same things which they call Grievances under Her M——, would cease to be so if any of Her Protestant Heirs were resident among us.

HERE are his Questions, and Reflections after them: To which I answer, That though the Arrival of the Duke of Cambridge would not demolish Dunkirk, yet it would make us less fearful of the ill Consequences from its being undemolished; one of which may be an Attempt of imposing upon us the Pretender, whose Invasion would be less dreaded, when

one

one who is a Prince of the Blood was ready to fight against him, and animate all good Subjects in her Majesty's and his own Cause against him. *Toby Butler's Recruits* might not, perhaps, desert, but it would make Mr. *Butler's* Promise to them, of seeing their Master soon in these Dominions, more unlikely than at present, when so valorous a Prince as the Duke of *Cambridge* was ready to oppose him; the Duke of *Cambridge*, who before now has kept the Field when the Pretender fled out of it. His Arrival would not raise the Siege of *Barcelona* but it would animate the Besieged, that this Instance of the Prevalence of the Cause of Liberty in so powerful a Nation as *Great Britain*, had this Reinforcement. His Arrival would not break the Peace, but it would make our Affairs more confirmed and cemented both in Time of Peace and in Case of a War. It would not change the Nature of a French Tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of *Lorrain*; but it would certainly render them both less formidable to all who are Friends to the Succession in the House of *Hanover*. After the Questions, he insinuates in his Reflections above, That a busy Behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of *Cambridge*: And I agree with him that it would not, but his very Residence in *England* would have all the good Effects above mentioned.

BUT the *Examiner* discovers immediately afterwards that he has Exceptions, which he does not think fit to speak out, against his coming at all. I, who have been a careful Reader, have observed that it has been the

Trick, for some Time past, to let drop Hints in the *Examiner* (which I am not to judge who gives the Author) of what has been openly avowed afterwards: The Way to any unwelcome Circumstances has been paved by some received political Writers. The Words which raise my Jealousy are these: *I shall not pretend to speculate upon the Motions of this Prince, with whom the Faction have made so free, nor explain those Words in the Preamble of the D—'s Patent, which seem to cross upon any such early Undertaking as the Whigs pretend is in View.* It is an hard thing to keep one's Temper under this malicious Insinuation against both the Queen and her Successors; but his Malice is not to be frustrated by my Anger, therefore I shall calmly rehearse the Preamble of which he speaks, as I find it translated, and have compared it with the Latin. It runs thus:

‘ WHEREAS the most serene Electoral House of *Brunswick Lamenburgh* is sprung from the Royal Stock of our Ancestors, and, in Case of our Death without Issue, ought (according to the Laws ratified by our Authority) to enjoy the Kingdoms of their Progenitors; yet, as we earnestly desire that the said most serene House should no less be tied to us by Friendship than by Blood and Alliances, we, according to our singular Affection towards the same, have decreed to grace with the highest Honours our most dear Cousin *George Augustus*, Son to the most serene Elector. And altho' the only Son of so great a Prince cannot go out of his native Country without the utmost Danger, especially

especially at this Time, when the neighbouring States are toss'd with such violent Tempests: To the End nevertheless, that as much as possible, he may by the Authority of his Name and Dignity, tho' absent, be in a manner present in our Parliament and Councils, we have ordered him to be added to the Number of the Peers of this Realm. This will be to him an Earnest of that suprem Dignity, to which (according to Ours, and the Wishes of all our Subjects) he is destined; that being henceforth adorned with the Titles of this most noble Kingdom, which the Princes of the Blood Royal have always courted, he may be proud to be ours. You therefore the Barons, Viccounts, Earls, Marquises and Dukes, congratulate with your selves that a Prince of so great Hopes, the Ornament and Darling of Germany, the Defender of our most Holy Religion, and the Assertor of the publick Liberty, one that is hereafter to govern you, and till then is one of you, should now delight to be vested with the same Honours with you, &c.

I see no Imperfection in this Preamble, and it is a most disloyal Infinituation to say there is any thing in it which seems to cross the Expectation of seeing the Duke of Cambridge in England. All that is said that gives the least Pretence to his Stay abroad, to wit, the Importance of his Person where he is, and passing through Nations troubled with War, are fully answered, in that we are now in Peace; and most cogent Reasons for his coming are implied in the Matter which form the Examiner's

miner's Questions. The Inſinuation from this Preamble is as frivolous as it is malicious; for if the Preamble were what we may call the constituting or enacting Part of a Patent, what would become of Peers whose Patents have no Preambles at all? The Duke of Cambridge is as good a Peer as any in *England*, and is by a ſubſequent A&E of Parliament the First of the English Nobility: And whenever he is pleased to viſit *England*, he has Right to Precedence to all our Nobles, and to affiſt or inſtruct himſelf at their Councils. However he is qualified for the former, he will improve as an Englishman, by being obſervant of Pleadings at the Court of Judicature wherein is our laſt Appeal. He may learn our Laws of Persons who have come into that House through their Merit in Knowledge of them, and from ſuch as are fit to converse with and inform Princes (without a ſervile Awe of their Quality) how to be Bleſſings to Mankind, and how to ſcorn any Power over Men but ſuch as God uses, a Power which rejects any Obedience but what flows from their Hearts and Affeſtions, and no other Sovereignty can be looked upon as of Right Divine.

THIS Examiner has one honest Line: *We hope that the Vacancy of the Throne is at a great diſtance off.* This is what every good Subject will join with him in. But he goes on to ſay, *We have not yet heard of any Resignaſions, and we are confident, that an Active Faction, and a Paſſive Government, will not always be the Case.* Will not always be the Case! Where, or how is it now the Case? I cannot but urge this Sentence upon the Examiner,

aminer, and must own as a Reader, that he never offended me more in his Life than in this last Sentence. The Government under which the *Examiner* writes, might very well demand of him what Government he means. If it may be presumed he means the Government of that Kingdom in which the Language wherein he writes is spoken, he has called it despicable; for no one will deny that a Passive Government can be any other.

BUT this Man has the least Judgment of any Creature in the World, except those who, if they have it in their Power, do not silence, or bring him to Justice.

WHILE he is tolerated, or any other that scribble to the Disadvantage of my Country, I will, in Justice to all my Countrymen their Readers, explain their Sophisms, and bring them to the Examination of Reason and Justice. This will I certainly do with firm Resolution; and now I name the Word Resolution, I must say something proper for the Theme at Top of my Paper, which Ornament is become a great Fashion. I will go on secure of a Reward, as needing none; for Virtue (says my Author) will shine with unblemish'd Honour, in spite of all the Repulses it can meet with. There is a Manuscript, which I had not out of the same Library from which the Afferter of Hereditary Right borrowed his Quotations, but I won't say where. The Story is this; (it runs mightily upon the Word certain) 'There was a certain Husbandman, in a certain Kingdom, who lived in a certain Place, under a certain Hill, near a certain Bridge. This poor Man was a little of a

‘ Scholar, and given to Country Learning,
‘ such as Astrological Predictions of the
‘ Weather, and the like. One Night, in one
‘ of his Musings about his House, he saw a
‘ Party of Soldiers belonging to a Prince in
‘ Enmity with his own coming towards the
‘ Bridge: He immediately ran and drew up
‘ that Part which is called the Draw-bridge, and
‘ calling all his Family, and getting his Cattle
‘ together, he put his Plough, behind that
‘ his Stools, and his Chairs behind them, and
‘ by this Means stopped the March till it was
‘ Daylight, when all the neighbouring Lords
‘ and Gentlemen saw the Enemy as well as
‘ he. They crowded on with great Gallantry
‘ to oppose the Foe, and in their Zeal and
‘ Hurry throwing our Husbandman over
‘ Bridge, and his Goods after him, effectually
‘ kept out the Invaders. This Accident (says
‘ my Author) was the Safety of that Kingdom; yet no one ought to be discomfited
‘ from the Publick Service for what happened to this Rustick, for though he was neglected at the Present, and every Man said
‘ he was an honest Fellow, that he was no one’s Enemy but his own in exposing his
‘ All, and that no Body said he was every one’s Friend but his own, the Man had ever after the Liberty, that he, and no other
‘ but he, and his Family, should beg on that Bridge in all Times following.

Monday,



N° 3. Monday, April 26.

Qui Barium non odit amet tua Carmina Mervi. Virg.

IN my last I took notice of that sublime Writer the *Examiner*. The next to him among the Journalists in Dignity and Order is the *Post-Boy*: This Writer is excellent in his Kind, but presenting them both to my Imagination at one View, makes me turn to a Passage of a Paper published in the Volume of *Medleys*, called *The Whig-Examiner*. There the Author, speaking of a Paper entitled, *A Letter to the Examiner*, finds it necessary to consider the Nature of Nonsense: and afterwards very pleasantly, exquisite pleasantly, represents to us the Difference we ought to make between High Nonsense and Low Nonsense. A Reader cannot see any thing anywhere that has more Wit and Humour in it, nor that is more necessary to prepare him for the reading the Authors of whom I am speaking. A Page or two of his will make up for many a Page of mine, therefore I shall rehearse him. *The Whig Examiner*, Numb. 4. has it thus.

‘ *HUDIBRAS* has defined Nonsense
‘ (as Cowley does Wit) by Negatives. Non-
‘ sense (says he) is that which is neither true
‘ nor false. These two great Properties of
‘ Nonsense, which are always essential to it,
‘ give it such a peculiar Advantage over all
‘ other

other Writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own Basis like a Rock of Adamant, secured by its natural Situation against all Conquests or Attacks. There is no one Place about it weaker than another, to favour any Enemy in his Approaches: The Major and the Minor are of equal Strength. Its Questions admit of no Reply, and its Assertions are not to be invalidated. A Man may as well hope to distinguish Colours in the midst of Darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in Nonsense. You may as well assault an Army that is buried in Intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a Word, there are greater Depths and Obscurities, greater Intricacies and Perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written Piece of Nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound Tract of School Divinity.

AFTER this short Panegyrick upon Nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader as *Erasmus's Encomium of Folly*; I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry Favour with my Antagonist, or to reflect any Praise in an oblique Manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner*: I have no private Considerations to warp me into this Controversie, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great Use to me in this Dispute to state the whole Nature of Nonsense, and because it is a Subject entirely new, I must take notice that

there

there are two Kinds of it, *viz.* High Nonsense and Low Nonsense.

LOW Nonsense is the Talent of a cold phlegmatick Temper, that in a poor dispirited Stile creeps along servilely through Darkness and Confusion. A Writer of this Complexion gropes his Way softly amongst Self-Contradictions, and grovels in Absurdities: *Videri vult pauper, & est pauper:* He has neither Wit nor Sense, and pretends to none.

ON the contrary, your High Nonsense blusters and makes a Noise; it stalks upon hard Words, and rattles thro' Polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like Manliness and Force, and makes one think of the Name of Sir *Hercules Nonsense* in the Play called *The Nest of Fools*. In a Word, your High Nonsense has a Majestick Appearance, and wears a most tremendous Garb, like *Aesop's* Afs cloathed in a Lion's Skin.

WHEN *Aristotle* lay upon his Death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his Successor in his School, two of his Scholars being Candidates for it, he called for two different Sorts of Wine, and by the Character which he gave of them, denoted the different Qualities and Perfections that shewed themselves in the Stile and Writings of each of the Competitors. As rational Writings have been represented by *Wine*, I shall represent those Kinds of Writings we are now speaking of by *Small Beer*.

LOW Nonsense is like that in the Barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless and insipid.

‘ sifid. High Nonsense is like that in the
‘ Bottle, which has in Reality no more
‘ Strength and Spirit than the other, but frets,
‘ and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a
‘ little Wind that is got into it, imitates the
‘ Passions of a much nobler Liquor.

‘ WE meet with a low grovelling Nonsense
‘ in every *Grub-street* Production; but I think
‘ there are none of our present Writers who
‘ have hit the Sublime in Nonsense, besides
‘ Dr. S——l in Divinity, and the Author of
‘ this Letter in Politicks; between whose
‘ Characters in their respective Professions,
‘ there seems to be a very nice Resemblance.

‘ THERE is still another Qualification in
‘ Nonsense which I must not pass over, being
‘ that which gives it the last Finishing and Per-
fection. This is when an Author without
‘ any Meaning seems to have it, and so im-
poses upon us by the Sound and Ranging of
‘ his Words, that one is apt to fancy they sig-
nifie something. After having perused such
‘ Writing, let the Reader consider what he
‘ has learnt from it, and he will immediately
‘ discover the Deceit.

AS this excellent Discourse was admirably suited to the Day or Time on which it was published, *viz.* Octob. 5, 1710; so, like all things that are truly good, it is still new and useful, and will prove very serviceable to Persons who would be Criticks in the modern Writings, especially those of the Journalists. The *Examiner* began with that sort of Spirit which is described by *High Nonsense*; but of late has used that Kind only which was last described,

described, as putting off no Meaning by the Sound and Ranging of Words. Give me Leave therefore to express, as a Reader, what Sentiments arise in me, and what Temper I am left in by the Perusal of the *Examiner* and *Post-Boy*. The chief Aim and Purpose of these Authors are *Defamation*, which both carry on with Security. The *Examiner* escapes Punishment by being concealed; the *Post-Boy* by being below Resentment. There was about the Time of the Revolution a natural Fool they called *Job* in one of the Colleges of *Oxford*. The Waggs of that Time used to teach him scandalous Verses, which he had Memory enough to repeat, tho' not Wit enough to understand. The *Post-Boy* is thus made use of by our Dablers in Politicks; he is the Vent for their Crudities, before they appear in them themselves, and the *Examiner* is to argue them into Reputation. Both these good Works are carried on by the Vehicle of Nonsense. The Nonsense of the *Examiner* is composed of Malice and Impudence; that of the *Post-Boy* of Ignorance and Stupidity. The *Examiner* is a Criminal which is not yet taken; the *Post-Boy* an Accessory that we know could not of himself have entered into the Guilt. The *Examiner* flies from the Law; the *Post-Boy* need not fly, because he is exempt from it as an Ideot. But as this is really the State of the Case, I must own I cannot but be highly surprized why several of the good Subjects of these Realms are afflicted or exalted at any of the Nonsense uttered by those Authors; for no one ought to hold himself commended or disparaged by those who do not themselves

stand in the View of Mankind, under the same Rules of Examination as to their own Actions with the rest of the World. I therefore, by the Force of natural Justice and Reason, pronounce all the Nonsense which the *Examiner* ever has, or ever shall utter, let it be never so sublime, or never so mischievous in it self, to be of no Effect, or of any Moment with regard to Life, Limb, Honour or Fame of any of Her Majesty's Subjects, because no one knows who he is; and I pronounce the same of the *Post-Boy*, because every body knows who he is.

INDEED I could not but wonder how the *Post-Boy* should grow so very famous in this Nation as he has, ever since I was shewed the Man's Person; for he is a Personage of a very inconsiderable Figure for one that makes so much Noise in the World; whereas all others who have risen by Nonsense have had something overbearing and arrogant, and have had usually robust Figures and lofty Language to set themselves off. But I shall do my Endeavour in my future Lectures to explain to the World how it has happened that Nonsense has been so prevalent at sundry Times in these Kingdoms; but I cannot go into that Matter till I have made the Force of Nonsense in general a little better understood, and shewed from *Machiavel* how by two Kinds of Perplexity, which he calls in the *Italian*, *Nonsense to the Understanding, and Nonsense to the Conscience*, he could for the Use of the Ambitious, make the Terms Honour, Justice, and Truth meer Words, and of no other Signification, but what shall serve the Self-Interest of

of him who shall utter them for his own private Emolument.



Nº 4. *Wednesday, April 28.*

— *Nefas animam præferre pudori.* Juv.

AFTER I had in my last Lecture considered High Nonsense and Low Nonsense, I proceeded in my Discussion to a second Division of it, from a Manuscript of the great *Machiavil*, to wit, into Nonsense to the Understanding, and Nonsense to the Conscience. That famous Politician avers that to carry considerable Points, especially in Assemblies, (next to the Hardness of caring for nothing else but carrying it) the main Matter is to find out Persons whom he calls in the *Italian Almoxarifasge*, which, as far as we can reach it in the *English*, signifies *Wrong Fellows*; Men who have the same Right from Fortune to be Orators and give their Suffrage, but differ in the Gifts of Nature. These Wrong Fellows have in them something like Sense which is not Sense, but enough to confound all the Sense in the World. They are from being incapable of conceiving right at first, also incapable of being set right after they have vented their Perplexities. He recounts you a famous Instance of this among the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, the Parties of *Italy*. There was, said he, among them a Person of the

the first Quality, whom no one in the World ever did or could possibly like, that was in Nature both in Mind and Body a Puzzle, from Head to Foot hideously awkward, from his first Conception to the utmost Extent of his Judgment ridiculously absurd. This Animal, the Leader of the *Ghibelins*, used to put others upon saying what he thought fit to interrupt Business, or break into what he was ashamed, or believed improper to begin himself. This Person was Master of that Nonsense, which was called above *Nonsense to the Understanding*. What he said every Body could observe had nothing in it, and at the very best, which happened but seldom, was but like the Truth; but how to break in upon him, perplexed all the great Orators of the *Guelfs*. Thus he stood impregnable, and the Leader, instead of having Compunction for such a Piece of Humanity, to the Disgrace of our Nature, standing in an illustrious Assembly casting forth Blunders and Inconsistencies, used to sit sneering to observe how impregnable his Fool was, and exulting in himself that it was not in the Compass of all the Sciences either wholly to aver he had uttered nothing to the Purpose, or to bring him to it. Many others the Chieftain of the *Ghibelins* had to support each other against the first Assaults of Sense and Reason; and brought Nonsense so far into Fashion, that they who knew better would speak it by way of Triumph over those who went upon the Rules of Logick. Wrong Fellows were his Orators, but this could not do only, without Persons who were as much Masters of

10 more than a month ago

that all

that kind of Nonsense, which my Author calls *Nonsense to the Conscience*.

NONSENSE to the Conscience is when the Party has arrived to such a Disregard to Reason and Truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents it self to him. This is the hardest Task in the World, and had very justly the greatest Wages from the Chieftain: for indeed, if we were to speak seriously, this is the lowest Condition of Life that can possibly be imagined; for it is literally giving up Life, as it is humane, which descends to that of a Beast when it is not conducted by Reason, and still is worse when it is pushed against Reason. Now all those Parties of the Species which we call *Majorities*, when they do things upon the meer Force of being such, are actuated by the Force of Nonsense of Conscience; by which *Macchiavil* meant, that the doing any thing with Nonsense, that is without Sense of the Honour and Justice of it, was what he called Pushing Things by the Nonsense of Conscience. But that arch Politician proceeds in the Manuscript I am speaking of, to observe, that Nonsense was not to be used but as an Expedient; for it would fail in the Repetition of it, and the Understanding would so goad the Conscience that no Potentate has Revenue enough to pay reasonable Men for a long Series of nonsenical Service. They will, quoth he, occasionally, and now and then, give into an Enormity, and pass by what they do not approve, and laugh at themselves for so doing: But there is something latent in the Dignity of their Nature, which will recoil, and raise in them

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them an Indignation against herding for ever with the Half-witted and the Absurd; and being conscious that their Concurrence is an aggravated Transgression, in that it is the Support of those who in themselves are incapable either of the Guilt or Shame of what they are managed to promote.

MY Author further adds, that the Use of Nonsense of Conscience will fail also in Process of Time, not only from the Defection of the Numbers of those who act under it, but also from the little Effect it would soon have upon all the World, besides those Numbers; for which Reason he advises, that now and then they should be put upon something that is good to satisfy the Multitude. For, says that sagacious Man, the People are always honest; you lead them into wrong Things but as long as you keep up the Appearance of Right: for which Reason he advises never to forbear the Use at least of *Verisimilitudes*; and indeed, he says, it was by neglecting that, all the sensible Men, both *Guelfs* and *Gibelins*, came together out of meer Shame, and received one another without making Explanations or Expostulations upon what had happened when they differed, when they could end in nothing but How sillily you acted? How contemptibly you suffered?

THE most excellent Authors of this our Age, as to Proficiency in Nonsense, are those who talk of Faction, and pretend to tell others that they are Spreaders of false Fears and Jealousies. The *Examiner* of the 26th says, "We have a Faction in our Bowels, who, when it comes to their Turn to submit, make no Difference

‘ Difference between Liberty and Power, that
‘ all their Business may be only to squabble
‘ about the Profits. — Now he says this either
as an Incendiary or an Informer; if the latter,
let him name who are in this Faction; if he
will not do that, we are to set down the
Word Faction among the rest of his Jargon
of High Nonsense, and dismiss him with an
Inclination only, not Power, to do more Mis-
chief. But, as I conceive, he had a younger
Brother born to him the same Day of my first
Appearance, and is named the *Monitor*. He
begins with the old Trick of the Pickpockets,
who commit a Robbery, and joyn in the Cry
after the Offender. The Purpose of his Paper,
if it is not to pass into the Realms of Non-
sense also, is to lay a Foundation for making
Exceptions against a certain Prince’s Behaviour
who is expected in *England*. He lays before
us, ‘ That the Duke of *Guise* was an hot and
‘ ambitious Prince, who took ill Courses and
‘ undid himself. Had the King, *says he*, with
‘ a timely Severity, taken Care to have caused
‘ those Libels, however trifling and however
‘ insignificant, to be suppressed, or by solid
‘ Reason and good Evidence to have been de-
‘ tected and exposed, the fatal Effects which
‘ they produced had been in a great measure
‘ avoided.’ Then for Application he says of
Libelling, ‘ Seeing then the same Evil, and
‘ that with too much Success, is already be-
‘ gun among us, and the same Neglect of it
‘ appears in our Government as did in *France*,
‘ thinking them not capable of doing so much
‘ Mischief as they really did; why may we
‘ not apprehend Consequences, tho’ not so
‘ extra-

extraordinarily fatal, yet Sufficiently dangerous, and such as call for a timely Redress? I find there is no Help for it, this Writer must be passed upon the Foot of the Nonsensical also: Does he tell a Government they are guilty of Neglect, and call any other Men Libellers? He must name his Offenders, and bring them before Justice, or he is one himself. It is strange Want of Skill (in the *Examiner*, and such Imitators of him as this same *Monitor* begins to shew himself) in the Choice of Tools, to make use of Creatures that say Things, in which it would be a Fault to tolerate them, if they were not employed by themselves.

BUT I shall take upon me to keep a strict Eye upon their Behaviour, and scribble as fast as they: For when they give up all Rules of Honour and Conscience to hurt and betray the Liberties of Mankind, I shall sacrifice smaller Considerations, and venture now and then to write Nonsense for the Good of my Country—

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Faction is humbly desired to read carefully the following Satyr against Sedition in the *Examiner*, and amend their Lives if they understand it.

‘WHAT a noble Opportunity would the same *Cervantes* have, to improve his Art, and carry this way of Writing much further; were he now alive, and as conversant in our Affairs, as in the Humours of his own Country? The same *Martial Madness* is broke out among us; a Distemper more

‘raging

raging and violent, and productive of more ridiculous, and far more dangerous Effects. Instead of touching here and there a weak Head, or reaching only to a few frolicksome Individuals, it has infected whole Bodies and Societies of Warlike *Enthusiasts*: The Party is almost as strong as the Delusion with which they are animated; and our *Romantick Madmen* march up and down in Troops and Squadrons: The Regularity and Resemblance of their Frenzy creates Order and Discipline. We have our Books and Legends of *Chivalry*, containing the Feats and Adventures of *Errant Saints*, of *Holy Almanzers* and *Drawcansires*, bound by strict Vow, and assisted by *Sages* and *Magicians*: who destroyed Nations, made whole Kingdoms do Homage and pay Tribute to their Mightiness; tamed the *Beast*, and kept the great *Whore* under; trod upon the Necks of Kings, and kick'd *Crowns* and *Scepters* before them; relieved the Distressed by changing their Condition; freed Mankind for their own Use, and turned the World, as Artificers whil about the *Globe*, to prove the Regularity of its Motion. Some of these Knights were by Birth gentle, and of low Degree; so called from the *Pestle*, the *Golden Fleece*, the *Truncheon*, or the *Brazen Helmet*: Others had been *Pages*, *Dwarfs*, and *Squires*, and many of them were forced to go a great way in Search of their Parentage: And yet the Honours they acquired, the Spoils they won, and the Dominions they conquered, vastly surpas'd the lesser Acquisitions of a *Mistress's Scarf*, a *Saladin's Daughter*,

*‘ Daughter, a Sett of Armour, a Cupboard of
Plate, won at some Tournament; a Castle,
a Palace, or even than the rich Possessions of
the Islands of Pines, Battara, or of Forc’d-
meat Balls.*



Nº 5. Friday, April 30.

— *Ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, surgentemque nove Carthaginis Arcem. 10. *Virg.*

I take upon me, as a Reader, among other Things, to make my plain Observations upon the Papers as they come out; and the News I read Yesterday has given Occasion to the following Letter, which, out of Zeal to my Country, I writ to my Lord Mayor's Gentleman of the Horse, who I think ought to send us Scribblers, when we are saucy, to the *Green-Yard*, as well as unruly Hackney-Coachmen and other Transgressors in the Streets of *London*. But all I can do is only to take notice of Things, and leave the Redress to the proper Officers.

To the Sword-Bearer of London.

SIR,

• THOUGH I have not the Honour to
• be acquainted with you, yet I have al-
• ways with great Delight and Satisfaction,
beheld

‘ beheld you carry that awful Weapon which
‘ you have the Honour to bear before the
‘ chief Magistrate of this renowned and weal-
‘ thy City. The many Fears and Jealousies
‘ which are with much Care and Diligence
‘ spread among the Multitude, only because
‘ some People have not as much Courage as
‘ others, have been apt to intimidate me, a-
‘ mong many other well-meaning good Sub-
‘ jects. Those Rumours are chiefly about the
‘ Pretender, and the Demolition of *Dunkirk*;
‘ as if the *French* King, who has done us no
‘ manner of Harm ever since the Time was
‘ expired in which he should have demolished
‘ that Place, would do it now. This is being
‘ suspicious out of meer Humour and Tem-
‘ per of Mind, not from Reason. It is true
‘ indeed, he has destroyed the Works of the
‘ Town, but that was since it was an *English*
‘ Garrison; and though he is obliged in Ho-
‘ nour not to hurt us, who can blame him
‘ for not leaving it in our Power to hurt him?
‘ *Dunkirk* then is demolished as it is an *En-*
‘ *glish* Garrison, but is it not yet in Being as
‘ it is a *French* Harbour? And now when
‘ Things are in this Condition, I think we
‘ cannot enough applaud his most Christian
‘ Majesty, in that we have not received any
‘ manner of Hurt from him, though so much
‘ is in his Power. Therefore I must needs
‘ say, and I say it from a great Respect to his
‘ Majesty’s Faith and Honour, that I am of
‘ Opinion he will not send the Pretender a-
‘ mongst us; but if Ambition should come
‘ into the Thoughts of so pious a Prince, af-
‘ ter the Disbanding so many of our Forces,

‘ and that the few we have left lie in Parts so distant from each other, I place great Confidence, let me tell you, Sir, in you, and hope that on such an Occasion you will exert your self according to your Office. Be pleased, Sir, to remember, that a Lord Mayor of *London*, in the Reign of King *Richard*, dispatched *Wat Tyler* at the Head of his Followers. He did it, as the History says, with a Dagger: How much more, Sir, is it expected of you to cut off the Pretender with that great Sword which you bear with so much Calmness, which is always a Sign of Courage? Let me tell you, Sir, in the present Posture of Affairs, I think it seems to be expected of you; and I cannot but advise you, if he should offer to land, or indeed if he should so much as come up the River, to take the Water-Bayliff with you, and cut off his Head. I would not so much, if I were you, as tell him who I was till I had done it. He is out-law'd, and I stand to it, that if the Water-Bayliff is with you, and concurs, you may do it on the *Thames*; but if he offers to land, it is out of all Question you may do it by Vertue of your Post, without waiting for Orders. It is from this Comfort and Support that, in spite of what all the Malecontents in the World can say, I have no manner of Fear of the Pretender.

‘ STOCKS rise meerly upon Reports to the Disadvantage of the Pretender; you may easily imagine how much they will rise, if you will be so good as to cut off his Head. To tell you the Truth, what makes me

me press the Matter so much is, that one of the News Papers of Yesterday has it thus;

London, April 29.

“ YESTERDAY arrived Letters from *Dunkirk*, dated the 22d of *April*. They advise that on the *Friday* following, 15 Battalions were expected there, to begin to cut the new Harbour designed to be made at *Mardyke*, which 'twas judged will be more commodious than ever that of *Dunkirk* was: That 200 Carpenters are employed to take up and save the Timber of the Jetees of the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, that it may be used in the new intended Harbour. They add, that Men were going hard to work to fill up that Part of the Harbour of *Dunkirk* next the Town, and therefore all the Shipping in that Part of the Harbour were ordered to fall down to the Haven-Port in three or four Days at furthest.

‘ I beg of your Serenity to be upon your Guard, for I am one of those that hate to have it in any one’s Power to do me a Mischief. Suppose these 15 Battalions should have a Mind and get Leave to come for *England* with the Pretender, if you do not look sharp and do your Office like a brave Man and a worthy Citizen, how do you know but we might be undone before we could get Fifteen Battalions together against him? But it seems those Battalions are brought down only to work at a new Har-

bour in the Neighbourhood of that which they have now at *Dunkirk*. You may be sure that must be a Jest; for sure the French could not have the Impudence to do such a thing? I swear to you, I think that would be using us worse than forbearing to abolish the Harbour they have already. This would be an Injustice to our Properties, but that would be an Insult also upon our Understandings. We should be the Shame of Nations to be put off with so palpable an Evasion. But if there should be any such Attempt as coming upon us, I earnestly recommend it to your Serenity to draw that dead-doing Blade, and you will be had in everlasting Honour by,

SIR, Your great Admirer,

and most Humble Servant,

English Reader.

Extract from a Pamphlet, called, The Importance of Dunkirk considered.

‘ THAT the British Nation expect the immediate Demolition of it.

‘ THAT the very common People know, that within two Months after the signing of the Peace, the Works towards the Sea were to be demolished, and within three Months after it the Works towards the Land.

‘ THAT the said Peace was signed the last of *March*, O. S.

‘ THAT

‘ THAT the *British* Nation received more Damage in their Trade from the Port of *Dunkirk*, than from almost all the Ports of *France*, either in the Ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

‘ THAT the Pretender sailed from thence to *Scotland*; and that it is the only Port the *French* have till you come to *Brest*, for the whole Length of *St. George's Channel*, where any considerable Naval Armament can be made.

‘ THAT the Situation of *Dunkirk* is such as that it may always keep Runners, to observe all Ships sailing on the *Thames* and *Medway*.

‘ THAT whether it may be advantageous to the Trade of *Holland* or not that *Dunkirk* should be demolished, it is necessary for the Safety, Honour, and Liberty of *England* that it should be so.

‘ THAT when *Dunkirk* is demolished, the Power of *France*, on that Side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred Miles further off of *Great-Britain* than it is at present.

‘ THAT the Demolition of *Dunkirk* will remove *France* many hundred Miles further off from us.

A CAVEAT.

THE Paper called *The Monitor* is impudent and traitorous: He dared Yesterday to print the Words hereafter recited. He is a Follower of the *Examiner*, a Tool who, like him, under Pretence of vindicating Her

Majesty's Servants, suggests things against Her Honour and Dignity, which it is criminal to mention, but to remind those in Power to vindicate her sacred Name and Character from his Scurrility. His Words are these:

' HOW can it but be *uneasie* to Her Ma-
' jesty, to have a People whom she has done
• so much for, and whom, with so much Ju-
• stice, Moderation, Clemency, and Goodness
• she has governed; whose Safety has been so
• much Her Care, and to whom she never de-
• ny'd any thing; now fall upon her Admini-
• stration as dangerous to the Nation, and
• reproach Her with Designs to betray them
• to the *Pretender*?



N^o 6. Monday, May 3.

*The Constitution in Church and State must
be the Measure and Standard of every Pub-
lick Person's Character, the Sum of his Pre-
tensions, the Mark of his Conversion or Stea-
diness, and the Tenure of his Greatness, and
Authority.*

Exam. Numb. 44.

A Reader that has any Understanding is naturally a Commentator. This is a most remarkable Sentence, which I have taken out of the last *Examiner*: It occasioned me to turn to some Assertions in an Half-Sheet, intitled, *A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton*

Wharton concerning Occasional Peers. The Writer of that Letter says, ' When I consider ' the Danger of making Occasional Lords, ' and lay before the World this fatal Novel- ' ty, as it affects the Queen's most Excellent ' Majesty, the House of Peers, and the whole ' People of *England*; I assert, that the nu- ' merous Creation of Peers is the greatest ' Wound that can be given to the Pro- ' rogative. A Peer and his Heirs are Checks in ' the Legislature to the Queen and Her Heirs: ' that Part of the Legislature which is in the ' Queen, is apparently diminished by so much ' as She gives out of it from her own into ' other Families. This is equally destructive ' with relation to the Merit of the Persons ' on whom Honour is conferred; if they hap- ' pen to be Men who are barely unblameable, ' without Talents or high Qualifications, they ' do but crowd that illustrious Assembly, and ' like all other Crowds, they are serviceable ' and hurtful but just as they are inspired by ' those who have Skill to lead them. As to ' the House of Peers, it is visible that the Pow- ' er of each Lord is so much less considera- ' ble as it is repeated in other Persons; but ' the great Hardship to that great and awful ' Body, whose Privileges have so often been ' a Safety and Protection to the Rights of ' us below them; I say, the great Hardship ' to these noble Patriots is, that when they ' are prepared with the most strict Honour ' and Integrity to do their Duty in relation to ' their Prince and Country, all their Determi- ' nations may be avoided by a Set of People ' brought in the Moment before they come to

‘ a Question. Now when we come to consider the Introduction of *Occasional Lords with regard to the People*, what can be more plain, than that it is doing all that is necessary to take from them both Liberty and Property at once: For from the very Moment a Man has a Patent, and is introduced into the House of Peers, Men appeal to him from the Decree of all the Judges. Besides this, the Lords are perpetual Legislators, and have an Hand in the repealing as well as making Laws; by which means the whole Constitution may be subverted by this one Innovation. And it is plain, that the Prince who should place so entire a Confidence in his Ministry, as to give Peerage upon their Recommendation, would enable them by that Power in the Legislature, joined to the Execution of the Regal Authority as Ministers, to give that Prince and Nation to the next Potentate who should be powerful enough to receive and maintain so vast a Present.

THE *Examiner* has of late a Second, who sets out as harden'd in Iniquity as himself, who is an old Sinner; I mean the *Monitor*. He has the same heavy Endeavour to be witty, the same Choler corrected by the same Phlegm. This Author says, His Business is not much with the Authors of Pamphlets, but with the Design of them. He does not stick to this Declaration, which (as the Lyes of his Abettors are only for one Day) was to serve but for that Page. At the Beginning of the next Page, without Regard to any Decency in the World, he owns he falls upon a Gentle-

Gentleman, who is a Man of Dignity. 'We begin, says he, with a Man of Character, ' lately become a Scribe without Doors, the ' well known *Bullymandra*. A Man of great ' Words he had long been, but confined him- ' self to the Speeches occasionally made in ' Publick Assemblies; till of late finding it ' needful to speak more extensively, he listed ' in the Roll of Libellers, and became a Pro- ' ficient in most of their Talents, especially ' that of *Arrogance and LYING*.

THIS stupid doggrel Term of *Bullymandra* is given to turn an open Behaviour and honest Countenance, a noble Elocution, and many other Qualities which render the Gentleman the Object of Respect and Love to all that know him, into Burlesque. But these little Tools may well endeavour to debase those Excellencies and Endowments which render their pitiful Shifts and Artifices useless. This Gentleman is a perfect Master in Business, and has so clear an Head, that he communicates his Thoughts as perspicuously as they are placed in his own Mind. For this Reason every wily Blockhead, whose Brain dribbles crude Conceptions, on a Tongue that hesitates in the Representation of them, looks with Envy at a Capacity that at once both exposes and confutes him. A manly Resolution to persist in the Right in an honest Cause, and Qualities to make that Cause shine in the Midst of all that Iniquity and Craft can invent to oppress it, are never to be forgiven. It has been ever the Custom of these Tools, to turn all the Insinuations which they believe may affect Courtiers upon Her Majesty. After he

has in a cavilling way fallen upon this worthy Gentleman as no less than a Liar, for saying *Dunkirk* was not demolished, and *that the Completion of that Work would be deferred to Christmas*; he has the Impudence to take no Notice that it is not yet done, and to add, *Notoriously false! For it was begun when Her Majesty thought it proper, and the compleating it not limited to any Time.* After this barbarous Infuination against our Sovereign, that Gentleman may well rest satisfied with his Share of Slander from him. It is worthy Repetition; this Man says the Demolition was begun when her Majesty thought it proper, and the compleating it not limited to a Time.

THIS Author forms himself upon the *Examiner* in the practice of Impudence, Scandal, and Prevarication; and goes on in his Paper to attack a much less considerable Man than the former, against whom, indeed, he has the Vote of the present sitting House of Commons. But there is nothing in that Vote which authorises any Man to call Mr. Steele a Liar for what he has said about *Dunkirk*. The heavy Displeasure of the Commons of *Great-Britain* would have been a Protection from Insult with a Man of any Humanity, rather than have given Occasion to add to the Distress. It would have become a good Subject and an honest Man; rather to have lamented this Misfortune of a Commoner of *Great-Britain* expell'd from his Seat, and have made Arguments in Behalf of himself and all his Fellow Subjects, that the like Penalty for less Offences may not befall better Men in future

future Parliaments. Put the Case that any great Man should at any time lay a Design of removing a Man he did not like out of the House of Commons, and should be able to effect it upon Accusations of him for the Errors of his former Life: Now I say supposing this, and granting that the Crown can make Lords when it pleases; Lords added by half Dozens, and Commoners removed one by one, would quickly invert the Constitution, and destroy the *British Government.*

THE dull Rogue accusing *Steele* of writing Lies, and speaking of the *Crisis*, says, *Yet here also palpable Falshood is apparent*; and then quotes these Words, *The most important Article between France and England is the demolishing of Dunkirk.* *That is false in it self*, says the *Monitor*; and naming other Circumstances, among which is the Renunciation of *Spain* by *France* and *France* by *Spain*, he avers of them, that they are more important than the Demolition of *Dunkirk*. Why it may be so, and yet *Steele* may have spoken very honestly. Suppose I should say Adultery is the greatest of all Sins, can you reckon me a Liar because you think Idolatry a greater? But it is endless to talk to these muddy, perplexed, malicious, blundering Rogues; they cannot distinguish between what a Man says by way of Opinion, and what he relates as a Representation of a Fact.

BUT I am glad to hear, now I am speaking of *Mr. Steele*, that he is turning his Thoughts to Services which may be of greater Use to the Publick, and less exceptionable with

with regard to himself, than controversial Writings can possibly be from a Man against whom there is formed so strong a Prejudice. There are, I am informed, in his Custody, proper Materials for the History of the War in *Flanders*; and it seems the Relation will commence from the Date of the Duke of *Marlborough's* Commissions of Captain-General and Plenipotentiary, and end with the Expiration of those Commissions. I doubt not but he knows well enough how much a Partizan he is thought, and will therefore produce sufficient Authorities for what he shall write. It is not doubted but this History, formed from the most authentick Papers, and all the most secret Intelligence which can be communicated with Safety to Persons now living, and in the Confidence of Foreign Courts, will be very entertaining, and put the Services of Her Majesty's Ministers at home and abroad in a true Light. The Work is to be in *Folio*, and Proposals for the Encouragement of it may be seen at Mr. *Tonson's*, Bookseller, in the *Strand*.

Wednesday,

Nº 7. *Wednesday, May 5.*

Men engaged in ill Designs must suit their Tools to their Work, and make Choice of Agents fit to do the Business that is assigned them.

Exam. May 3, 1714.

THREE can be no greater Commendation to an Author, than that he acts and comes up in his Practice to the Maxims which he lays down for the Instruction of others. The *Examiner* ought therefore to be justly celebrated for making the above Apology in Behalf of those who employ him, and of himself, who has performed to his utmost Ability the Work in which he was employed. The professed, or at least apparent Design of this Author since he first began, has been to vilifie an Administration which rendered the Kingdom of *England* the Terror of its Enemies and the Refuge of its Friends; and he has done as much in this good Work as the Cause would bear, which could not possibly be promoted but by two Methods, the one to keep up popular Prejudices, the other to disparage Men of great Reputation on the contrary Side.

THIS is so truly his Character, that there is no one Paper of his which does not afford us Examples of this Practice. As to the Point of general Prejudice, he says of those whom he

he calls the *Whigs*. ‘ If they could not find Men either more zealous for a single Family than for the Constitution, or who were in Possession of some Principles prejudicial either to the Rights of the Crown or the Church, or who had given Proofs of their preferring the Interests of their Party to the Laws, Religion, and Liberties of their Country: If they could not meet with Persons at least indifferent in their Sentiments of Loyalty and Regard for the Church, rather than want Tools, or hazard their Cause in the Hands of honest Men, they would resort to the open implacable Enemies of both, and lavish their Favours upon profess’d Republicans, Free-thinkers, Deists, Socinians, Occasional Conformists, both by themselves and all their Acquaintance.

THIS long Accusation alludes to no one Circumstance in the World, nor was there ever one Man of that Character preferred under the late Ministry. And this great Master in Tautology, who has said the same thing ten thousand times with the most impudent Falshood, has never produced one single Instance of such a Misapplication of the publick Favour. In this Particular therefore the Tool has very well acquitted himself of the Employment to which he was assigned.

NOW as to the disparaging Men of great Reputation, he has abased every Man that was conspicuous in the late War for the Liberties of Mankind, from the Emperor of Germany to a disbanded Subaltern. But I shall not run back to his former great Exploits, but consider only his last Paper, with principal Regard to his

his Assertion which I have placed at the Head of this. He says, ' *Lesser Ills* must be supported by *Greater*; and *Providence* hath so ordered it, for the *Good* of *Mankind* and *Peace* of *Societies*, that *ill Principles* and *ill Conduct* naturally go together. But still I insist, that, in general, the *Design* of these Men to strengthen themselves, to find out and to distinguish what they call'd *Merit* and *Service*, to keep their *Body* closely and firmly united, and to crush all *Opposition* in its earliest *Attempts*, was a *Proof* of their excelling in *Prudence* and *worldly Wisdom*; and they thereby shew'd themselves to be at least as *wise in their Generation* as those who came after them.

THIS is a very plain Declaration that these *Leaders of the Whigs* excelled in *Prudence* and *Worldly Wisdom*. One would have thought *worldly Wisdom* would never have been mentioned as a subordinate Character in Men of Business; but it seems those of that Character now, according to this Assertion of the *Examiner*, are Babes of Grace: The *Innocents* are averse to the *Wiles* and *Stratagems* of the *Wicked*, and they are too pious for the Affairs of this *World*. They, alas! good Men, carry the *Christian Instruction* of forgiving their *Enemies* to an *Excess* that is to be allowed to Men abstracted from all the *Temptations* of this *Life*; and know that whatever can happen, it must go well with the *Saints*.

THE *Examiner* has plainly shewn, that the chief Impputation against the late *Leaders in the Fashion of the World*, was their *Sinfulness*;

fulness; and the Weakness of the present, their too much Piety. Speaking of the former and the latter, he says, *They shew'd themselves to be at least as wise in their Generation as those who came after them.* This godly Phrase of *as wise in their Generation*, tho' it may aptly fit the Wicked, of whom he speaks it; yet there is a Transposition of Persons and Things, which makes it approach very near to what we call Nonsense. It is an odd way of speaking, to compare a Man's Carriage to that of those who come after him; but at the same time I acknowledge it a Favour that he allows them as wise, tho' they had not the Advantage of their Example. But alas! when we consider that they were only as wise in Things of this World, we must, by that Circumstance, account, that what Good they were capable of doing had a Duration accordingly, and could not possibly be so lasting and effectual as those which are done by Saints and new Converts.

IF Men take Things as we ought, and with the Chearfulness this good Man the *Examiner* advises upon the *thorough Reformation* which is now openly talk'd of, and, our Author says, *some Steps have been taken towards it*; the Saints are contriving for the Edification of some People, who, perhaps, for want of a spiritual Cast, may take it for an Affliction to lose an Employment. Our Author exhorts them against Temptation in the following comfortable Words: ' Their ' Dismission, which was only a *Right* before, ' would then become an *Act of Justice*, ' highly safe and necessary, if they should ' assume

assume a new Spirit of Turbulency and Un-easiness, at their going off; and their very Friends, instead of pitying their Misfortune, would then be more ready to wonder why it happen'd no sooner.

THIS righteous Author speaks this as a Churchman, and has his Eye only upon the Goods of the Spirit: He prepares therefore all such as are to receive Disgraces and Afflictions, not to mistake them as Things not meant for their Good. An Action is always to be understood and interpreted by the Character of the Person who does it. Let no one therefore take an Injury that's done him by a Saint, or new Convert, to proceed from Ill-will. How could a sanctified Person lay a greater Obligation upon another, than by being the Instrument of begetting in him the Virtue of Patience? Suppose a Soldier should have passed through ten Campaigns under a Commander that had reduced his Heart to the Love of the vain Pomps and Vanities of this World, by leading him through a continual Scene of Triumph, what could a new Convert do for him better than to send him a starving? This would be the true Way for those who are above worldly Wisdom to distinguish *Merit and Service*. Such must be the Treatment of Mankind from those who are but comparatively *wise in their Generation*, to those who are exposed in another Scripture Phrase as *delighting in War*.

THE *Monitor* of the Day following, to wit on the Instant of my present Writing, *May 4*, after abusing his Brother-Scriblers, which we don't meddle with, as having it in themselves

themselves to revenge, abuses a Reverend Divine in malicious Doggrel, and then proceeds to an Account of a written Libel, giving an Invitation to the Duke of Cambridge to come over into *England*. He takes Occasion to tell a very silly Discourse in the flattest manner imaginable, between a Country Farmer and a Neighbouring Townsman, and ends it with leaving amongst us this Question, *What would they have him* (to wit the Duke of Cambridge) *come bitter for*, if it is not to make him a King? I see no Danger in answering the Question, which is, to make him a good King when it comes to his Turn. But the *Examiner*, who is as wise in his Generation as the *Monitor* who comes after him, has been inquisitive about this Matter before; He asked, *Would the coming of the young Prince demolish Dunkirk more effectually? Would Toby Butler's Recruits immediately desert? Would it raise the Siege of Barcelona? break the Peace? change the Nature of French Tyranny? or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of Lorain?* I believe they will not venture to say, that a Prince, however powerful, yet a Subject still, would, upon his first Landing, interpose so vigorously in Publick Affairs. And if so, then it is plain from the Conduct of the *Whigs* themselves, that all these Clamours which they have so long dwelt upon, taking each particular Case as their own Advocates have stated it, are perfectly groundless, and the Protestant Religion is in no Danger from any of these Incidents; unless they would loyalty and modestly insinuate, that the same things which they call Grievances under Her M—, would cease to be so if any of

of Her Protestant Heirs were resident amongst us. And I answer'd, Though the Arrival of the Duke of Cambridge would not demolish Dunkirk, yet it would make us less fearful of the ill Consequences from its being undemolished; one of which may be an Attempt of imposing upon us the Pretender, whose Invasion would be less dreaded, when one who is a Prince of the Blood was ready to fight against him, and animate all good Subjects in Her Majesty's and his own Cause against him. Toby Butler's Recruits might not, perhaps, desert; but it would make Mr. Butler's Promise to them, of seeing their Master soon in these Dominions, more unlikely than at present, when so valorous a Prince as the Duke of Cambridge was ready to oppose him; the Duke of Cambridge, who before now has kept the Field when the Pretender fled out of it. His Arrival would not raise the Siege of Barcelona, but it would animate the Besieged, that this Instance of the Prevalence of the Cause of Liberty in so powerful a Nation as Great-Britain, had this Reinforcement. His Arrival would not break the Peace, but it would make our Affairs more confirmed and cemented both in Time of Peace and in case of a War. It would not change the Nature of a French Tyranny, or reduce the exorbitant Power of the Duke of Lorraine; but it would certainly render them both less formidable to all who are Friends to the Succession in the House of Hanover. After the Questions, he insinuates in his Reflections above, That a busie Behaviour would not become his Grace the Duke of Cambridge: And I agree with him

him that it would not, but his very Residence in *England* would have all the good Effects above-mentioned.

I shall add to these Answers, that I am convinced the Court thinks it an Argument of Safety against the Pretender, that the Duke of *Cambridge* is coming; and I attribute to an Intelligence of it, before the Publick knew it, that a Proclamation against the said Pretender was thought unnecessary.

Nº 8. Friday, May 7.

Resinata bibis *Vina*, Falerna fugis. Mart.

THE following Letter, written in that Stile, the Praise of which is Simplicity, may be useful to that Part of the World who are never quite drunk or sober, but go to Bed mellow every Night. I believe, as it is written by a Vintner, he designed it particularly for the Use of some good Club that use his House, and whom he fears might be succeeded by a more temperate Generation, if they should drop off: besides that, it is remarkable, Sets of Tipplers go fast one after another, when one of their Number is taken from among them.

To

To the READER.

SIR,

THE Love which by your Paper you seem to have for your Country, gives a good Example for others to follow, and prompts me, in particular, to represent to you a Conversation I have had of late, in which some things passed, which, I think, are not improper to be communicated to the English Reader.

I live in a Part of *Great Britain* which has formerly traded much to *France*, *Spain*, and *Portugal*, and in a Town where we have (notwithstanding all the Contrasts occasioned by Elections) still so much Humanity left among some of us, as to meet now and then at a Tavern.

NOT long since some of our Merchants, having their Doctor with them, meeting there, the Master of the House, according to Order, brought up one Bottle of *Claret*, and one of *Red-Port*, and assured the Company, upon his Honour, they were both Neat, and Flowers in their Kind.

YOU know, Sir, the Honour of this Sort of Men is very great when they are vending their own Goods; and that 'tis common with some of them to pawn their Salvation, after such a manner as if they thought we had Reason to doubt them.

WELL, Sir, a Glass of each Sort was drunk round to the Queen. The *French* Merchants in the Company liked the Flavour of a Wine they had formerly, with much Pleasure, drank in that Country; but at the same

same time owned it was somewhat low, and not so cordial as heretofore in *France*. To which it was replied, That this was the Effect of their Age, (which wanted a stronger Liquor) and not of the Wine which they now drank; and that, to take off this Inconveniency, the Quantity should be enlarged, and instead of one Bottle apiece they should drink two.

THE Vintner, who stood by, smiled at this, and could not forbear saying, *That Gentleman was much in the Right, and he was of the same Opinion.*

THE Doctor (who all this while seemed to amuse himself with his Pipe) being observed to prefer the *Port*, was desired to give his Opinion of these two Sorts of Wine in general: Upon which he reply'd, "Gentlemen, I will do it readily; but must, by way of Preface to my Discourse, desire only to know, whether you would drink Wine for Pleasure or for Health? If you say for Pleasure, I shall be apt to reply, You are then better Friends to the Men of my Profession, than to your selves and your own Families. I think it would be unpardonable in me to advise any Man to drink or eat to his Prejudice. Which of these two Sorts of Wine, *Port* or *Bourdeaux*, is fittest for the common Draught of *England* will evidently appear from the following Considerations. Let a Man drink of *Port*, it shall in a small Quantity answer the Design of Wine, and neither injure his Pocket nor his Constitution. One, two, or three Glasses, at or after Dinner, and the like Quantity

“ tity before he goes to Bed, makes him di-
“ gest his Meat well, sleep kindly, and wake
“ refreshed the next Morning. This Man has
“ seldom any *sore Risings*, or any *Sickness at*
“ *Stomach* the next Day. Indeed, if he hap-
“ pens to drink to an Excess over Night, he
“ may, from the Generosity of the Liquor,
“ complain of his Head, but rarely of his Sto-
“ mach. It is a very rare thing to see a Man
“ disgorge after drinking good *Port Wine*;
“ and when it does happen, it is scarce ever
“ known to be with those ill Symptoms which
“ often attend a Debauch on *Claret*. In the
“ former Case, the Matter thrown up is sel-
“ dom *offensive*; in the latter, little better than
“ *Verjuice*. And for the Truth of this Ob-
“ servation, I appeal to all the old stanch
“ Drunkards of these two Sorts of Wine in
“ Town and Country.

“ AND now, Gentlemen, (to go on a little
“ further in the Way of my Profession, and
“ build upon the Foundation I have laid) as
“ you cannot but have heard, That many
“ Chronical Distempers, and not a few of the
“ Acute, do, in the Opinion of the best Phy-
“ sicians, take their Rise, in a great Degree,
“ from *Indigestion*, you cannot but allow,
“ that where there is so much *Indigestion*, as
“ of Course must follow from the drinking
“ of *French Wine* habitually, the ill Effects
“ of it must be very great: And accordingly
“ we find among the *Topers* of greatest Re-
“ putation, who survive those who have been
“ long dead-drunk, and are troubled with the
“ *Gout, Stone, Rheumatism*; much more of
“ these Diseases may, upon a fair Compu-
“ tation,

" tation, be imputed to *French*, than to *Portugal Wine*.

" *BUT*, says, a *French Merchant* then in
" *Company*, do we not find by Experience,
" that *French Wine* exhilarates beyond all o-
" ther Sorts imported into this Island? Do not
" our great Wits, and Men of the best Con-
" versation, prefer it to all others? Are not
" deep Councils and great Dispatches owing
" to this Wine? and is not the best Society
" chiefly kept up by it?

" *SIR*, replied the *Doctor* with something
" of *Warmth*, I do not find but that Men a-
" mong us who have drunk little or none of
" the *French Wines*, have had as much Wit,
" and Wisdom too, as any of those who have
" drunk most of them. *Mr. Shakespear*, I
" dare say, drank but little *Claret*; *old Ben's*
" *Wine* was *Canary*; *Mr. Waller* was not
" fond of any *Wine*, only now and then (as
" I am credibly informed) enough to wash
" his Head and Temples with. There is no
" manner of Doubt but that *Spain*, *Italy*, and
" *Greece* have produced as great Wits as any
" Nation in *Europe*; and is this owing to
" *French Claret*? Did *Homer*, *Aristophanes*,
" *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Miguel de Cervantes*
" drink *French Claret*?

" *BUT*, Sir, (because I will be easy to
" you in the Argument) grant that *French*
" *Wine* will make an *Englishman* cheerful
" and pleasant, and fit him to write a *Song*,
" a *Poem*, or a *Play*; or to tell his *Story*,
" and make his *Address* with an *Air* extraor-
" dinary; is this an Argument why this *Wine*
" should be made a *national Drink*? Let the
" Men

“ Men of Wit have their Proportion of this
 “ Wine, (if they must have it) and take the
 “ Inconveniences of it; but shall we set up
 “ for a *Nation of Wits*? Let us endeavour
 “ at a little Discretion, and drink of such
 “ Wines, in such Proportions, and at such
 “ Times, as shall answer the Design of this
 “ great Blessing to Mankind; that is, so as to
 “ make it most conducive to our Health;
 “ which, I positively aver, in *English Con-*
 “ *stitutions, generally speaking, is better pre-*
 “ *served by a proper Use of Portugal than of*
 “ *French Wines.*

“ THIS Argument of the Doctor's made
 “ the greater Impression on the Company, for
 “ that we knew him to be no way concerned
 “ in Merchandise; and that, as his Age and
 “ Profession had given him Opportunity to
 “ make Observations of the Matter he spoke
 “ of, so the entire Love he has for his Coun-
 “ try will not suffer him to advance any Pro-
 “ position, which he thinks is not for the Good
 “ of it.

“ SIR, I am the more ready to communi-
 “ cate to you the Sum of this Conversation,
 “ for that I remember about thirty Years since,
 “ when *London Claret* (as it was then called)
 “ was in Fashion, the Master with whom I
 “ then lived in the City, with many others,
 “ made that Wine, by mixing *Bourdeaux* with
 “ Red of the *Spanish* Grape, which gave a Com-
 “ position more grateful to the Palate, and less
 “ injurious to the Stomach, than the *French*
 “ *Wine* was of it self. These Hands of mine
 “ have thus brewed many a Ton.

‘ I hope it may not be amiss, if I endeavour,
‘ as far as in me lies, to set forth in a proper
‘ Light this great *Error in our Liquors*, and
‘ from good and undeniable Arguments beat
‘ down that *impetuous, humoursome, unrea-
sonable, overweening Love for Claret*, which,
‘ to the great Prejudice of the English Nation,
‘ does so much prevail among us; and shew
‘ that we act in this, as in too many other
‘ Particulars, *as if our Welfare and Happiness
were the least Part of our Care*.

‘ I have heard a very experienc'd Vintner say,
‘ That he had observed great Difference between
‘ the Tempers of his Claret and Port-Customers.
‘ The old Age of the Claret-Drinker is gene-
‘ rally peevish and fretful; that of him who
‘ uses Port calm, and at the worst dull. The
‘ Blood of a Claret Drinker grows Vinegar,
‘ that of your Port-man Mum. The Effect
‘ of Claret is to make Men restless, of Port
‘ to make them sleepy. But Port, moderately
‘ used, had all the good Effects which can
‘ come from the best Claret, and none of the
‘ ill Effects which flow from the immoderate
‘ Use of it self.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Ruburb Hearty.

Monday,



No 9. Monday, May 10.

— *Nefas animam præferre pudori.* Juv.

I Have found by following the Whispers of the Town, that my Paper Number 4. which bore at the top of it the same Piece of *Latin* which I have affixed to this, has very much revived a Sort of Feeling, which for some time had been utterly lost among many People, and is commonly called the Testimony of a good Conscience. My Discourse on that Day was taken from a Hint of *Machiavil*, and explained that State of Mind which that great Politician calls *Nonsense to the Conscience*: The Description I gave there is this, *Nonsense to the Conscience is when the Party has arrived to such a Disregard to Reason and Truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents it self to him.* All the Impudent, to a Man, are Masters of this great Qualification for rising in the World. Whoever is the Author of the Paper called *The Weekly Packet*, let him look to it; for he has printed a Speech as if spoken by his *Sicilian Majesty*, which begins with a Paragraph in the most sublime Degree formed from *Nonsense of Conscience*. The said Packet of April the 24th has it thus:

C 2

SICILY.

SICILY.

‘ ON the 22d of *March*, the States of *Sicily* met, and the King being seated on the Throne, made the following Speech to them.

‘ THE ardent Desire we had to provide for the Necessities and Advantage of this faithful Kingdom, the Dominion whereof we acknowledge we have received at the Hand of God, made us very willingly disregard, not only the Difficulties of the Voyage, but also all the other Motives, which the Condition of the rest of our Dominions might have furnished for inducing us to retard our Coming, and defer the Satisfaction we have in this Assembly.

‘ OUR Pleasure of seeing the Representatives of the Kingdom here assembled, is so much the greater, in that we have found you full of Zeal and Affection towards us, and convinced of the Assurance you ought to have of being look’d upon with a Fatherly Love.

IT is certain this was never spoken, for if it had, it had been the most solemn Banter that ever was put upon any Assembly of People. All the World knows that the Contingences in the Interests of *European* Princes produced that Alotment of Empire to the Duke of *Savoy*; and no Man can suppose that a Prince of his good Understanding, without regard to Facts so notoriously known, would *slap dash* put his *Divine Right and Fatherly Love*

Love upon a Crowd of reasonable Creatures, who knew well enough who made him their King, and that he was become their Father without their Adoption. No Man shall make me believe this Speech was ever spoken; for if it had, it had been a Stroak of Passive Obedience in the Subject to the Divine Right of *Sicily*, not to have laughed out in the Presence of their new-made Monarch. There is something so great in the Nature of Men, that they are not to be ruled but upon the Principles of Reason and Justice, and Absolute Power cannot possibly subsist without the Extirpation of Arts and Sciences, without the strictest Administration of Justice, to which if a Monarch ties himself, it is for his Ease and Glory to govern by Laws of his Peoples own making. All Demagogues keep themselves in Fashion by the Force of Nonsense to the Conscience; but Politicians know they are undone when they are reduced to it. Shame and Confusion for hard Usage of their Fellow-Creatures, arising from a Deference they owe to them as rational, would disable their Progress upon any manifest false Step in which they should be detected. But Demagogues are never confounded by their Errors, but from their Nonsense of Conscience go on in committing more under the manifest Dislike of all the World, and are insensible of any thing that is Criminal which passes with Impunity. Men of such coarse and insensible Spirits, can fancy themselves in an happy Condition as long as they can deceive the Vulgar; and would prefer a Power over a Crowd

Crowd of *Barbarians*, to the Applause and Approbation of a few polite *Athenians*.

FROM this Nonsense of Conscience proceed all the Evils which can possibly betide Mankind; for it naturally brings Men to be satisfied with Appearances instead of Things, and is apt to make an ill Man believe that he is not wicked, because no body dares tell him he is so. For this Reason I have done an Act of Charity, by sending a Couple of Letters to two certain Persons by Messengers who were very proper to carry them. If the Gentlemen concerned will read them, it may be of very great Use; if not, I have done my Duty, and they are safe by their Impregnable Armour, the Nonsense of Conscience. One of these Epistles I have sent by the *Examiner*, the other by the *Monitor*. The first is as follows.

‘ I Am told there is of late such a Liberty
‘ taken in opening Letters, that I would
‘ not send this by any but the Bearer, who
‘ loves you at his Soul, and has hazarded it
‘ for your Service. The enclosed, called a
‘ Letter to the *Examiner*, is what you ought
‘ to give him Instructions to answer, and not
‘ desert the poor Man, who has done nothing
‘ but repeated the Word Faction for some
‘ Weeks last past. The Writer of the Letter
‘ bids him examine the Methods of negotia-
‘ ting the Peace by the 8th Article of the
‘ Grand Alliance; and desires him to shew,
‘ That the Part acted in the Field, while the
‘ Peace was transacting, was the most effe-
‘ ctual

‘ Equal way to second what was doing at
‘ Utrecht.

‘ THAT the Scheme of a general Peace
‘ agreed between us and *France*, is better
‘ than that designed by the Preliminaries of
‘ 1709.

‘ THAT the Peace was general at the
‘ Time we sign’d.

‘ THAT the settling of the *Spanish* Mo-
‘ narchy in the House of *Bourbon*, is no Ad-
‘ dition of Strength and Power to *France*.

‘ THAT it can be no Prejudice to us,
‘ that *France* is permitted to trade to the
‘ *West-Indies*, which they never were be-
‘ fore.

‘ THAT it would have been the same
‘ thing to the Trade of *Great Britain*, to
‘ whomever *Spain* and the *Indies* had been
‘ given.

‘ THAT King *Philip* will not favour
‘ *France* more than *England*, nor the *French*
‘ undersell us in their Markets.

‘ THAT *Portugal* is in no Danger of be-
‘ coming a Province to *Spain*.

‘ THAT the *Catalans* are not an unfor-
‘ tunate People from their Adherence to the
‘ common Cause.

‘ THAT the Method taken in the Demo-
‘ lition of *Dunkirk* agrees with the Letter of
‘ the Treaty.

‘ HE adds abundance of other Questions,
‘ which he knows in his own Conscience
‘ need no Answer, the Justice of what he ex-
‘ cepts against being visible to all the World.
‘ But however, since there are some specious
‘ odd Insinuations in the Book, I beg of you

‘ to speak intelligibly to the Bearer, and furnish him with Answers; otherwise the Man must go on in an empty Triumph, from the Nonsense of Conscience, which renders him unable to do you any further Service, to the great Grief of all your Well-wishers, who are enumerated in the following Blank.

MY second Letter, carried by the *Monitor*, is as follows.

THE Bearer I send to you, because I know you have a Respect for one of the Persons concerned in his following Expression in the *Monitor* of Saturday. *Fears and Apprehensions of remote Slavery, and of a contemptible destitute Pretender, are contrary to all Reason.* This is plain Disrespect to the Duke of *Lorain*, to call a Man destitute and contemptible who is under his Protection. Just after the Pardon granted to Mr. *Bedford*, he has the Impudence to arraign Her Majesty of being guilty of Mercy to a Fault, in these Words; *This Nation is at present under the Blessing of a Pacifick Reign, under a Queen whose personal Behaviour is untainted with Crime (except that of too much Clemency) a Queen who is a Pattern of Virtue and Piety.*

‘ I hope you will take the proper Methods for doing Justice in this Case, by sending the

the Bearer to the Stocks; for being exalted to publick View and a higher Pedestal, is a Distinction which he has known already; and is so little the better for it, that he calumniates the Clemency which he has since known by a Pardon for *subsequent Offences.*

IF you, who are a Justice of Peace, let these things pass, I can only say with Mr. Bays, *I'll write no more.*

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